

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

CONTENTS.

1. JOHN WYCLIF, HIS LIFE AND TEACHING. Part the Second. <i>By the Rev. Joseph Stevenson</i>	I
2. A MODERN BISHOP. <i>By A. M. Clarke</i>	19
3. THE CHOICE OF THE FLOWERS. <i>By M. Nethercott</i>	41
4. EXPERIENCES OF A CHAPLAIN ON AN INDIAN TROOPER. <i>By the Rev. F. Goldie</i>	43
5. PURITAN NEW ENGLAND AND HER CATHOLIC FLOWERS. <i>By Eliza Allen Starr</i>	60
6. A MODERN PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND. <i>By the Baroness Elizabeth de Cosson</i>	68
Part V. Jerusalem and the Dead Sea.	
7. SOME INTRINSIC EVIDENCES OF THE GOSPELS' GENUINENESS. <i>By Arthur Yates</i>	88
8. AN ENGLISHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA. <i>By the Editor</i>	100
No. VII. American Catholics and Public Schools.	
9. BREAKSPERE: A TALE. <i>By J. R. Morell</i>	116
Chapters XXII., XXIII.	
REVIEWS	131
1. Occasional Sermons, Addresses, and Essays. <i>By the Right Rev. G. Conroy, D.D., late Bishop of Ardagh.</i> 2. A Marvellous History, or the Life of Jeanne de la Noue, Foundress of the Sisters of St. Anne of the Providence at Saumur. 3. Light from the Lowly: or, Lives of Persons who sanctified themselves in humble positions. <i>By the Rev. Francis Butiña, S.J. Translated from the Spanish by the Rev. W. McDonald, D.D.</i> 4. La Démocratie et ses conditions morales. <i>Par le Vicomte Philibert D'Ussel.</i> 5. Grey of Greybury. A Novel. <i>By the Marquis Biddle-Cope, of Rome.</i>	
LITERARY RECORD	147
I.—Books and Pamphlets.	
II.—Magazines.	

LONDON :

OFFICE OF THE MONTH, 48, SOUTH ST., GROSVENOR SQ.

LONDON : BURNS AND OATES. DUBLIN : M. H. GILL AND SON.

AGENTS FOR AMERICA : MESSRS. JOHN MURPHY AND CO., BALTIMORE.

Price Two Shillings.

All rights of translation and reproduction reserved.

**THE GREAT
BLOOD
PURIFIER
AND
RESTORER.**

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE"

**CLARKE'S
WORLD-FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE**

**LARGEST SALE
OF ANY
MEDICINE
IN
THE WORLD.**

For cleansing and clearing the blood from all impurities, it cannot be too highly recommended. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin and Blood Diseases and sores of all kinds, it is a never-failing and permanent cure. It Cures Old Sores. Cures Ulcerated Sore Legs. Cures Scurvy Sores. Cures Cancerous Ulcers. Cures Glandular Swellings. Cures Blackheads, or Pimples on the Face. Cures Blood and Skin Diseases. Cures Ulcerated Sores on the Neck. Clears the Blood from all impure matter, from whatever cause arising.

As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Sold in Bottles 2s. 6d. each, and in cases containing Six times the quantity, 11s. each, sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases. BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world, or sent on receipt of 30 or 132 stamps by the Proprietors, THE LINCOLN & MIDLAND COUNTIES' DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN.

(TRADE MARK "BLOOD MIXTURE.")

THE UNIVERSAL HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES!!!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

These excellent FAMILY MEDICINES are invaluable in the treatment of all ailments incidental to every HOUSEHOLD. The PILLS PURIFY, REGULATE, and STRENGTHEN the whole system, while the OINTMENT is unequalled for the cure of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Possessed of these REMEDIES, every Mother has at once the means of curing most complaints to which herself or Family is liable.

N.B.—Advice Gratis at 78, New Oxford Street, late 533, Oxford Street, London, daily between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA

(ESTABLISHED 60 YEARS).

The best and only certain remedy ever discovered for Preserving, Strengthening, Beautifying, or Restoring the

HAIR, WHISKERS, OR MOUSTACHES,

And Preventing them Turning Grey.

PRICE 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. PER BOTTLE.

C. & A. OLDRIDGE,

22, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

And all Chemists and Perfumers.

For Children it is invaluable, as it forms the basis of a magnificent head of hair, prevents baldness in mature age, and obviates the use of dyes and poisonous restoratives.



CURES ALL VARIETIES OF

SAPO CARBONIS **SKIN DISEASE** **TAR SOAP**

RECOMMENDED BY THE ENTIRE **MEDICAL PROFESSION.**

W. V. WRIGHT & CO.
SOUTHWARK LONDON.

PROTECTS FROM **FEVERS, SMALL POX, AND SCARLATINA.**

WRIGHT'S COAL **DETERGENTS**

SOLD EVERYWHERE
NONE GENUINE EXCEPT BRANDED
SAPO CARBONIS DETERGENTS

LE

.
ed.
and
es.
on
ck.

most
.
ient
ND
mps

all
TE,
lled
sed
most

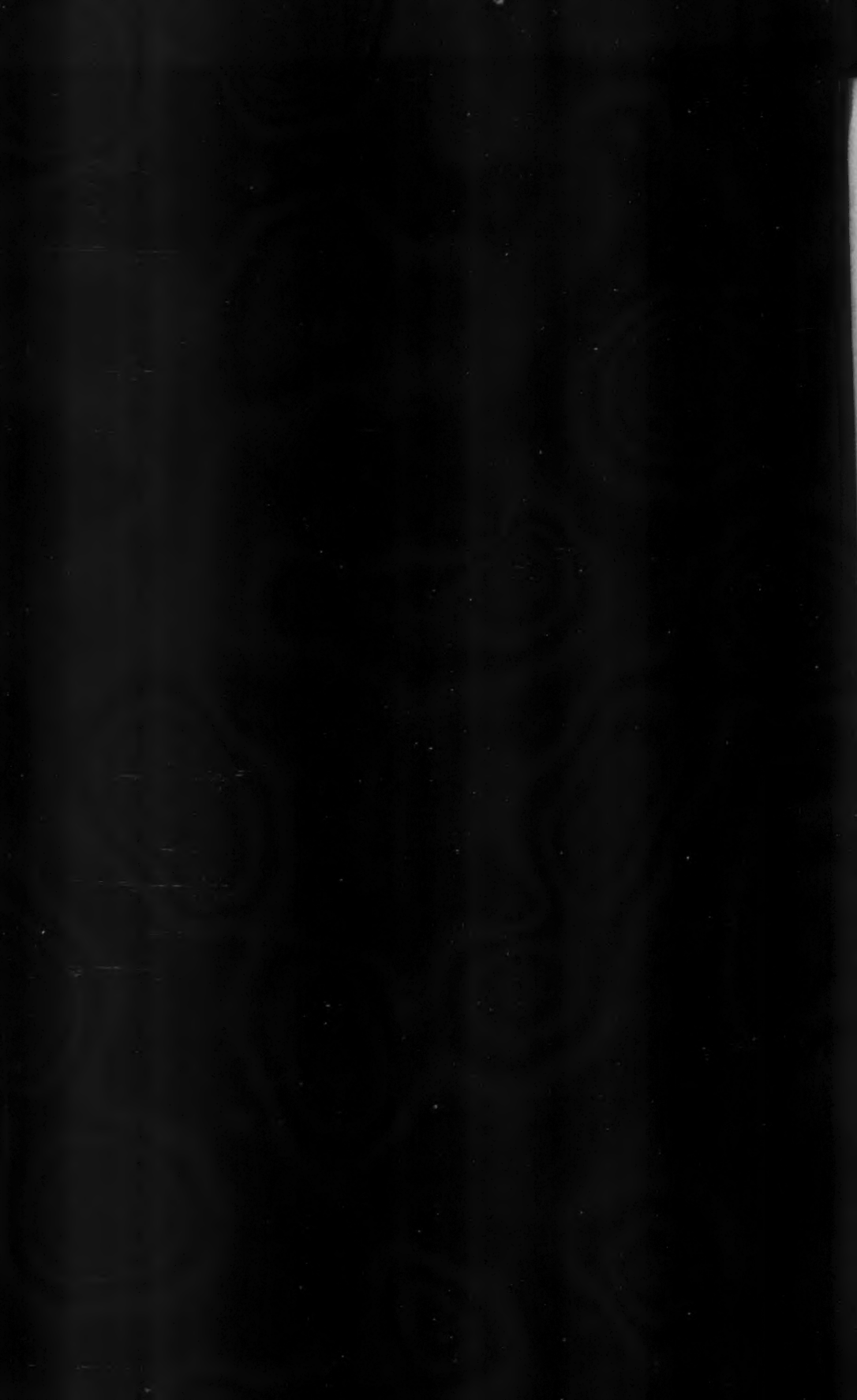
a the

IA

,
S,

C.

icent
se of



ST. EDMUND'S COLLEGE, OLD HALL, WARE, HERTS.

PRESIDENT—THE VERY REV. P. FENTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT—REV. WILLIAM LLOYD.

The College is situated within thirty miles of London, on the main road to Cambridge. The nearest station is Standon (about a mile and a quarter distant) on the Great Eastern Railway.

The courses of studies are variously adapted for (1) candidates to the priesthood, (2) those who are destined for the learned profession or for careers involving competitive examinations, and (3) those who are intended for commercial life.

For the COMMERCIAL or MODERN division great stress will be laid on précis writing, shorthand, mental arithmetic, and English composition.

For the CLASSICAL and SCIENTIFIC division the College is affiliated to the London University.

ST. HUGH'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL (Adjoining the College).

PRESIDENT—THE VERY REV. P. FENTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT—REV. EDWARD ST. JOHN.

An experienced matron superintends all that relates to the health and comfort of the children.

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO THE VERY REV. THE PRESIDENT.

FOR MILITARY EDUCATION CANDIDATES FOR SANDHURST, WOOLWICH,
AND COMMISSIONS THROUGH THE MILITIA.

BLENHEIM HOUSE, 9, LEYLAND ROAD, LEE, KENT, BLACKHEATH, S.E.

FOUR MINUTES' WALK FROM LEE STATION.

REV. E. VON ORSBACH, late Tutor to their Highnesses the Princes of Thurn and Taxis, assisted by a Staff of able and experienced Masters, prepares Gentlemen for Military Examinations.

Tutorial Staff:—

Principal	Rev. E. von Orsbach.
Higher Mathematics	G. Merritt Reeves, Esq., M.A.; 13th Wrangler, 1873; late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge.
Mathematics	J. A. Pease, Esq., and C. Simpson, Esq.
Classics: Latin and Greek	The Principal.
English: Language and History	J. A. Prout, Esq., B.A. Oxon.
French Language	Mons. Victor Lemaire, M.A. Licencié-ès-Lettres, Paris.
German Language	The Principal.
Sciences: Geology, Physics, and Chemistry	J. Morris, Esq.
Geography: Physical	The Principal and J. Morris, Esq.
" Political	The Principal.
Drawing: Geometrical, Freehand, and Perspective	J. A. Pease, Esq.
Preliminary Subjects	The Principal and C. Simpson, Esq.
Drill and Fencing	Sergeant F. Myers, R.M.A., Woolwich.

The pupils have the privilege of daily Mass in the house.

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO THE PRINCIPAL.

**FRANCISCAN CONVENT OF THE
IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,***Portobello Road, Bayswater, W.*

Under the special patronage of the Cardinal
Archbishop of Westminster.

The Religious of this Community receive a limited number of young ladies for education. The terms for the course are £50 per annum, which comprises all the usual branches of a sound English education, in which Latin, French, German, and every kind of needlework, are included. Music, drawing, and dancing are extras. The recreation grounds are spacious, and the locality a most healthy one. Children remaining at School for the Summer Vacation are taken to the sea-side.

For further particulars apply to the Mother Abbess.

**CONVENT OF NOTRE DAME,
CLAPHAM COMMON,
NEAR LONDON.**

The Course of Studies comprises all branches of a Higher Education.

Young Ladies whose parents desire it are prepared for the University and Preceptors' Local Examinations.

The pupils who have attended these Examinations in 1880-81-82-83, have been most successful.

**CONVENT SCHOOL, MARK
CROSS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.**

Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus, from St. Leonard's-on-Sea. The pension is £18 per annum. Inclusive terms. Music, 15s. per quarter. Entrance Fee, £1 1s.

ESTABLISHED 1730.

Prize Medal Wax Candles with Platted Wicks. Patented.

2s. 2d. and 2s. per lb.

Prize Medal Vegetable Candles for Church use.

1s. 5d., 1s. 3d., and 1s. 1d. per lb.

N.B.—Twopence per lb. on Wax, and one penny per lb. on Vegetable Candles charged extra if credit be taken over three months.

Vegetable Oil for Sanctuary Lamps.

(Selected and Imported specially for this purpose).

Pure Incense, with ordinary care, warranted to burn without flame,

2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 6s., 8s., and 10s. per 11b. tin.

Candles of every description, Night Lights, Oils, Starches, and all other articles for domestic purposes.

HOUSEHOLD and LAUNDRY SOAPS, well dried and fit for immediate use.

Toilet Soaps of all kinds.

THE REFINED PALE YELLOW SKIN SOAP, producing an agreeable softness to the skin,
1s. per box containing five tablets.

Religious Houses, Institutions, Schools, &c., placed upon the most favourable terms. Goods delivered free within the postal district, and carriage paid beyond it to the nearest country railway station on orders not less than £5 in value.

For Price Lists, Diagrams, and full particulars, address

FRANCIS TUCKER AND CO.,

18, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE; or, MANUFACTORY,
KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.

The only Catholic Establishment in England for the Manufacture of Wax and Church Candles.

Wanted to Purchase.—The following early numbers of "The Month:" July to December 1864 (Vol. I.), September 1864, February and March 1865, January 1866, January 1867, July and August 1868, January and May 1869. Any one possessing copies of these numbers, and willing to dispose of them, is requested to communicate with Mr. James Stanley, Manresa Press, Roehampton, S.W.

QUARTERLY SERIES.

- The Baptism of the King.** Considerations on the Sacred Passion. By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. 7s. 6d.
- The Christian Reformed in Mind and Manners.** By Father Benedict Rogacci, S.J. 7s. 6d.
- The Chronicle of St. Antony of Padua,** the "Eldest Son of St. Francis." 3s. 6d.
- Life of the Ven. Claude de la Colombiere.** 5s.
- Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great:** an Old English Version. 6s.
- An English Carmelite: The Life of Catharine Burton,** Mother Mary Xaveria of the Angels. By Father Thomas Hunter, S.J. 6s. 6d.
- A Gracious Life (1566—1618);** being the Life of Madame Acarie (Blessed Mary of the Incarnation). By Emily Bowles. 6s.
- The History of the Sacred Passion.** By Father Luis de la Palma, of the Society of Jesus. Third Edition. 7s. 6d.
Also, a cheaper Edition of the same, on thin paper, 5s.
- The Life and Teaching of Jesus Christ.** In Meditations for every day in the Year. By P. N. Avancino, S.J. Two Vols. 10s. 6d.
- Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier.** By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. Two Vols. 15s.
Cheap Edition. Two vols. in one. 9s.
- Life of Anne Catharine Emmerich.** By Helen Ram. 5s.
- Life of Lady Falkland.** By Lady G. Fullerton. 5s.
- Life of Henrietta d'Osseville** (in Religion, Mother Ste. Marie). By the Rev. John George M'Leod, S.J. 5s. 6d.
- Life of Margaret Mostyn** (Mother Margaret of Jesus). By the Very Rev. Edmund Bedingfield. 6s.
- Life of our Life:** The Harmony of the Gospels, arranged with Introductory and Explanatory Chapters, Notes, and Indices. By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. Two Vols. 15s.
- Life of St. Jane Frances Fremyot de Chantal.** By Emily Bowles. Second Edition. 5s. 6d.
- Life of the Blessed John Berchmans.** Third Edition. By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J. 6s.
- Life of the Blessed Peter Favre.** From the Italian of Father Boero. 6s. 6d.
- Life of King Alfred the Great.** By the Rev. A. G. Knight. 6s.
- Life of Mother Mary Teresa Ball.** By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. 6s. 6d.
- Life and Letters of St. Teresa.** Vol. I. By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. 7s. 6d.
- Life of Mary Ward.** By Mary Catherine Elizabeth Chambers. Edited by the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. Vol. I. 7s. 6d.
- Pious Affections towards God and the Saints.** Meditations for every day in the Year. By the Ven. Nicolas Lancicius, S.J. 7s. 6d.
- Public Life of our Lord Jesus Christ.** By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. Seven Volumes. Each 6s. 6d. Others in preparation.
- The Return of the King.** Discourses on the Latter Days. By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. 7s. 6d.
- Story of St. Stanislaus Kostka.** 3s. 6d.
- Story of the Gospels.** Harmonized for Meditation. By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. 7s. 6d.
- Sufferings of the Church in Brittany during the Great Revolution.** By Edward Healy Thompson, M.A. 6s. 6d.
- Suppression of the Society of Jesus in the Portuguese Dominions.** By the Rev. Alfred Weld, S.J. 7s. 6d.
- Three Catholic Reformers of the Fifteenth Century.** By Mary H. Allies. 6s.
- Thomas of Hereford, Life of St.** By Father Lestrangle. 6s.
- Works and Words of our Saviour,** gathered from the Four Gospels. By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. 7s. 6d.

LONDON: BURNS AND OATES.

Burns & Oates' New List.

IN THE PRESS.

A PHILOSOPHICAL CATECHISM FOR BEGINNERS.

By PROF. ST. GEORGE MIVART.

Section I. Consciousness and Certitude. II. Self-evident Truths. III. The External World. IV. The Higher and the Lower Faculties. V. Moral Goodness. VI. Man and the Brutes. VII. The True Philosophy. VIII. Free Will. IX. God and Religion. X. Advantages of the True Philosophy.

A very handsome Volume, suitable for a Prize. Now Ready.

THE VIRGIN MOTHER OF GOOD COUNSEL.

A History of the ancient Sanctuary of Our Lady of Good Counsel in Genazzano, and of the Wonderful Apparition and Miraculous Translation of her Sacred Image from Scutari in Albania to Genazzano in 1467. With an Appendix of the Miraculous Crucifix, San Pio, Roman Ecclesiastical Education, &c. By the Right Rev. Mgr. GEORGE F. DILLON, D.D., a Visitor from Sydney to the Shrine. Handsomely bound in blue cloth, extra gilt, 12s. 6d.

NEW BOOKS.

STONYHURST ILLUSTRATED.

By ALFRED RIMMER,

Author of *Ancient Streets and Homesteads, Our Old Country Towns, Pleasant Spots round Oxford, &c., &c.*

Imperial Quarto, 32 plates £1 11s. 6d.
Do. Do. Edition de Luxe, handsomely bound
in half-morocco £4 4s. 0d.

Allocutions to the Clergy of the Diocese of Kerry. By the late Right Rev. Dr. MORIARTY. Cloth, 7s. 6d.

Catechism of Confirmation. By the Rev. W. J. B. RICHARDS, D.D. New Edition. 1d.

Converts to Rome. A list of over Three Thousand Protestants who have become Catholics since the commencement of the Nineteenth Century. Compiled by W. GORDON GORMAN. Square 16mo, cloth extra, gilt top, 2s. 6d.

Dream of Gerontius. By CARDINAL NEWMAN. Eighteenth Edition. Wrapper, Sixpence; cloth, 1s.

St. Bernard on the Love of God and Three Rosaries of our Lady. Translated by MARIANNE CAROLINE and COVENTRY PATMORE. Second Edition. Cloth, 4s. 6d.

Scotland and Rome. Four Lectures by the Rev. JOSEPH STEVENSON, S.J. 6d.

Sermons for the Sundays and Festivals of the Year. By the Right Rev. Dr. SWEENEY. New Edition in One Vol. 10s. 6d.

NEW FOREIGN BOOKS.

De Dispensationibus Matrimonialibus iuxta Recentissimas Sac urbis congreg. Resolutiones. Auctore, ZEPHYRINO ZITELLI. 3s. net.

Theologia Moralis. Auctore, AUGUSTINO LEHMKUHL, S.J. Two vols. 18s. net; half-calf, £1 8s.

Granville Mansions, 28, Orchard Street, London, W.
AND 63, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

Burns and Oates' New List.

NEW TALE BOOKS AND NOVELS.

- Gertrude Mannering.** By FRANCES NOBLE. New Edition. Cloth, 4s.
Grey of Greybury. A Novel. By the Marquis BIDDLE-COPE, of Rome. Two Volumes. Cloth, 12s.
Little Snowdrop. New Edition. 6d. and 1s.
Lost, and Other Tales for Children. Adapted from the French by the Author of *Tyborne*, &c., &c. Cloth, 2s.
Tales from Twelve Tongues. Translated by a British Museum Librarian. Cloth, extra gilt, (Granville Popular Library). Reduced from 4s. 6d. to 3s.
Tyborne, and who went thither. By Miss TAYLOR. New Edition. 3s. 6d.
Wild Birds of Killeevy. By ROSA MULHOLLAND. Cloth, extra gilt, price 5s.

A COMPLETE SET OF VESTMENTS FOR LOW MASS,

VIZ :

CHASUBLE, CHALICE VEIL, STOLE, MANIPLE, AND BURSE,
 All after the most approved Roman or Gothic Patterns,
 Made of good *all-silk* damask, trimmed with $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. and 1-in. lace and lined with alpaca, and
 entirely hand-sewn, for

£3 3s.

OR, THE SET OF FIVE COLOURS FOR

£15.

BURNS and OATES have in Stock OIL PAINTINGS OF SAINTS,

25-in. by 17-in., 17s. 6d. 30-in. by 24-in., 30s.

ALTAR CARDS,

Designed by the Rev. A. WHITE.

Large Card, 29½-in by 13½-in. Small Cards, 10½-in. by 7½-in.

In Outline, 7s. 6d. ; or Richly Coloured, 30s.

Either of the above Sets can be mounted on boards bound in morocco, richly gilt,

For 33s. extra.

Or framed in polished oak frames, with gilt slip, glazed, for 30s.

STATUES.

STATIONS OF THE CROSS. CRUCIFIXES!

A STATUE OF OUR LADY AND CHILD.

4-ft. 2-in. high.

In strong Composition, Decorated in Colours and Gilded.

Price £5.

Or very richly Gilded, £7 10s.

Granville Mansions, 28, Orchard Street, London, W.
 AND 63, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

LATEST AMERICAN BOOKS.

- Spiritual Direction** for the use of Religious Communities. By the Author of "Golden Sands" and "Book of the Professed." Translated from the French by Miss ELLA McMAHON. With Steel-plate Frontispiece. 32mo, cloth, 3s. net.
- St. Teresa, A Popular Life of.** Translated from the French of the Abbé MARIE-JOSEPH, of the Order of Carmel, by Miss ANNIE PORTER. With a Preface by Right Rev. Mgr. T. S. WESTON, V.G. With Steel-plate Frontispiece. 12mo, cloth, 4s. net.
- Golden Sands.** III. Series, new. 3s. net.
- Thesaurus Biblicus**, or Hand-book of Scripture Reference, compiled from the Latin of PHILIP P. MERZ by Rev. L. A. LAMBERT 1018 pp. large 8vo, 16s. net.; half-morocco, 18s. net.
- The Seraphic Guide**, a Manual for the Members of the Third Order of St. Francis. Cloth, 3s. net.; roan, red edges, 3s. 6d. net.
- Le Gras, Mlle.**, Life of (Louise de Marillac), Founder of the Sisters of Charity. Preceded by Letters of Mgr. MERMILLOD, Bishop of Lausanne, and of Very Rev. A. FIAT, Superior-General of the Priests of the Mission and of the Sisters of Charity. Translated from the French by a Sister of Charity. 12mo, cloth, 6s. net.
- Devotions to the Sacred Heart for the First Friday of every Month.** Translated from the French of Père HUGUET, Marist, by a Sister of Mercy. With Steel-plate Frontispiece. 32mo, cloth, red edges, 2s. net.
- Our Birthday Bouquet.** Culled from the Shrines of the Saints and the Gardens of the Poets. By Miss ELEANOR C. DONNELLY. 16mo, cloth, 4s. net.
- Year of the Sacred Heart.** A Thought for every day of the Year. Drawn from the Works of Père de la COLOMBIERE, of Blessed MARGARET MARY, and of others. Translated from the French by Miss ANNA T. SADLER. With Steel-plate Frontispiece. 32mo, cloth, 2s. net.
- The Christian Father.** Paper, 1s. net.; Maroquett, 1s. 6d. net.; cloth, 2s. net.
- The Christian Mother.** Paper, 1s. net.; Maroquett, 1s. 6d. net.; cloth, 2s. net.
- Sure Way to a Happy Marriage.** Paper, 1s. 6d. net.; Maroquett, 2s. net.; cloth, 3s. net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS,
NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, AND ST. LOUIS.

ALLAN ROYAL MAIL LINE.



Direct Services between Liverpool, Quebec, Halifax, Boston, Portland, and Baltimore.

The Steamers are among the largest, fastest, and most comfortable of ocean passenger ships. They are of unusual strength, being divided into seven water-tight and fire-proof compartments. They run alongside the railway train, and passengers and their luggage are transferred free. This exceptional advantage adds considerably to the popularity of the Line.

The Allan Line has a well-earned reputation for the comfort and care bestowed on all classes of passengers. The Saloon accommodation is unsurpassed.

Saloon Fares, £12 12s. to £22 1s. Intermediate, £8.

Steerage as low as by any other Fast Line.

Particulars can be obtained from Allan Brothers and Co., James Street, Liverpool; Allan Brothers and Co., Foyle Street, Londonderry; J. and A. Allan, 70, Great Clyde Street, Glasgow. James Scott and Co., Queenstown.

MR. BARRAUD,
263, Oxford Street, London, W. (Regent Circus).
PHOTOGRAPHY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

ENLARGEMENTS, MINIATURES, &c.

PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION.

Mr. RUSKIN, the greatest Art Critic of the age, writing of Mr. Barraud's Portraits, says :—
"They are extremely and singularly beautiful, and as pure Photography go as far as the art can at the present day, and I do not see that it can ever go much further."

GROUPS AND CHILDREN TAKEN INSTANTANEOUSLY.

The Studio is approached by a Patent Lift, and is the most perfect ever erected in this country.

PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED,

DUBLIN, 1865. PARIS, 1867. HONOURABLE MENTION INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.
VIENNA, 1873.

BOOK BINDING,
In the Monastic, Grolier, Maioli, and Illuminated Styles,

In the most superior manner, by English and Foreign Workmen.

JOSEPH ZAEHNSDORF,
36, CATHERINE STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

WILLIAM LEWIS AND SON,
Architects, Surveyors, Measurers and Valuers,
and Land Agents,
46½, STONEGATE, YORK.

VANHEEMS AND WHEELER,
Exclusively Clerical Tailors.

The only House in England which is conversant with the Roman formula in respect to the canonical dress of the Catholic Hierarchy.

47, Berners Street, London, W.

DELICATE BOYS.

ST. ALOYSIUS, BOURNEMOUTH,

Established 1872,

SCHOOL-HOME and SANATORIUM for Delicate Boys requiring a mild dry climate, with liberal diet and attention to health. Apply to the Principal.

A. M. D. C.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, CHESTERFIELD, DERBYSHIRE.

Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.

This College provides a thoroughly sound classical and commercial education at a very moderate Pension. The course of studies is directed to Matriculation at the London University. The College is situated nine miles from Sheffield, seven miles from Chesterfield, and one mile from Eckington Station (N.M.R.).

For particulars apply to the Rector, Rev. JOHN CLAYTON, Mount St. Mary's, Chesterfield; Rev. PETER GALLWEY, 111, Mount Street, London; Rev. JAMES CLARE, 8, Salisbury Street, Liverpool; Rev. W. LAWSON, Portsmouth Street, Manchester; Rev. THOMAS HILL, Trenchard Street, Bristol.

ST. CHARLES' COLLEGE, ST. CHARLES' SQUARE, NOTTING HILL, W.

Founded by H. E. the Cardinal Archbishop, and conducted by the Oblates of St. Charles, assisted by competent Professors.

For particulars apply to the Rector, the Very Rev. R. Butler, D.D.; the Very Rev. Father Superior of the Oblates of St. Charles, St. Mary of the Angels', Bayswater; or the Very Rev. Canon Johnson, D.D., Archbishop's House, Westminster.

The Oblate Fathers take charge of the moral and intellectual training of the Day Scholars equally with that of the Resident Students.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, OSCOTT, ERDINGTON, WARWICKSHIRE.

STUDENTS ARE PREPARED FOR THE ARMY, THE NAVY, AND THE PROFESSIONS.

For Terms, &c., apply to the President, as above.

ST. GEORGE'S COLLEGE, WEYBRIDGE.

Under the direction of the Josephites,

(A Congregation exclusively devoted to the Teaching of the Upper and Middle Classes).

This College WILL BE REMOVED in September next from CROYDON TO WOBURN PARK, WEYBRIDGE.

"A demesne of great beauty, pleasant woods and lofty heights" (Black's *Guide to Surrey*), beautifully sheltered by a belt of evergreens. The Estate is in a favourite locality, surrounded by private parks, and contains Farm, Kitchen-garden, Bakery, Swimming-bath, Gymnasium, Cricket and Football Field, with Pavilion. An important addition was made in 1878 to the Mansion, and the whole Establishment has been fitted up with all requisites for a First-class College.

The PRINCIPAL FEATURE OF THE COLLEGE will be as heretofore, the care given to the teaching of Modern Languages. A Large Staff of Masters permits personal supervision and individual training. The Course of Studies comprises all the subjects of a Classical and Liberal Education, and is divided into three Departments:

CLASSICAL, MODERN, and PREPARATORY.

Junior Boys occupy a separate building.

The College is within five minutes' walk from Addlestone Station, which is reached in about thirty-five minutes from Waterloo or from Clapham Junction Stations.

For further particulars apply, till September 1st, to the Very Rev. L. O. POWELS, C.J., President, St. George's College, Croydon.

John Wyclif, his Life and Teaching.

PART THE SECOND.

FOR several reasons I have thought it necessary to enter at some length into the history of the memorable lawsuit between John Wyclif and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Not only is the narrative interesting and instructive in itself, but it gives us an insight into the character of the Reformer, and prepares us for much which is to follow. Moreover, it exercised an important influence upon his future history. The sentence pronounced at Viterbo formed the turning point in his life, and from it may be reckoned what in modern phraseology would be termed "a new departure." Wyclif was thoroughly beaten. It was not only a defeat but an overthrow. It implied the necessity of an entire change of tactics, and a change in tactics rendered necessary a new base of operations. From the moment that Wyclif lost his lawsuit he stood upon the brink of a great revolution.

While the issue of the suit was yet in suspense, he had permitted himself to believe that the popular feeling was with him. It is not unreasonable to suppose that among the large body of students who were at that time congregated within the walls of Oxford there must have been some who from one motive or another would join the party which he was supposed to represent. To hold forcible possession of an entire college and to defy the Metropolitan of all England were supposed to show courage and independence of spirit, and as such commanded admiration. Again, Wyclif was sure to be regarded, if not by himself at least by others, as the champion of the secular clergy; an idea which, wherever accepted, would evoke a large amount of active and earnest partisanship in his favour. Once more; he was a northern, while the Archbishop and his monks were Kentishmen, good grounds here for a very pretty quarrel at a time when the jealousy between the two "nations," as they were termed, might easily break forth with something like the

ferocity of a border warfare.¹ Wyclif's habitual temperament led him to miscalculate the value of these advantages, and to exaggerate the importance they seemed to give him for the moment. He mistook wonder for admiration, notoriety for popularity. And so he lived on in a fool's paradise until the moment when the Papal sentence was pronounced at Viterbo.

The publication of the sentence was attended by certain circumstances which made it yet more humbling. Anticipating, as it would seem, that the rebels who had seized Canterbury Hall might try to keep forcible possession of it, the judge who decreed their expulsion provided also for its enforcement. He directed the Prior of Lewes, the Chancellor of Salisbury, and the Dean of Chichester to read his final decision in the hearing of Wyclif, and then to give the monks of Canterbury actual and immediate possession of the buildings of which they had been so long and so wrongfully deprived. Any resistance was to meet with a prompt remedy. They were told that the sentence of excommunication by bell, cross, and candle would immediately follow, and would be repeated on each Sunday and festival during High Mass until they had sued for and obtained pardon and absolution.² The judge was in earnest, and both parties knew it. Even Wyclif shrunk from encountering such an array of ecclesiastical censures, as were ready to be fulminated against him. His flatterers and followers deserted him; he recognized his true position, and he felt that he was defeated, disgraced, and ruined.

But this was not all. It generally happens that as "sorrows come not singlehanded," another disappointment followed in the train of the former ones. Wyclif seems to have persuaded himself that he was likely to be promoted to the episcopate, and he had been on the watch for every vacancy. One occurred in the see of Worcester, but when it was filled up Wyclif found that he was not the favoured candidate. He thought himself neglected and injured, and he gave way to feelings of disappointment, anger, and revenge. Upon what foundation he built this hope I know not. Perhaps it may have been reasonable and well-grounded, perhaps it was utterly fallacious; but the reasonableness or the folly of the expectation does not affect

¹ See Anstey's *Memorials of the Univ. Oxford*, 92, 93, 462; Wood's *Hist. A.D.* 1267, 1274, 1305.

² These details are taken from the second of the two official documents contained in the Lambeth MS. 104, fol. 219 b., and are now for the first time published.

the fact of its existence. And that, it was a fact I venture to affirm upon the following evidence.

Thomas Netter, commonly called Thomas Waldensis (from Walden, in Essex, of which he was a native), tells us that the charge which I have mentioned was publicly brought forward against Wyclif by Robert Hallum, Bishop of Salisbury, "in the great Synod of the clergy of Canterbury."³ The same writer repeats the accusation yet more distinctly. "Well informed men," says he, "report as an undoubted fact that Wyclif's heresy against the endowment of the Church and every ecclesiastical authority within it, had its beginning in his disappointed hope of obtaining the bishopric of Worcester, to which he indiscreetly aspired."⁴ Netter is not our only authority. One John Palmer, an Englishman (who was present at the Council of Bâle in 1434), affirms that the bitter attacks of the Reformer upon the clergy may be dated from this same incident.⁵ The accusation then is precise as to the fact; when therefore I find that his apologists make no attempt to deny it or to explain it, I think I do Wyclif no injustice in accepting it as indisputable.⁶

Such, then, was the position in which the future Reformer now found himself.

The conviction was forced upon him from more sides than one that he had ruined his prospects of success as far as Oxford was concerned. True, it still held out to him many prizes, any one of which must have stimulated and would have rewarded his ambition; but to the attainment of each and all of these his own conduct had now raised up an insuperable barrier. No college could henceforth be expected to place at its head a person of such suspicious antecedents as the late litigious Warden of Canterbury Hall. The questionable circumstances attending the oath which he was believed to have taken for the satisfaction of Archbishop Islip were still allowed to remain a mystery, and the lawsuit which he had carried on with Archbishop Langham amounted to something little better than a legalized fraud. So much for his chances of success in the

³ Doct. Fid. ii. 60. Hallum was Bishop of Salisbury from 1408 to 1417 (Le Neve, ii. 601).

⁴ *Id.* iv. 33.

⁵ Tanner, *Bibl.* 570, 767.

⁶ The see of Worcester was thrice vacant during the period within which this event would seem to have occurred, namely, in 1362, 1364, and 1369. I do not undertake to specify its precise date; we are concerned only in knowing that the charge has been made and never met.

University. He had hoped for preferment on the Episcopal Bench, but surely there were not many bishops on it who would have offered him the right hand of fellowship. Would any Chapter in England venture to elect him? Would the Crown accept the nomination? Would the Pope confirm it? Wyclif was never remarkable for modesty or humility; but even at his best, or his worst, he must have felt that he would never wear the bishop's mitre.

In the midst of these grinding disappointments, one remedy cannot but have presented itself to his mind, and all who read the terrible history of the man must wish that he had accepted it; for it was the best, the wisest, and the happiest mode of escape from his difficulties. He could not have forgotten that he was a parish priest, and as such was charged with the responsibility of caring for the souls of his parishioners. Lechler tells us "that he did not apply himself continuously to pastoral labours in Fillingham."⁷ But Wyclif did not fail to turn his several benefices, one after the other, to what he considered a good account. He neglected "the pastoral labours" of his rectory, as we have seen, but he retained the rank and the emoluments which he derived from it. And he did worse. At a later period of his career, when he resided at Lutterworth, he did one of two things. Either he habitually and systematically taught his people the usual Catholic faith and practised the usual Catholic ritual, neither of which he himself believed; or he substituted for them his own private doctrines and practices, and thereby committed a daily fraud upon the Church which he pretended to serve. For twenty years this was the situation in which he and his parishioners stood in reference to each other. To me it seems an awful alternative. I have long sought for an explanation of his conduct, but sought in vain. His biographers, ancient and modern, are silent; Lewis and Vaughan, Shirley and Lechler, abandon their hero in the hour of his extremity. Am I uncharitable when I remind myself of the oath which Wyclif is said to have sworn to Islip?

So then Worcester had already become a vision and Oxford was fast fading into a memory. To him it could never again be what it once had been; and he saw in it but the record and the proof of his own failure and disappointment. Changed faces met him at every corner of the street. Men did not listen

⁷ i. 159.

to his speculations with the deference which they once had shown. The days had altered since he was Master of Balliol, or Warden of Canterbury Hall. This *villicus iniquitatis* had wasted his Master's goods, and it was told to him that he might be no longer steward. Unable to dig, ashamed to beg, he resolved what he would do, so that when he was put out of the stewardship men as unscrupulous as himself should receive him into their houses. He left Oxford and sought a more congenial occupation in the world of politics in London.

While Wyclif is in London our acquaintance with him becomes very indistinct, for he passes into an existence with the conditions of which we are but imperfectly acquainted. Everywhere he preserves a cautious silence about himself, and he keeps aloof from friend and foe alike. We observe one thing, however, which is worthy of notice. At a very early period of his abode in London he had secured for himself a definite position in the Court. We have his own authority for telling us that in a peculiar sense he has become "the King's cleric."⁸ What was it to be the King's cleric? As far as I am aware, there was no such office either in the royal household, or in the Parliament, or in the Chancery, or in the Exchequer. We turn for information to his biographers, with the conviction that they will interpret the term for us. Mr. F. D. Matthew thinks that Wyclif held a royal chaplaincy in the Court, or (as he says in another place) that he was the "first Parliamentary reporter." It is Lechler's⁹ opinion that he might possibly have had a seat and voice in the Parliament of 1366 as an elected representative of the inferior clergy, or in virtue of the royal prerogative. To me these explanations seem untenable. Had Wyclif been a member of Parliament in the ordinary sense of the phrase, he would have said so. Then, as now, it was a familiar term, of which the owner was far from being ashamed. Wyclif resorts to the use of a dubious phrase, and seems to employ it for the purpose of concealment. Under these circumstances the simplest course is to refer to the document itself in which it occurs, and examine the information which that document places before us. But here a few preliminary observations become necessary.

Pope Innocent the Sixth died on September 13, 1362, and was succeeded by Urban the Fifth, an appointment which was unpopular in England. The newly-elected Pontiff was by birth

⁸ Wyclif terms himself *peculiaris regis clericus* (Lewis, p. 349).

⁹ Lechler, i. 211.

a Frenchman, and England and France were at war. There was a further cause for discord between the two nations. Urban had for long been anxious to remove the Papal residence from Avignon to Rome, and in 1366 he publicly announced his intention of doing so. But the unavoidable expenditure was considerable, and the Papal finances were nearly exhausted. The Pope found himself driven to apply for money wherever there was the prospect of obtaining it; and as among his other debtors stood England, he made his want known to the English Sovereign. King John had undertaken to pay to the Holy See an annuity of one thousand marks; and as no payment had been made since the year 1333, Pope Urban assured King Edward that the transmission of the arrears would be very acceptable and would be considered as a favour. Edward referred the matter to his Parliament.¹⁰

When the Parliament met in London in the May of 1366, it was in a bad humour. The application for the arrears claimed by the Holy See was treated with indignant scorn. The King showed the world at large that he was of the same mind as his Commons. The decision at which they arrived was to the effect that neither King John nor any other Sovereign could place himself or his people in such subjection without the assent of the Parliament, and that such assent never had been granted. Inasmuch, then, as it was contrary to the oath which the King had taken when he was crowned, they decided that the Papal demand must be rejected. They further ruled that in case His Holiness should attempt in any way to enforce this claim, they would resist him to the uttermost of their power.¹¹

We are now in a position to turn to the document drawn up by Wyclif in his official capacity as "the King's peculiar clerk."¹² It contains his reply to the arguments advanced some

¹⁰ For the Pope's letter, see Raynaldi, 1365, § 13, dated at Avignon, 13 June, an. 3. Lewis (p. 19) states that "Pope Urban gave notice to King Edward that he intended by process to cite him to his Court, then at Avignon, to answer for his default in not performing the homage which King John, his predecessor, acknowledged to the See of Rome for his realm of England and dominion of Ireland, and refusing to pay the tribute by him granted to the said See." In the *Biographia Brit.* p. 4259, this statement is further improved; the Pope is now said to have "threatened" to cite the King. The Pope's letter, referred to above, does not warrant either of these interpretations.

¹¹ The whole decision may be seen in the Parliamentary Rolls, II, 290.

¹² It is headed, "Determinatio quedam magistri Johannis Wycliff de Dominio contra unum monachum," and is printed (very inaccurately) by Lewis (p. 349) from one of Selden's MSS. A transcript by Dr. James, from a Bodley MS., is in the Lambeth MS. 537, and affords many corrections. In a notice prefixed to this copy,

time previously by an anonymous monk who had spoken on the Papal side of the question. This preliminary discussion would seem to have taken place for the purpose of furnishing the anti-Papal party with a convenient summary of the arguments which they might most effectually employ when the discussion should actually come forward in the House. It was, in fact, a brief for their guidance. The entire question is skilfully portioned out among seven several speakers, to each of whom is assigned his own section of the argument. Taken collectively, the argument covers the entire field of the debate, and if properly carried out would present a formidable line of battle, either for defence or attack. We see from the result that it served both purposes. In it Wyclif speaks with the greatest freedom against the Pope, the Cardinals, and the clergy at large; while with ill-disguised mockery he styles himself "a humble and obedient son of the Roman Church, who protests that he will not advance aught that could either be injurious to it, or could reasonably offend the ears of the godly." The whole document breathes the spirit of advanced Wyclifism.

From the contents of this paper we can discover, therefore, without much difficulty the nature of the duties of "the King's peculiar clerk" by whom it was drawn up. He was expected to act as counsel for the Crown in all cases where the Crown expected to come into collision with the Church, an event which, judging by the spirit of the age, was likely to occur not unfrequently. Possibly he might even go so far as to suggest occasions when a conflict might be provoked. Many questions of an ecclesiastical nature were being dragged forward to the front for discussion, and out of them it was seen that a useful amount of capital might be extracted by skilful treatment. But to do this the manipulation of an expert was needed. Wyclif was ready to turn his long ecclesiastical training to good purpose, and he soon found that the English Court was the market where it would bring the best price. This very "peculiar clerk" was ready on the shortest notice to give an opinion or to conduct an argument on the side of the King—in other words, against the Church and the Pope. For this he was well adapted by the nature of his education. His experience in the schools had

Dr. James conjectures that the anonymous monk was either Tyssington or Wodeford; and remarks that the arguments here employed by Wyclif, or by the speakers whose words he reports, require a favourable interpretation to keep them free from schism. A candid admission this to make, but then he was writing to an admirer of Wyclif, as he himself was.

made him a ready disputant and a skilful logician. "He came to be reckoned," says the Rev. Mr. Lewis, "inferior to none of his time in philosophy, and incomparable in the performance of school exercises; a man of profound wit and very strong and powerful in disputations, and was by the common sort of divines esteemed little less than a god." This was the very kind of man whom the anticlerical party needed, and they made much of him when they found him. His presence was regarded as the promise of an assured victory. Like another uncircumcized Philistine of whom we read, he had been a man of war from his youth up, and all the men of Israel when they saw him fled from him and were afraid. Yet to me his conduct seems base in the extreme. He acted the part of the traitor and the spy. He sold to the enemy the experience which he had gained in the camp of the friends whom he now deserted. As yet I have not observed one single feature in his character which bespeaks the noble or the generous; everywhere fraud, duplicity, and treachery. I believe that Englishmen have mistaken their hero.

Wyclif's parliamentary duties did not demand the whole of his time; he could find leisure for other occupations. In the month of November in the year 1368, Archbishop Langham forwarded to the Chancellor of Oxford a list of thirty propositions, which had been pronounced to be erroneous by a meeting of the clergy which he had convened for the purpose of examining them; and at the same time he directed the Chancellor to see that publication to this effect should be made accordingly in the University. Should any one venture to defend or approve these said articles in the schools or elsewhere, openly or privately, it was decreed that he should incur the sentence of public excommunication, which should be pronounced by the said Chancellor. Appended to each article is the censure which was severally affixed to it by the censors. Langham does not distinctly affirm whether or not these propositions are to be attributed to Wyclif, nor do I venture to do so. I cannot but remark, however, that some of these doctrines were certainly held by him at a later time; and it seems most probable that the entire series is to be referred to him as its author. We may refer their composition to the year 1368,¹³ and therefore they represent the Wyclifite heresy in the earliest form in which we are acquainted with it.

¹³ Printed from Langham's Register in Lambeth Library, in Harpsf. *Hist. Wiclif.* p. 720, Wilkins, iii. 75, Hard. vii. 1864.

To the first volume of his *Life of Wyclif* Professor Lechler has prefixed a dissertation of one hundred pages upon "the English Precursors" of that eminent individual. We are justified in asking in what sense the men who are here introduced are to be understood as Wyclif's predecessors. It cannot simply be meant that they preceded him in point of time; for while six writers are mentioned, hundreds of eminent Englishmen have been passed over unnoticed. If this chapter has any meaning, it is intended to prepare the reader to believe that Wyclif's teaching was no new thing, but that it was simply the natural expansion and inevitable continuation of doctrines which many great and good Englishmen had held before he was born. To such an argument, when fairly conducted, there can be no reasonable objection. If a continuous succession of men can be produced who taught Wyclifism from a period long before Wyclif, by all means let them be produced. We admit that there may have been such teachers, but if there were their history is so obscure that we should be glad to know something more about it.¹⁴ We do not object to the introduction of a class bearing the imposing title of the "English Precursors of Wyclif;" what we object to is this—that certain individuals who are here specified should be so described. They are introduced under a false title. Wyclif held doctrines and sanctioned practices which each and all of them would have indignantly repudiated; and in here attempting to vindicate their character thus unkindly aspersed, I am but endeavouring to do an act of simple justice.

The first of these unwilling witnesses is Robert Grostete, a man whose character exhibits the union of the most exalted piety with the widest range of learning. He held the see of Lincoln from A.D. 1235 to 1253, in which year he died. The high estimate in which he is held by Protestant authorities seems to have arisen from an incident which is connected with his administration of his diocese. He refused to admit to a prebendal stall in his Cathedral an Italian who had been pro-

¹⁴ I have already cited a curious instance of this sort of literature, and I again refer to it, because it has anticipated Lechler in bringing in the names to which I object. The title of the volume is, "The Protestants' evidence taken out of good records, showing that for fifteen hundred years next after Christ, divers worthy guides of God's Church have in sundry weighty points of religion taught as the Church of England now doth, by Simon Birkbeck" (Lond. 1635, 4to.) This author does not scruple to admit among his Protestant witnesses such writers as St. Anselm, St. Bernard, Peter Lombard, and St. Thomas of Aquin. Modern theorists are a little more cautious.

vided therewith by Pope Innocent the Fourth, to whom he was nephew. Grostete's act was a bold act, for no one likes to give pain or disappointment, especially to a superior whom he would gladly please. But it involved a principle, and Grostete maintained his ground with an outspoken honesty which has been generally admired. Innocent listened with calmness to the remonstrances thus addressed to him, he did not press the obnoxious nomination, and he made such alterations in the objectionable system which then prevailed that the national irritation which had been occasioned by it was allayed.¹⁵

Upon no stronger foundation than this is built the assumption that Grostete may be claimed as a Protestant. It is not a recent delusion. Yielding to it, Williams, Archbishop of York (1641-1649), and Thomas Barlow (1675-1691), Bishop of Lincoln, severally made preparations for a collected edition of his writings, as likely (so they supposed) to forward the interests of the modern Church of England.¹⁶ History is better understood now-a-days. Grostete's most recent and ablest exponent thus writes of him. If it be meant, says the Rev. Mr. Luard, that Grostete had any tendency towards the doctrinal changes brought about at the time of the Reformation, or that he evidenced any idea of a separation of the Church of England from that of Rome, a more utterly mistaken statement has never been made. He was essentially a man of his own time. To judge of him by the ideas prevalent in the sixteenth century, or to expect to find him influenced by motives similar to those which were influencing men's minds then, is to do him great injustice. Such a view of his character can only arise from ignorance of the actual facts.¹⁷

When we come to examine questions of detail upon this subject, the unswerving earnestness of Grostete's faith becomes conspicuous. Of this Pope Innocent the Fourth was fully convinced, and frequently expresses his conviction. The Bishop had complained to the Pope of certain rectors within the diocese of Lincoln who had taken on themselves the office of sheriff, or bailiff; His Holiness encourages Grostete to be of good courage and to do his duty towards them.¹⁸ In his correspondence he speaks with respect and esteem of the Pope, the Cardinals, the

¹⁵ *Fœd.* i. 262.

¹⁶ Brown's *Fascic.* 396; Tanner, 351; *Biog. Brit.* 4291.

¹⁷ *Rob. Grosseteste Epistole.* Edited by H. R. Luard. Lond. 1861, p. xiv.

¹⁸ *Ann.* iv. ep. 249; *Addit. MS.* 15,356, fol. 59.

Bishops, the clergy, and the monastic orders. He was especially attached to the Franciscans, whom he introduced into Oxford, and on his death he left his large and precious collection of books to their library. His devotion to our Blessed Lady was everywhere conspicuous. He addresses her in these terms, which I translate from one of his French poems. "Hail, holy Mary, chief of humility! Give me, my Lady, strength and goodness, abstinence and peace, love and charity, and (of your grace) holy chastity." Again: "Hail, holy Mary, beloved by the High King, have pity on all who ask pity of you, so long as they are in the world, and in this miserable life take care that God forgets them not."¹⁹ He is equally decisive when he speaks upon the other articles of the Catholic faith, for instance, on the necessity of confession, the doctrine of transubstantiation, of penance, as the means of our reconciliation to God and the Church after sin, and on the obligation of believing all that the Church teaches because the Church teaches it. It is unjust in every sense to bring Grostete forward as having prepared the way for Wyclif. Had that objectionable personage been so fortunate as to have had good Bishop Grostete for his diocesan, the contrast between the two characters would probably have been brought out in a more conspicuous light.

The next authority quoted by Lechler²⁰ is that of Henry de Bracton, who is introduced as "the greatest lawyer of England in the middle ages, a practical jurist and a learned writer upon English Common Law." The testimony of such a witness in favour of Wyclifism (which is here promised) must be of the highest importance (if it can be produced), and we prepare ourselves to listen to it with anxious surprise. But we are disappointed. Lechler speaks of Bracton with ill-disguised hesitation. We are not furnished with a single quotation from his writings, although the edition in the course of publication by the authority of the Master of the Rolls already fills five bulky volumes. Not a single doctrine is pointed out in which this learned jurist is said to have differed from his fellow Catholics. It is somewhat confusing to be told, on the same page, too, that he was a man of a kindred spirit to Grostete, though differing from him on important points, and that upon the question of patronage (the only one here referred to), these two anti-Romanist precursors of the Reformation "would hardly have been of one mind." Altogether our curiosity is excited by the

¹⁹ MS. Lamb. 522, f. 161.

²⁰ Lechler, i. 55.

mystery, and we venture to add a few particulars to Lechler's suspicious reticence. What has this great lawyer, this practical jurist, this learned writer on English Common Law, got to tell us upon the subject on which he is brought forward to speak, but on which he hitherto has been so suggestively silent?

Our historian does not tell us, what certainly is an important element in the inquiry, that Bracton was a priest, as well as a Doctor of both Canon and Civil Law. The great work upon which his reputation is founded was completed about the year 1259. He became Archdeacon of Barnstaple in 1264, a dignity which he resigned in the same year, on succeeding to the higher dignity of the Chancellorship of the Cathedral of Exeter. He also held a prebendal stall in the church of Boxham, which was vacated by his death in 1268.²¹ In 1272 we find that two chaplains had been appointed to celebrate Mass daily in the Cathedral for the soul of Henry de Bracton, formerly Chancellor of the said church, an endowment which continued in use until the time of Henry the Eighth.²²

So much then for the personal history of Henry de Bracton. He enjoyed the confidence and the respect of his sovereign, his bishop, and his fellow canons as long as he lived, and after his death Mass was daily said for his soul. Surely such a man is maligned when he is dragged upon the stage as one of the "Precursors of Wyclif."

But it may be inquired—Do not his writings warrant the charge here brought against him? As they relate exclusively to legal matters of a purely technical character, there is little scope for the discussion of theological questions, but even here my Lord Chief Justice never forgets his character as a priest. If anywhere, the evil spirit of Cæsarism might be expected to show itself when the limits of the *Regale* and the *Pontificale* are under discussion. The recent editor of Bracton's great work feels this, and speaking of his author he uses the following words: "Bracton defines the respective spheres of the spiritual and secular jurisdictions without any inclination to favour the former or to disparage the latter. He had very well-defined views respecting the limits of the Papal authority within the realm of England. He thus expresses himself: 'To the Pope and to the priesthood appertain the things which are spiritual; to the King and to the realm appertain the things which are

²¹ Hardy's *Le Neve*, i. 405, 417; Tanner's *Bibl.* p. 118.

²² Twiss' edition of Bracton, ii. Pref. lxix. lxxi.; Oliver's *Monast. Exon.* p. 472.

temporal. The Pope therefore has nothing to do with the disposition or settlement of temporal matters; no more have kings or princes to do with spiritual matters.'"²³ Here Bracton and Wyclif are in direct antagonism to each other. The former assigns to each his own independent jurisdiction, in which he is supreme. The latter confuses and confounds them, and in the midst of the disorder thus created seeks to transfer to the State that which in truth is, and always has been, the undoubted property of the Church.

In all other points where he has occasion to touch upon them, Bracton speaks like the usual Catholic priest of his own day and of ours. Had any deviation from the common Faith been discovered in the writings of this eminent lawyer, we most probably should have heard of them. Lechler is too acute and too well read to have permitted them to escape him. None have been produced because none exist.

William de Occam,²⁴ the next of Wyclif's forerunners, will not detain us long, for his heretical teaching and schismatical conduct are too notorious to be either questioned or excused. This "keen and independent thinker on matters of the Church" preceded Wyclif by about half a century. He was educated first at Oxford and afterwards at Paris, in the latter of which Universities he distinguished himself by taking the part of Philip the Fair, King of France, against Boniface the Eighth. From this time onward until its close, his life was one continued act of rebellion. On being excommunicated by Pope John the Twenty-Second, he found a refuge in the Court of the Emperor Louis of Bavaria. The date of his death is uncertain, as also the place of his burial.²⁵ Willingly do we recognize in Occam an undoubted predecessor of John Wyclif, a man who resembled him not only in his heretical teaching but also in the turbulence of his character.

Richard Fitzralph, Archbishop of Armagh, comes next in

²³ Twiss, *Introd.* i. xxxix.

²⁴ Lechler, i. 59.

²⁵ Several of Occam's writings have been published by Goldastus in his *Monarchia* (Hanov. 1611), and by Brown in his *Fasciculus*, ii. 439. He is the only one of the Schoolmen of whom Luther speaks with any respect. A sketch of his life may be seen in Cave, ii. App. 28, and Oudin, iii. 904. See also Dr. Carl Werner, *Die Scholastik des späteren Mittelalters*, Wien. 1883. Wadding (*Annal.* 1347, § 22), says that Occam repented and was reconciled to the Church by letters from Pope Clement the Sixth. See Nat. Alexand. VIII. 122, ed. 1778. But the general impression is that he died on April 7, 1347, at Munich, being at the time under excommunication.

order,²⁶ and is admitted to the dignity of being reckoned a precursor of Wyclif upon no other ground than that he had a quarrel with the Mendicant Orders, against whom he preached some intemperate sermons. Lechler puts the whole controversy so fairly that I gladly follow the abstract which he has given of it. The preacher maintained, in the first place, that our Lord during His sojourn on earth, though always a poor man, not only did not practise begging, but taught that no man should practise it; mendicity therefore ought to have formed no part of the rule of the Friars Minors. The second assertion of Fitzralph was to the effect that for the purposes of confession the parish church is always more suitable for the parishioner than any church or chapel of the begging monks, and that for hearing confessions the parish priest is always preferable to the begging monk. In both these respects, says Lechler, "the high-placed dignitary expressed himself in opposition to the Mendicants, to their principles, and to their privileges."

Obviously neither of these questions touches any point of doctrine or morals as far as they affect the subject with which alone we are concerned. The poverty of our Blessed Lord, the interpretation of the Rule of St. Francis, or the customs of the Friars Minors, have no claim upon our attention. Fitzralph disliked the Friars because they begged, so did Wyclif, so have many others since. How does this affect the question? Grostete loved them and patronized them. Was Grostete wrong? And he and Fitzralph cannot both be right, so we may make our choice and dismiss further inquiry.

Our difficulties increase as we advance, and they attain their highest point when we encounter Bradwardin,²⁷ Archbishop of Canterbury, among the Precursors of Wyclif. Along with the surprise there is coupled a certain degree of indignation, and we do not care to conceal either of these feelings. Hitherto Bradwardin, the "Doctor Profundus," as he was styled by his admiring contemporaries, has been generally regarded as an able theologian, a sound Catholic, and an honest man;²⁸ but if

²⁶ Lechler, i. p. 75.

²⁷ Lechler, i. 88.

²⁸ According to his contemporary Knighton (col. 2600) he was "*Famosus præ cæteris clericis totius Christianitatis, in theologia præcipue, similiter et in cæteris scientiis liberalibus.*" In the same kindly spirit the reformed Bishop Godwin (seldom the *laudator temporis acti*) writes of our Archbishop: "*Vix alium reperis qui adeo sine ambitu, ac nemine tamen contradicente, archiepiscopale solium conscenderit*" (p. 111).

there be any truth in the axiom that a man is to be judged of by his company, then this celebrated churchman must forfeit every claim to our respect. We turn for the explanation of the difficulty to Lechler's introductory chapter, where we naturally expect to find some conclusive proof of an assertion at once so novel and so hardy. And what is the result? After eight pages of matter, the bulk of which is wide of the question which alone concerns us, we read the following guarded sentence: "We believe," says Dr. Lechler, "that we are not mistaken in maintaining that the principles which lay at the basis of Bradwardin's teaching were not without important influence upon Wyclif,"²⁹ and even this cautiously-worded (and ungrammatical) assertion is still further modified by the statement that Wyclif strongly opposes some of the dogmatic views of Bradwardin.

We resent this way of treating a subject which is too solemn to tolerate such a liberty. Is the Leipsic professor aware that his high reputation as a scholar will induce by far the larger portion of his English readers to accept almost any assertion, however hardy, which he may be pleased to make so long as it falls in with their prejudices? And knowing England as he does, ought not he to have been careful how he made an attempt to ruin the fair fame of an Archbishop who until now has stood high in public estimation? Hitherto Bradwardin has been spoken of with esteem and respect by Catholic and Protestant alike. He passes unscathed through the fiery ordeal of Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*. Even the German Professor himself is constrained to admit that the spirit by which the Archbishop was animated is worthy of all praise. He sees in him a moral pathos, a lofty earnestness of Christian piety, which cannot fail to make the deepest impression.³⁰ And he points out no heretical teaching and suggests none. How then could such a man be one of the precursors of Wyclif?

In order that Bradwardin may appear in his true character two things become necessary; in the first place we desire to have a short statement of the leading events of his life, and in the next place to know something definite as to the doctrines which he taught. I shall endeavour to furnish both of these with all becoming brevity.

Thomas Bradwardin was born about the year 1290 at Hartfield, at no great distance from East Grinstead, in the

²⁹ P. 89.³⁰ P. 94.

county of Sussex. Of his parentage and early history nothing is known. He was educated at Merton College, Oxford, where he attained the reputation of being an accomplished scholar and a devout Christian. Preferment of various kinds flowed in upon him.³¹ Edward the Third appointed him his confessor, in which capacity he followed that King into France, where by his presence and exhortations he succeeded in mitigating some of the horrors of the wars which had broken out between the two countries. In 1346 he was one of the commissioners appointed by the King to negotiate a peace with France.³² On the death of Archbishop Stratford in 1348, the Chapter of Canterbury unanimously chose Bradwardin as his successor, but another ecclesiastic was appointed, the King being anxious to retain near his own person the services of such a valued director. The metropolitan see, however, was speedily vacated by the demise of Ufford, and Bradwardin now succeeded to the vacant dignity. He did not enjoy it long. The Bull for his appointment bears date June 19, 1349, he was consecrated at Avignon early in July, the temporalities were restored on the 22nd of August, and on the 26th of that same month he died, before having been enthroned.³³

From the personal history of the individual we pass to his teaching and spirit as exhibited in his theological writings. Lechler would have us believe that Bradwardin departed in certain points from the received doctrine of the Catholic Church for no better reason than because the Archbishop insists earnestly and frequently upon the grace of God as the one source of man's salvation and upon a corresponding holiness of life as resulting from it. The whole of Bradwardin's bulky folio, *De Causa Dei*, rests upon these two principles. How by so doing he separates himself from the other faithful members of the Catholic Church, and joins Wyclif and the other dwellers in the tents of the children of Moab, is nowhere explained by Dr. Lechler; in exculpation of whom, however, I beg to quote the words with which he sums up the character of this great scholar. It was by no means Bradwardin's intention, writes the repentant German professor, to place himself in antagonism to the Church of Rome.

³¹ Bradwardin was Proctor of the University in 1325 (Newcourt, i. 112; Tanner, 120), Canon of Lincoln in 1333 (Le Neve, ii. 113; Newcourt, i. 112), Prebendary of Cadington Minor, and Chancellor of London in 1337 (Le Neve, ii. 359, 372), and Archdeacon of Norwich in 1347 (Le Neve, ii. 479; Tanner, 120).

³² Feed. iii. 92.

³³ Le Neve, i. 18; Godwin, 111; Angl. Sacr. i. 42, 43; Newcourt, i. 112.

On the contrary, he declares expressly his steadfast belief in the doctrinal authority of that Church. He submits his writings to her judgment; it is for her to determine what is orthodox in the questions which he has investigated. He wishes with all his heart to have her support where he does battle with the enemies of God; where he errs he desires her correction, and where he is in the right to have her confirmation.

The only addition which I wish to make to this passage is to observe that Bradwardin carefully insists that our sole Master, Jesus Christ, still teaches from the boat of St. Peter, which is the Church of Rome; and that in it shall remain the authority and *magisterium* of all Christian doctrine until the end of the world.³

The last of "the English Precursors of Wyclif" is the author, whoever he may have been, of that remarkable poem which is known as "The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman."³⁵ It certainly is well worthy of the thoughtful attention which Lechler and his editor invite us to bestow upon it. The poem deserves a careful perusal as exhibiting a vivid picture of the vices and defects of all classes of society as they presented themselves to a man who was thoroughly in earnest in desiring their reformation. But we object to the use here made of it by attempting to connect it with the peculiar doctrines of Wyclif. Lechler himself is conscious of the radical distinction in tone, spirit, and object, which separates the one writer from the other, as will appear in the course of the present observations. But before going further, a few words become necessary in order to touch upon a preliminary difficulty.

If Lewis, followed herein by nearly every subsequent writer, be correct in assigning the year 1324 as the probable date of Wyclif's birth, and if we are to accept the year 1332 as that in which the author of the poem about the allegorical Plowman first saw the light,³⁶ then Longland must have been the younger man of the two by about eight years. We would ask then, how can he in fairness be reckoned as one of Wyclif's precursors? Longland must have been Wyclif's pupil instead of being his master. The poem written by this shepherd of the Malvern Hills went through three editions, so to speak, which may be referred severally to the years 1362, 1377,

³⁴ See Bradwardin's Preface, and p. 876.

³⁵ Lechler, i. 96.

³⁶ *Id.* Introduction, p. xiv.

and 1380—1390. Obviously, therefore, if we are concerned with the poem in any of its forms it is only with the earliest.

I will not permit it to detain us long, and that for several reasons. I have already mentioned one, the fact that here it is out of date and is chronologically inadmissible into Lechler's series of pre-Wyclifite Protestants. In the next place the poem in no respects harmonizes with Wyclif where Wyclif dissents from any of the doctrines then universally accepted. "Longland did not attack a single doctrine of the Church," writes Lechler, with laudable inconsistency.³⁷ Dean Milman, in his *History of Latin Christianity*,³⁸ sees in him "no disciple, no precursor of Wyclif in his broader religious views, he is no dreamy speculative theologian. He acquiesces, seemingly in unquestioning faith, in the creed and in the usages of the Church. He is not profane but reverent as to the B. Virgin and the Saints. Pilgrimages, penances, oblations on the altar, absolution, he does not reject. On Transubstantiation, the Real Presence, and the Sacraments he is almost silent; but his silence is that of submission, not of doubt." Our last quotation speaks the same language.³⁹ Longland, says the Rev. W. Warburton, "is no precursor or forestaller of Wyclif, for he never attacks the doctrine of the Papacy, but only its social and political abuses."

Here then, after having lingered too long in his company, I bid farewell to John Wyclif for a time. Looking back upon his history as we have traced it, it appears that his condition at this period was far from prosperous. He had made an enemy of his Archbishop, he could not have stood well with his ecclesiastical superiors, he had been defeated in a long and costly law-suit, and no probability of success seemed open to him. But he had entered upon a new occupation. He had passed into the service of the Court and the Parliament, by whom he was employed in directing the attack which they were making upon the Pope, the bishops and the clergy, towards all of whom he entertained strong feelings of personal hostility. In one word, he had shown himself to be a traitor and a heretic. In our next chapter we shall see how he brought these principles into action.

³⁷ Lechler, i. 98.

³⁸ Vol. vi. p. 536, quoted in Skeat's *Introd.* (to A. text), Oxf. 1869, p. xix.

³⁹ Edward the Third, p. 255.

A Modern Bishop.

Ecce Sacerdos magnus, qui in diebus suis placuit Deo.

It cannot be denied that of late years the powers of evil have to a great extent prevailed against the Church of God, and that she has been allowed to suffer many and grievous things at the hands of her enemies. Yet, despite these afflictions and persecutions, it may be said that in one respect at least she has been highly favoured. I refer to the exceptional number of excellent and able prelates who, in the good Providence of God, have been given to her for her guidance and support. Amongst these exemplary bishops and pastors of the flock, one of the most estimable and most eminent, though perhaps one of the least widely-known, is the late Prince-Bishop of Brixen. Not only did he resist with unflinching firmness the intrusion of heresy under any form into his diocese, but he distinguished himself greatly by the services he rendered at the Vatican Council, thereby entitling himself to the gratitude of Catholics in general, and meriting to be termed by Pius the Ninth *a pillar of the Council*. The present Supreme Pontiff, Leo the Thirteenth, has, moreover, always spoken of him with words of highest eulogium, frequently declaring him to be *a model to all bishops*, and this must be our apology, if any be needed, for bringing before the notice of the reader one whose sphere of action was remote from our shores, and whose name is perhaps no very familiar one to our ears. Closer acquaintance will show him to have been one of the best and truest of Catholics, the most energetic and painstaking of prelates, the simplest and noblest of men; a typical Tyrolese, moreover, whose character is as pure and healthful as the air of his native mountains.

The village of Inzing, which is situated on the right bank of the Inn, about eight miles from Innsbruck, was the early home of Vincent Gasser. It is surrounded by scenery of the most romantic description, and the Bishop was often heard in

later years to express his belief that the natural beauty which environed his cradle, had influenced his character in the most beneficial manner. He was strongly impressed with the advantage it is for children to grow up amongst mountains and forests; and when some literary men asserted that they had discovered a very lovely part of the Tyrol to be the birthplace of Walter von der Vogelweide, he did not hesitate to say that he thought they must be mistaken, since if the poet had really spent his early years amid some of the most beautiful scenery in Europe, he could not have failed to leave evidence of the fact in his poems; unless, indeed, he had quitted his home at a very early age, and so the appreciation of and delight in the beauties of nature had become obliterated from his mind.

The father of the future Bishop was a pious and worthy man, much respected in Inzing and its vicinity, and eminently successful in his trade, which was that of a tanner. But beyond the fact that he led an exemplary life, and brought up his children well, there is nothing of special interest attaching to his character and history. His wife was superior to him in every way, and exercised a far stronger and more abiding influence on the character of their numerous family. One great secret of this influence lay in the fact that she never spared herself, but was always ready to do or suffer whatever might be most conducive to the good of her children; indeed, she wore out her excellent constitution and shortened her life through her incessant exertions on their behalf. The mistress of the Gassers' household must indeed have led no idle life, since besides the nine children who sat around the board, the apprentices had to be provided for, and although there was never any lack of means, the position of such a family, at least in those days, excluded all idea of much help from servants, one, or perhaps two indoor domestics being the most that would be kept.

The subject of the present sketch was the second son of his parents, and was born October 30, 1809. How his mother found time to teach him we are at a loss to imagine; but it is certain that she was his earliest instructress, and, in fact, his only one until he was old enough to be sent to a school in the village, where he remained until he was twelve years old. He was by no means a precocious, or unusually gifted child, but, on the contrary, a most ordinary one; giving certainly no indication of the rare talents and capacities he developed later on in life.

There is but little to record concerning this period of his history, but it may be amusing to know the nature of the occupation provided for him in his holidays, during which he was expected to devote the greater part of his time to assisting in his father's trade, as far as his strength permitted. He was employed in stretching the skins preparatory to the process of tanning; and it required many a sharp word and stern reprimand to make him persevere in his unsavoury and uncongenial task. But education was a very different thing then to what it is now; and yet there is no doubt that children were better, and happier too, when they were duly kept in subjection, as they used to be before the evil days when the salutary advice of the wisest of men came to be so signally set at nought in their regard, and obedience to parents grew to be considered an old-fashioned virtue, so entirely out of date that comparatively few dream of practising it. However, Vincent's childhood cannot have been anything but happy, to judge from the way he speaks of it in a letter written long after he had left his youthful days behind, and addressed to his eldest and favourite sister Catharine. "Oh, how happy were those peaceful, pleasant years, when we were ignorant of all the cares and sorrows of life, and wandered merrily hand in hand through the bright fairy-land of childhood! If only we could never have ceased to be children!"

When Vincent was twelve years old, the time came for him to leave the school he had hitherto been attending; and it was a question whether he should follow his father's trade, or be sent to Innsbruck to pursue his studies, with a view to ultimately preparing himself for the priesthood. One of the parish priests who, having watched the boy for years both in church and in school, had always taken a great interest in him and had discerned under his unpretending and somewhat unattractive exterior the solid virtues and mental gifts he really possessed, exercised all his influence with Vincent's parents in order to induce them to permit their son to prosecute his studies. They wisely allowed themselves to be influenced in this direction, especially as they had an elder son who showed himself more at home in the tan-yard than in the schoolroom, and were besides well able to defray the expenses of a student without doing injustice to either of their other children. Thus it was finally arranged, to the great delight of Vincent, and in October, 1821, he went to Innsbruck, and was entered as a pupil at the gymnasium there. His parents provided him with all that was

necessary, but allowed him nothing for superfluities, and his school-boy heart seems often to have hungered for a larger supply of pocket-money. On one occasion we find him obliged to refuse an invitation to go and see his sister Catharine, who was staying at a village not far from Innsbruck, because he had not the trifling sum needed to defray the expense of the journey. His sister, however, sent it to him, adding that she would gladly have given him something more, only she was herself also so badly off, that she had literally "not a sixpence to spare." Although both clever and industrious, our student was not very successful at the outset of his career at the gymnasium, and made but slow progress, especially in Latin and arithmetic. This was mainly attributable to the fact that he found great difficulty in adapting himself to the method of instruction pursued by the master under whom he was placed, and who appears to have been a rather narrow-minded man, much devoted to his own particular way of doing things, and quite unable to see that they could be done as well in any other. This devotion to his own special routine was, as will readily be understood, not a little trying to his pupils, and especially to the more intelligent of them, among whom Vincent Gasser certainly deserved to be reckoned. Before long, however, he was moved to a higher class, and began to study under a more sympathetic teacher; but the beneficial effects of the training in patience his former master had been the means of giving him, remained with him through life, as he himself was always ready to own.

Eight quiet years slipped rapidly by at Innsbruck, their pleasant monotony being broken only by holiday visits to Inzing, and at their conclusion we find Vincent, now nearly twenty-one, confronted by the momentous question as to what his future vocation really was. His progress, mental and spiritual, had during all this time been uniform and sure, and had been noticed from time to time with unfeigned delight by the priest of his native village, who loved him with truly parental tenderness. Indeed, Vincent most completely illustrated the truth of the Italian proverb—*Qui va piano va sano, e qui va sano va lontano*. His mind and character had developed in a thoroughly natural and progressive manner, gently going on from one stage of growth to another. He had himself long cherished a secret desire to enter the Jesuit Novitiate, and he now spoke openly to his parents of this wish, leaving at the same time the decision in their hands, with many fervent prayers

that the will of God might through them be made known to him. They at once consulted the excellent priest of whom mention has already been made; and the result of many anxious deliberations was that they expressed a definite desire for their son to enter the Diocesan Seminary at Brixen, with a view to becoming a secular priest. Whatever his feelings may have been, he suppressed every outward manifestation of them, and bravely adhered to his resolution of accepting the decision of his parents with unhesitating acquiescence. They would have sent him to study at Rome instead of at Brixen, had not political complications rendered it at that time difficult, nay, well-nigh impossible, for an Austrian subject to do so.

On October 1, 1829, he entered on his residence at the Seminary, remaining there until July 28, 1833, when he was ordained priest by the Prince-Bishop of Brixen. During these four years his superiority to the other students manifested itself in a more and more unmistakable manner to the eyes of all, whilst he himself remained profoundly unconscious of it. We will give two extracts which may serve to illustrate this part of our subject. The first is written by a contemporary and fellow-student of Vincent Gasser, and shows the impression he made upon his companions.

We used often to go out a number together for long walks, and were accustomed to beguile the way by discussions on various erudite subjects. It always struck me on these occasions how much clearer and more comprehensive was Vincent's grasp of the subject, whatever it might be, than that taken by any one else. His thoughts were like gleams of light from some higher sphere, so brightly did they sparkle and shine. He was known as remarkable for his kind and winning manner, which was absolutely free from egotism or eccentricity, and he was ever ready to show any kindness in his power to his fellow-students. Upon one occasion, when I was suffering much from depression, he gave me a picture of the *Mater Dolorosa*, bidding me keep close to her, and she would not fail to come to my aid. That picture is now before me as I write; beneath it he has inscribed, *Fac ut tecum lugeam* (p. 38).

The second extract is taken from a letter written by Gasser himself to his dearest and most intimate friend, and shows the extreme aversion he always felt to anything that savoured ever so remotely of praise or of flattery.

I really must find fault with one part of your letter, which does credit to your kindness of heart, not to your friendship for me, which if it is to be lasting, must rest on a basis of truth. You persist in

expressing yourself as if I were far ahead of you in the road of Christian perfection and of human learning ; while the fact is that, having known me for so many years, you cannot but be aware that I am lagging far behind. Please correct this fault, for it ill becomes a true friend (p. 45).

During the three years which followed his ordination, the young priest had to encounter many and varied trials ; he was incessantly moved from place to place, the spheres of labour assigned him being for the most part thoroughly uncongenial in one way or another, so that his natural will and inclinations were crossed and thwarted at every turn. God designed, doubtless, thus to give His faithful servant opportunities for learning those lessons of unquestioning and implicit obedience, which he had longed to acquire in the Jesuit novitiate, and also to prepare him to rule wisely and well, when he should ultimately be called to wear the mitre. In a letter written on the eve of setting out for his first appointment, he says to an intimate friend, "I am fully aware that this post is the very opposite of all I have desired and wished for, and pictured to myself in the future, but God forbid that I should begin my career as a priest by an act of insubordination." The post thus referred to was that of secretary to the Dean of Innsbruck, and we will give Gasser's own account of the duties attached to it.

I am at present installed as secretary to the Dean, and shall probably remain here at least a year. My duties consist principally in writing letters and copying official documents. I have almost nothing to do with the care of souls, for though a confessional has been assigned me in the parish church, I have as yet only one penitent, and my sole chance of preaching is when one of the other priests happens to be ill or absent. I am to go every week to explain the catechism to the pupils in the Ursuline school, and this appears destined to be my only spiritual function. I am very comfortable as far as externals go ; the Dean is extremely kind to me, and is a man of great experience from whom I hope to learn much (p. 52).

Gasser was moved, as he had anticipated, at the end of a year, and we cannot attempt to follow him in all the changes from one village to another which filled the next two years of his life, and could not have been anything but vexatious. Had his attainments in the spiritual order been of a less eminent order, and had he been less perfectly versed in the practice of detachment, he could not have borne as he did, with unruffled and unvarying composure, the trials and disagreeables to which he was exposed ; for he was sent hither and thither in the

character of a stop-gap, and as soon as he grew accustomed to any place, and began to feel at home there, he was called upon to quit it. Whether his ecclesiastical superiors had a definite design in thus subjecting him to this discipline of circumstances, and intended thereby to perfect the character of one for whom there is no doubt they felt the highest esteem, or whether they were merely the unconscious instruments of carrying out the will of God in his regard, we have no means of knowing, since his biographer has guardedly abstained from saying anything which could warrant us in forming an opinion either way. It is however certain that, even before his ordination, he had been destined by the Prince-Bishop Bernard to fill the chair of theological professor in the Diocesan Seminary. The rare merits of Vincent Gasser had not escaped the observant eye of the sagacious prelate, who took a very special interest in his Seminary, and ever showed himself resolved to place in authority there the best and most capable men he had at command, for nothing, he used frequently to remark, can be of such vital importance to the laity as the manner in which priests are trained.

About Michaelmas, 1836, we accordingly find the subject of the present sketch, at the age of twenty-seven, once more settled in Brixen, the place which was to be his second home, and where he was to pass the remaining forty-three years of his life. He had been appointed to the post of Theological Professor for one year only, with the proviso that the office should be a permanent one if he passed the usual examination at the end of twelve months in a satisfactory manner. It is hardly necessary to add that when the time arrived he came out with flying colours, though his health suffered much from the arduous preparation he had made, and to this physical weakness may doubtless be attributed the severe mental depression from which he suffered at this period. He devoted himself heart and soul to the duties before him, and not content with taking the greatest possible pains with his lectures, he manifested a constant and unremitting interest in the students, not confining his intercourse with them to lecture hours, but encouraging them to come to him in all their doubts and difficulties, and striving to lead them onwards and upwards, along that royal, but rugged and difficult road, the path of Christian perfection. His influence over them became ere long almost unbounded, especially as he was never satisfied until he had acquired a definite personal knowledge of

the character and circumstances of each. This knowledge enabled him to form a competent opinion as to the reality of the vocation of all whom he had under his charge, and it deeply grieved him to see how many entered the Seminary wholly destitute of any true call to the priesthood. Lenient as he was in some respects, on this point he showed inflexible firmness, guarding the entrance to the sanctuary with jealous and vigilant care, and judging, as all wise men do in similar circumstances, that where there is any doubt it is safer to lean to the side of dismissal. He thus not unfrequently found himself placed in opposition to his Superiors, but his judgment was so good, his insight into character so far-seeing, and he had always such excellent reasons to bring forward in support of the opinions he advanced, that the heads of the Seminary became more and more willing, as time went on, to accept his decisions as final. The exercise of what he felt to be his duty in this respect often involved much that was very painful as far as the students themselves were concerned, but in after years he used often to receive letters full of gratitude from those whose mistaken course he had arrested, and who wrote to thank him from the bottom of their hearts for having prevented them from persevering in an error the consequences of which would probably have proved injurious to them both in regard to this life and the next. The indifference manifested by many of the students in regard to the study of Holy Scripture was also no small grief to him, as we gather from his own words.

I cannot adequately express the pain I feel when I see that most of the students care nothing at all, and the rest scarcely anything, about the study of the Bible. It must be my own fault that it is so little appreciated, and I can scarcely refrain from tears when I think what has become of all the bright hopes with which I commenced my duties here six years ago. The great wish of my life, the promotion, namely, of a devotion to biblical studies among theologians, seemed at that time to my youthful fancy to be so easy of attainment, whereas it has now faded away into the dim distance. Did not obedience demand that I should remain here, the consciousness of my own deficiencies would speedily lead me to quit my post (p. 86).

Yet many of the students were to him a source of no little delight, for no one could have rejoiced more truly than he did to mark the gradual unfolding of the hearts and minds of those who gave proof of true fitness for their high calling. But here, as ever upon earth, the brightest light had the darkest shadow,

for again and again he was called upon to stand beside the grave of some promising seminarist, whose angelic purity of mind and heart and distinguished mental endowments had won for him the warm affection of his teachers.

Professor Gasser was certainly no exception to the common saying, "There is no good man who does not love his mother," for he uniformly showed himself an affectionate and devoted son, and his mother's death, which occurred about ten years after he was settled at Brixen, was to him a deep and lasting sorrow, especially as he was not able to be with her in her last hours. To his father he was also most dutiful and attentive, and his brothers and sisters ever found in him a kind and sympathizing adviser and friend. His vacations were ordinarily spent at Inzing, except on occasions when some special place was recommended for the sake of his health; in the summer of 1840, for instance, a thorough change was considered necessary for him, and during the vacation he travelled through various parts of Germany in the company of an intimate friend. As Gasser had been suffering much from weakness of the eyes, the Prince-Bishop Bernard, with whom he was a great favourite, advised him, whilst visiting Baden, to try the waters of St. Ottila's Well, a wonder-working spring situated in the vicinity of Nieder-Münster. This Professor Gasser promised to do, but the time slipped away without his being able to carry out his intention. On his return, the Bishop questioned him as to the places he had visited, and he was obliged to acknowledge that he had not made use of the water, at the same time he took occasion to extol the excellence of the Markgräfler wine. Shortly after he found a slip of paper in his Breviary, on which the following lines were inscribed in the Bishop's hand :

Don't trust Vincent Gasser—we were sadly deceived
As to how he desired his eyesight relieved ;
Though he promised to visit St. Ottila's shrine,
He preferred to be cured by the Markgräfler wine !

Professor Gasser always gladly embraced any opportunity of preaching in Brixen or the surrounding villages, and his sermons were admirable, being worthy in every respect of the careful and conscientious preparation he failed not to bestow on them. His extremely youthful appearance reminded his hearers of the admonition given to St. Timothy, *let no man despise thy youth* ; sometimes it gave rise to various mistakes. For instance, we are told that when he on one occasion went to

preach at a neighbouring place, the curate could not understand why the Dean paid so much attention and respect to such an exceedingly young priest, and thought there must be some error *in persona*, albeit he wondered to see these attentions received in such a very matter-of-fact manner. Before long he discovered the mistake to be on his own side, and hastened to atone for any previous neglect towards Professor Gasser, who was then over thirty years of age. His youthful appearance was all the more remarkable, because he allowed himself so little time for sleep, and it certainly belies the popular belief that sleeping long is a sure means of defying the ravages of age. He never slept more than six, at one time only four, hours; since during many years it was his habit to say Mass at 4.30 in the parish church of Brixen, though he did not retire to rest until midnight. And yet he used bitterly to regret that he needed so much sleep, and had therefore so little time for his various duties and occupations. It is much to be wished that he could have had more time to prosecute his studies, for there is no doubt that had such leisure been at his disposal, he would have enriched theological literature with more than one valuable work.

In 1848 he was sent to Frankfort as one of the Tyrolese deputies, in order to take part in the National Assembly convened in that ancient city, and it was upon this occasion that he may be said to have first attracted public attention by his determined bearing, the calm courage with which he confronted the mockery of his opponents, and the success which crowned his efforts to preserve intact the religious unity of the Tyrol. A short time subsequently he received from the Emperor Francis Joseph the Gold Cross of the Order of Merit, accompanied by a letter from Count Bissingen couched in most flattering terms, in which the writer expressed his warm sympathy with, and sincere admiration of, the resolution displayed by Professor Gasser during the sitting of the National Assembly. A year later, he experienced a further mark of Imperial favour in his election to a vacant Canonry in the Cathedral of Brixen, which he was permitted to hold without resigning his post as Theological Professor at the Seminary. Far indeed was he from any wish for honours or dignities, and the only motive which could induce him to accept them, was a belief that it was the will of God that he should do so. *Ecce venio ut faciam voluntatem tuam* was the habitual language

of his heart ; and when the time came to test the sincerity of his words, he was not found wanting.

That time was now close at hand, for on May 17, 1856, the venerable Prince-Bishop Bernard departed this life, in the ninety-second year of his age. Deeply as his loss was deplored, by none perhaps was he more sincerely mourned than by Vincent Gasser, to whom he had, for a long series of years, acted the part of an affectionate father, and who may truly be said to have felt towards him as a loving and dutiful son. Although the diocese was then fortunate enough to count amongst its clergy many men distinguished alike for depth of learning, height of spirituality, and breadth of experience, the eyes of all, both priests and people, turned simultaneously towards Vincent Gasser, and their unanimous wish pointed him out as the man most fitted to fill the vacant see. It was hardly possible that he should long remain ignorant of the public feeling on this subject, and his vague fear became a definite dread when Canon Duille, an intimate friend, whispered to him that he must prepare to have a weighty question laid before him for decision. Yet the days slipped by, and nothing unusual occurred, until at last he began to hope that the matter at issue had been settled, and that he was to be left to pursue his present duties in peace, and perhaps at a later period embrace the religious life, a wish which appears at this time to have dwelt frequently in his mind. Thus it finally came upon him as a surprise when on the 14th of October, the head of the Cathedral clergy brought him the telegram containing the announcement of his nomination to the Prince-Bishopric of Brixen. The news quite overcame him, and he begged to be left alone. As soon as was possible he betook himself to the monastery of the Capuchin Fathers at Clausen, where he spent three days in the strictest seclusion, beseeching God to reveal what was His good pleasure concerning him. He returned to Brixen on the 17th of October, in a depressed frame of mind. "It was a lovely autumn morning," he subsequently said, "but I could not rejoice in the beauty around me, for the whole world seemed like an open grave." He consulted several ecclesiastics, of whose judgment he had the highest opinion, and finally decided to lay before the Cathedral Chapter all his deficiencies, and all the drawbacks of which he was so profoundly conscious, asking whether he was not warranted in declining the dignity to which the Emperor had recently nominated him. The decision of the clergy was

unhesitating, they declared his objections to be without sufficient foundation, and encouraged him to undertake the duties before him in reliance on the help of God, as to the nature of whose will concerning him there could be no doubt. He at length made up his mind to take upon his shoulders the heavy burden of the episcopate. At the time of which we are speaking he had nearly completed the forty-seventh year of his age.

The news was received with enthusiastic delight throughout the length and breadth of the diocese, and heartfelt congratulations poured in from all sides. The newly-elected Prince-Bishop went first to Innsbruck, in order to present himself to the Archduke Charles Louis, who was the representative of the Emperor in that city, and a few days later proceeded to Vienna, in order to have an interview with his Sovereign, and take the oaths prescribed by the Concordat. The Emperor received him with marked favour, and was graciously pleased to express the satisfaction he felt at counting so learned and distinguished a man among the members of the Episcopate. The Bishop-designate found himself obliged to stay in Vienna longer than he had wished, and it was remarked at the time that he never thought of visiting any of the sights of the capital, though he was now within its walls for the first time, but devoted all his leisure to the study of canon law. When one of his friends expressed surprise at the amount of knowledge he had acquired in so comparatively brief a period, he simply replied: "When one has the whole day to oneself, one can get through a great deal." Early in December he returned to Brixen, and until Christmas continued his lectures in the Seminary. On February 24, 1857, he departed alone and on foot for Clausen, in order to make a retreat in the Capuchin monastery preparatory to his consecration, which was fixed to take place on the 8th of March. The ceremony lasted four hours, and at its conclusion the newly-consecrated Prince-Bishop was conducted back to his palace in state. The banquet was held in the *Ritter-saal* of the palace, and nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the proceedings, although the guests, two hundred in number, differed widely in rank and refinement from those who had gathered in the self-same hall in bye-gone ages to do honour to Prince-Bishops sprung from the noblest and most ancient families of the Austrian aristocracy. But there is an aristocracy of virtue and talent as well as of birth, and Bishop Gasser's friends belonged to the former though not to the latter. He himself made an

admirable speech, in which seriousness and humour were happily blended. He began by reminding those present how Pope Sixtus the Fifth, after his election threw away his crutches, adding that he would imitate the example of that Pontiff, and casting from him the crutches of fear and mistrust on which he had of late tottered about, endeavour to walk firmly on his way, supported by the strong staff of confidence in God. He went on to remark upon the happy relations existing in the Empire between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and wound up by proposing the usual toasts. In the evening there was a general illumination, and when the Bishop at length retired to his room, worn out with the fatigues of the day, a final greeting awaited him in the form of the following distich, displayed opposite to his windows by means of a transparency :

Ave pastor, vera vitis,—Oviumque pastor mitis !
Gregem tuum, pastor bone,—Pasce, protege, dispone !
Per Te ecclesia crescat,—Et Tirolis hilaescat.

He now took in hand the government of the diocese, but before describing the manner of his rule, and noticing the principal events of his episcopate, it may be interesting to hear how he divided his time. He rose every day at four, and spent an hour in meditation ; he then proceeded to read some portion of a spiritual book and to recite Prime and Terce. At seven he said Mass, making his thanksgiving during his chaplain's Mass, at which it was his invariable practice to assist. Next came breakfast, consisting of a single cup of coffee, and immediately afterwards he recited the two succeeding Hours of the Breviary. The day was devoted to business, which he only interrupted in order to partake of a frugal mid-day repast, at which he took merely a little soup, a small portion of meat, and one glass of wine. Indeed, it is marvellous how he can have worked as he did, and especially how he can have borne brain-labour of the severest kind, whilst restricting himself to an amount of nourishment which seemed barely sufficient to sustain nature. His supper did not deserve the name of a meal, since he never ate anything in the evening except a little soup. At eight o'clock he assembled his entire household in his private chapel, and said the Rosary with them ; afterwards reciting with his chaplain Matins and Lauds for the succeeding day. Then he retired to his apartment, prepared his next morning's meditation in writing, and completed his private devotions. However

great the press of business might be, he made it a point of conscience never to trench upon the hours set apart for his own religious exercises, and he constantly inculcated upon his clergy the necessity of acting in a like manner, and was never weary of telling them they must begin by employing every means calculated to advance their own spiritual life, if they desired to be really useful to the souls under their care.

Heart and soul did Bishop Vincent devote himself to his diocese, the limits of which he never left, unless actually compelled to do so, and it is difficult to understand how he could have accomplished his multifarious duties and fulfilled them all so perfectly as he did. On Sundays and festivals it was his custom to say Mass and preach in the cathedral; nor did he fail to be present at Vespers and Benediction. He made a point of taking part in all the ceremonies of the church, in order both to mark his own reverence for them, and by the force of his example to encourage his people in attending them. We have seen how deep an interest he took whilst Professor of Theology in the training and instruction of priests; and it will not surprise us to find that when he came to be bishop that interest was not relaxed, but redoubled rather, and increased tenfold. He spent at the Seminary as much time as he could possibly spare, delivering an address there at least once a week, and entering into every detail which could affect the spiritual, mental, moral or physical welfare of the students whose progress lay so near his heart. He made himself acquainted with each newcomer immediately after his arrival; and knew so well how to blend the affectionate kindness of a father with the dignity and authority of a bishop, that he was beloved by all, and his appearance was ever hailed with unfeigned delight. It follows as a matter of course that he took care not to lose sight of his young priests after their ordination, but kept a vigilant eye upon them, never hesitating to rebuke in the most decided manner whatever he deemed amiss, for he ruled with a firm hand, although without the least touch of anything which could be called tyranny or arrogance. In his visitations he was indefatigable, never shrinking from the hardships and exertions thereby entailed on him, although he was frequently compelled, in the more remote districts of his diocese, to traverse long distances on foot and to content himself with food and lodgings of a rather primitive description. But the good he effected by this personal intercourse with his clergy was incalculable, and one

especial manner in which he exercised his influence was to insist that all his priests should make a retreat every year, a practice which had been somewhat neglected, and which he spared no pains to revive. A clergy retreat was annually given in the Diocesan Seminary during the summer vacation ; and those who were unable to avail themselves of it met with a welcome at the various houses of Franciscan and Jesuit Fathers, and were allowed to go through the exercises there. In a circular letter written on the Purification, 1861, he says in reference to this subject :

The voice with which I invite you all, my brethren in Jesus Christ, to endeavour to take part in the general retreat, has never been lifted up so loudly as on the present occasion. Indeed it seems to me that a power higher than my own is impelling me to make this invitation as urgent as possible, *compelle intrare*. For the graver the aspect of things around us, and the more convinced we feel that the judgments of God are about to fall upon the earth, the more absolutely necessary is it for us to recollect ourselves in solitude and prayer, and to purify and strengthen ourselves, in order that when the day of battle comes we may be found ready to shrink from no sacrifice that may be demanded at our hands. More than ever in days such as those in which our lot is cast, has the Catholic Church need of priests like unto him of whom it was said : " He was found perfect and just, and in the time of wrath he was made a reconciliation " (pp. 262, 263).¹

In 1858 the Prince-Bishop undertook his first journey to Rome, with the object both of visiting the tombs of the Apostles and also of conferring with the Holy Father upon several weighty matters concerning the affairs of the diocese. He did not escape the fascination which Pius the Ninth exercised, to an extent rarely if ever equalled, upon all those admitted to his presence ; and the Supreme Pontiff was himself greatly pleased with Bishop Vincent, and treated him with more than ordinary kindness and familiarity, so that from henceforward a mutual affection and admiration united them closely together. Devoted as the Bishop ever showed himself to the interests of the Holy See, he was equally uncompromising in his loyalty to the Emperor, being ever ready to repress, in the most prompt and energetic manner, any utterances which savoured, albeit ever so slightly, of disaffection and disrespect. His influence made itself powerfully felt in the disastrous days which dawned upon Austria soon after his return from Rome ; so much so indeed, that after

¹ Eccclus. xliv. 17.

the conclusion of peace, the Archduke Charles Louis felt bound to make a public acknowledgment of the services he had rendered to the crown, and asked him whether the Emperor should be requested to confer some reward upon such of the clergy as had specially distinguished themselves in preserving the loyalty of the Tyrol. The Prelate declined this proposal, on the score that it would appear invidious to make distinctions where all had done their duty; adding that if his Majesty would give public expression to his satisfaction, this would be in itself a recompense more than sufficient for all that had been done.

Bishop Vincent had trembled for the throne; he now began to tremble for the altar, and to foresee the calamities about to come upon the Church; for the Liberal party had gained ascendancy in Austria, and he knew full well that the religious unity of the Tyrol could not fail to be ere long menaced. We give an extract from a speech which he delivered about this time in the National Assembly.

How inestimable a privilege it is for any nation to possess unity in the true faith! and how great a happiness it is when one and the same religious belief prevails both at home and abroad, in the school, the church, and the National Assembly. Such a state of things renders it far easier for each individual Christian to maintain his own convictions in unshaken firmness, since he is upheld by the example of those around him, and society at large is also greatly the gainer by the increased order, morality, and concord which are certain to prevail. The intrusion of alien forms of worship into a country can only prove, on the other hand, an unmixed misfortune, since it weakens the religious belief of the masses, and introduces an element of discord alike into the domestic circle and the public gathering. Religion is obliged to draw back and keep out of sight, instead of showing itself openly and pervading all relations of life, and thus forming a central point of union for the inhabitants of the country where this happy state of things prevails (p. 328).

In the midst of all these difficulties and perplexities, the Bishop had to suffer the additional trial of losing his highly-valued and long-trusted friend, Canon Duille, who had for years held the post of chancellor of the diocese, ably and conscientiously discharging the multifarious duties attaching to that office. This holy priest had ever been remarkable for his filial and tender devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God; and he was favoured with so singularly happy a death that we think some mention of it may well be made here, especially as he was

assisted in his last moments by the Prince-Bishop, who visited him almost daily through his illness and who, when he perceived that the end could not be far off, gave strict orders that he should be sent for immediately, at whatever hour of the day or night the departure of the sufferer might seem to be imminent. The summons came one evening about 9.30, and the Prelate hastened to obey it. On entering the sick room he was greeted with a smile of affectionate recognition by his dying friend, who afterwards fixed his eyes on a beautiful painting of our Lady at the foot of the cross, which hung opposite to his bed, at the same time attempting to utter something, which the Bishop, bending over him, understood without difficulty to be *Stabat Mater*. He forthwith proceeded to recite the magnificent hymn they had often delighted to repeat together. Ere the concluding verse could pass the speaker's lips,

Christe cum sit hinc exire
Da per Matrem me venire
Ad palmam victoriae.
Quando corpus morietur
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria,

the soul of the departing priest was carried by the angels into the presence of the glorious Queen of Heaven, who, like the gracious Sovereign that she is, delights doubtless to decorate her faithful soldiers with the rewards they have won on the hard-fought battlefields of life.

We will not pause to record the course of events, for we are not writing a history of those calamitous times, but a sketch of that high-minded Prelate whose chivalrous devotion to the Holy See never shone out so brightly as when the night of trouble came, and whose voice was never raised in such uncompromising support of the temporal power as when evil men dared to assail it. Even before the fatal battle of Castelfidardo his keen eye saw through the false friendship feigned by Napoleon the Third for the Holy Father, and detected the sacrilegious treachery which lurked under the protestations of Victor Emmanuel that he desired only to restore order within the walls of Rome and throughout the Papal dominions. There remained, indeed, at the period of which we are now speaking, but a very small portion of the States of the Church which had not been confiscated, and Bishop Vincent felt himself justified in quitting his diocese for a brief space of time in order to make a second journey to Rome, and

express to Pius the Ninth the deep sympathy he, together with his clergy and people, felt for the afflictions of the Head of the Church. He returned home with the least possible delay, and the following years of his episcopate offer no details worthy of special record. He marked with ever increasing grief and alarm the gradual creeping up of the tide of irreligious and revolutionary feeling all around him ; and he felt that the bulwarks he had erected at the cost of so much toil, and which he would gladly have laid down his life to defend, must before long inevitably be swept away, unless the march of events was in some unforeseen way altered or arrested. It was with a heavy heart, therefore, that he took his departure for Rome on December 2, 1869, in order to attend the Council, which, as every one knows, opened on the 8th of the same month. On the Sunday before he left, he preached in his cathedral a powerful and exhaustive sermon on Papal Infallibility. It was intended as an answer to several attacks recently made in the public journals on this doctrine, which, as the Bishop conclusively proved, had been held in all ages by the faithful children of Holy Church. He wound up by bidding his hearers remember those solemn words of our Lord : *He that will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as a heathen.*

An account of the Vatican Council would be manifestly out of place here, but the services rendered by Bishop Vincent whilst attending it were so valuable and important, that some mention of them must necessarily be made, especially as they won for him the highest eulogiums on the part of Pius the Ninth. The subject of the present sketch was one of the Prelates selected to define those dogmas which were to be constituted articles of faith. His sound judgment, lucid intelligence, and vast theological learning, rendered him singularly fitted for the task, which, however, entailed an immense amount of labour, for he had not only, as a matter of course, to attend all the public sittings of the Council, but also all gatherings of those who had been chosen to act as his colleagues in the delicate and difficult work of definition, as well as the General Congregations that had reference to points of doctrine. He had to follow, with the closest attention, the addresses delivered on all these several occasions, and frequently to hold private consultations with those who sought advice or information upon obscure or intricate points. His days were entirely engrossed, and the private studies, which his position rendered a matter of absolute neces-

sity, were therefore relegated to the hours of the night, and pursued during the time which ought to have been devoted to rest. He had, as we have already said, accustomed himself during his whole life to do with little sleep, notwithstanding the unremitting toil in which his days were spent. This constant tension and undue strain produced such irritation of the nerves, that at last all natural sleep became impossible to him, and he was compelled to resort to artificial means in order to obtain repose. He would otherwise have succumbed altogether to his incessant labour, and even as it was, he never recovered the effects of the months he spent in Rome.

The definition of the Church took place on July 18, 1870, on which occasion five hundred and thirty-five Cardinals and Bishops were gathered around Pius the Ninth, and when the votes were taken, there were five hundred and thirty-three *placets* against two *non-placets*. One of those who constituted this insignificant minority was the Bishop of Little Rock in Arkansas; and the loyal Catholics of his diocese, not over well pleased, we imagine, by the notoriety he had thus acquired, exercised their wit at his expense, by saying that on this occasion the Little Rock was against the Great Rock, *petricula contra petram*.

In regard to the Infallibility, the labour entailed upon the Prince-Bishop was exceptionally severe, because, the opposition to this dogma being mainly based upon historical grounds, the amount of research required in order to be prepared with a conclusive refutation of all objections may be better imagined than described. In the beginning of July, 1870, his strength gave way, so that he gladly availed himself of the Holy Father's permission to depart, and on the 18th of the same month, set out on his return to his diocese, where he was welcomed with the most heart-felt demonstrations of affectionate rejoicing. But every one could see how much he had aged during his absence, and how greatly his physical energy had diminished, although the mastery he had long ago acquired over himself enabled him to perform his duties with the same diligence as ever. One of his first occupations was to write a pastoral on the Infallibility, and it was mainly due to him that the agitation against this article of faith awoke no echo among the mountains of the Tyrol. He had, however, the great grief of seeing three of his clergy fall away and join the sect of the Old Catholics; one of these unhappy men died shortly afterwards, the other two repented, and were at a subsequent period reconciled with God.

But this was only one of the sorrows which wounded the apostolic heart of the Bishop during the closing years of his life; the taking of Rome, the death of Pius the Ninth, and the alteration of the laws affecting religion, whereby Protestant communities were allowed to establish themselves in the Tyrol, were successive blows which he felt more and more deeply, as his bodily strength and vigour declined. His last public undertaking was the founding in Brixen of the public school for boys which bears his name, and which he had long known to be urgently needed.

But the time was now approaching when he was to be called to receive his eternal reward, and well might he have made his own the words of the Apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith." For if there is one lesson more than another which his life is calculated to teach us, it is the priceless value of the Catholic faith. To few does God vouchsafe to grant this highest of all graces, a vocation to the priesthood, upon fewer still does He see fit to lay the awful responsibilities incurred by those who fill the posts of Bishops in His Church, but the lesson we have referred to is one which all may learn, a teaching all would do well to lay to heart. Many indeed there are among us in the present day, from the highest to the lowest, who know it from their own experience, since they have counted it not loss indeed, but gain immeasurable, to sell all that they had in order to buy this pearl of great price, so that they may be found in Christ, and in His holy Church, content to suffer with Him here on earth, and hoping to be glorified with Him hereafter.

Bishop Vincent had an excellent constitution, and throughout his whole life had never experienced a single dangerous illness, though he had now reached the advanced age of seventy. In his later years, and especially since his severe labours at the time of the Council, he was subject to various trying ailments, nervous attacks of a distressing character, and painful wounds in his feet; the former were considered by his physician to be the result of the undue exertions he underwent whilst in Rome. He himself only regretted his sufferings when they compelled him to suspend his work. "I hope," he said upon one occasion, "that God will be pleased to cure me, or take me to Himself, for these are not days in which a Bishop can afford to be idle." And certainly he continued to work as long as possible, and was ever ready to re-echo the words of a great Saint of olden times,

and say, *non recuso laborem*; indeed, on the First Sunday of Advent, 1878, he went so far as to rise from his sick-bed and go straight into the pulpit of his cathedral in order to preach, as was his wont, upon that day. He repeated the exertion at Christmas and on New Year's Day; and the vigour and freshness displayed in his sermon were such, that the pleasure of his hearers was not once darkened by any gloomy presentiment, nor did it once occur to them that they were listening for the last time to the wise and energetic utterances of their beloved father and friend, and that when he descended the pulpit stairs, he was to ascend them again no more!

Towards the end of January he wrote his Lenten Pastoral, in which he very specially insisted on the duty of contributing to Peter's Pence. He had been much grieved by the diminution of the sums thus offered to the Holy Father; a diminution which made it appear, as has been aptly remarked, as if *Peter's* Pence were in reality only *Pius's* Pence. During the months of January and February his health steadily declined; the nervous attacks from which he now suffered more than ever, completely reduced his strength, so that a slight cold which he took in the middle of February settled on his lungs, and he appeared unable to shake it off. On Sunday, the 16th of March, he said Mass for the last time in his private chapel, but the exertion was too much for him, and he was compelled to spend the remainder of the day in bed. On the following Saturday he took his pen in his hand once more, before laying it aside for ever; faithful in his old age to the love of his youth for the Society of Jesus, the last letter he wrote was to the Rector of the Jesuit College at Innsbruck, earnestly entreating him to send two of the Fathers at the earliest possible opportunity, to give a mission in the Cathedral of Brixen. The next day he was attacked by severe hemorrhage from the lungs, and it was deemed advisable to administer the last sacraments. Before receiving the Viaticum he declared, according to the formula prescribed for such occasions, his adherence to the creed of the Council of Trent, one of his priests reading it aloud in his presence, since his incessant cough and oppressed breathing made it difficult for him to articulate distinctly. When the reader ceased, the Prince-Bishop, making a supreme effort, raised himself from his pillow, and said, with a solemnity and earnestness which it is impossible to describe, but which those present can never forget: "Ever since I have been a Bishop, I have by the grace of God faithfully adhered to

and taught this creed, and, as far as in me lay, I have striven that all my priests should in like manner keep it themselves and teach it to their flocks. In this faith I now desire to die." He strove to say more, but his voice failed him, and he could only add: "If I have offended any one I entreat him to forgive me." From that time he sank visibly day by day, but lingered until Palm Sunday, the 6th of April, when the Master he had so faithfully served was pleased to summon him to join the ranks of those who with palms in their hands serve God day and night in His heavenly temple.

It was about midday when the tolling of the great bell of the Cathedral announced to the inhabitants of Brixen and its vicinity the loss they had sustained. Their grief was deep and bitter, and the mourning for him was no ceremonious token of respect for a Prince of the Church, but a heartfelt expression of regret for the death of one who had been universally beloved. The body, robed in pontifical vestments, lay in state in one of the principal apartments of the Prince-Bishop's palace during the Monday and Tuesday of Holy Week, and on Wednesday it was deposited in a vault below the Cathedral, there to rest until the morning of an eternal Easter shall dawn upon the Church. *Beati qui non viderunt, et firmiter crediderunt, vitam æternam habebunt. Alleluia.*

A. M. CLARKE.

The Choice of the Flowers.

Down in the depths of the cold dark earth,
Ere the sweet Spring flowers have had their birth,
If you bend your ear amongst the grass,
When the soft rain falls and the breezes pass,
You may hear a stir—a murmur beneath,
As though of whispering voices sweet ;
And, if with Nature your heart is atune,
You may learn that mystical language soon.

'Tis the flowers that talk in the ground below
Of where each, when it springs to earth, will grow.
“I,” says the Crocus, “in garden gay,
Will sport through the livelong sunny day.”
“And I,” says the Cowslip, “will grow in the field,
And to old and young delight will yield ;
I will toss my bells 'mid the long rich grass,
When the wooing breezes murmuring pass.”

Then looked up the tiny Forget-me-not :
“By the quiet stream I will choose my lot,
Where the waving trees their shadows cast,
And friends or lovers that wander past
Will seek me, and breathe my name with a sigh,
As they meet the glance of my deep blue eye.
Dear to all yearning hearts I shall be,
Wistful reminder of constancy.”

“And I 'mid the wayside grass will grow,
Where the children's dancing footsteps go ;
They'll smile to see me, and their tread,
So light, will scarcely press my head.
It may be child-lovers will pause where I spring,
And their merry voices will sweetly ring,

As with faces bent o'er me, like buds of May,
They weave chains of my flowers in careless play."

'Twas the Daisy spoke. Next the Primrose said :
" In the depths of the wood I'll lift my head,
By the side of my friend, the slight Bluebell,
And those who would have me must seek me well,
For sheltering leaves I'll hide beneath—
Yet gladly will quit my cool retreat,
To brighten the sufferer's couch of pain,
Nor deem my life has been spent in vain."

Then a sweeter voice more sadly fell
From the Snowdrop's frail and drooping bell—
" Oh, sisters ! I'll grow on the lonely grave,
Where the aspen-trees their branches wave ;
And I know that my sister, the Violet blue,
Will my vigil share, for she's tender and true.
Not for us shall be careless joy and mirth,
When human flowers lie cold in the earth.

" We would grieve in the Spring if we could know,
That when buried far 'neath the Winter's snow,
None would be sorry we passed away.
And shall they not be missed, who a former day,
Gazed on our beauty in fondest delight,
Heard the music of Spring, and saw each glad sight?
Shall they not have flowers upon their breast ?
And so we will grow on their place of rest."

Thus talk the flowers as the Spring draws near,
Like fairy whispers their tones you may hear.
The birds know that language, and pause on the trees,
And wandering by, the murmuring breeze
Catches the words, and bears them away
In his flight, to babble them forth all day
To the gushing rills and the springing grass
As his light wings swiftly over them pass.

M. NETHERCOTT.

Experiences of a Chaplain on an Indian Trooper.

TO the generosity or justice of the Government our Indian troop-ships, or troopers as they are familiarly called, owe the appointment of a Catholic Chaplain. As his experiences are somewhat novel, some slight sketch of them may interest our readers. Journeys are now-a-days so short, that a voyage of two months to Bombay and back seems a considerable period. It was with something of the feelings that one has at the first view of a new home that I came in sight of the huge white monster lying aside the quay of Portsmouth Dockyard. And being neither sailor or soldier, everything was strange in the life before me. For two months I was to be for the nonce a Roman Catholic Chaplain to her Majesty's forces; for two months I was to be under the stern rule of naval law. And though I had had little time to picture to myself my future, the reality in many ways differed, as it generally does, from preconceived ideas. However, there I was in the hands of a dock porter being led up to the Commanding Officer, who was busy with a draft of soldiers, to be introduced to him and to learn the number of my berth. With a courteous bow he told me "No. 11," and I followed my troops up the steep incline of the gangway, a batch of handcuffed soldiers with their guard coming on board at the same time—a sort of foretaste of the quality of my neighbours for the next month. The waist-deck was in apparently hopeless confusion, baggage and porters, and officers, naval and military, and very raw recruits—and so scrambling through the crowd and over the heaps of luggage, we descended into lower darkness. Then, leaving the main-deck, I turned sharply to the right, and just within the officers' quarters I found my bedroom, cell, and chapel all in one. It was one of the central row of cabins. Of these there are four rows, two outside, on port and starboard side, with the luxury of portholes and their accompanying light

and ventilation, and deservedly called the "dove-cotes;" and two inside, far removed from the portholes, a passage or gangway running between them and the dove-cotes, and just as far from light or ventilation. They are called and are veritable "horseboxes." But I should not complain; while the other cabins have three inmates, thanks to the Admiralty, I am monarch of all I survey, and as I grow accustomed to the darkness I find two berths one over the other, the third at right angles to them and facing my cabin. This berth, with a large wine-case, fortunately there to hand, mounted upon it will serve for the base of my portable altar, and the covered washhand-stand at its side is a credence-table ready made. Two sides of the cabin have solid bulkheads, save that over my sleeping berth there is a space for ventilation opening into the next horsebox, the other two sides are merely fixed or moveable jalousies, admirably adapted to allow what air there is to circulate, but letting the noises, foul smells, and fouler language outside pass with equal freedom. Some light, such as it is, comes down from ground glass in the floor of the saloon above, or is borrowed when possible from the open door of the second-class saloon across the way.

The leaving England was like most other farewells; fellow-officers, wives, fathers, and mothers on deck saying good-bye, but I saw no tears, though partings were for long. The soldiers crowded on the bulwarks were more enthusiastic, and a cloud of responsive white handkerchiefs fluttered from a-far, as after a long struggle the gangway was got loose, and the vessel was under weigh. No high hopes seemed to fill Tommy Atkin's breast. Was it a forecaste of sea-sickness, of long absence from home, or partings bitter, that made him take a somewhat gloomy view of things? His feelings found expression in the wish that someone would go overboard just to have the pleasure of turning back.

The leviathan was not half-full, for the bulk of the drafts had to come on board at Queenstown, so when the first confusion was over, and things had settled down, there was plenty of elbow room, and acquaintances were soon made, and were cemented at the pleasant mess. The naval officers received the latest curiosity, the first of the kind they had ever seen, a Catholic Chaplain attached to one of her Majesty's ships, with a friendliness and hearty kindness which at once made him feel at home. His rather undefined position, far from creating a

difficulty, made them give him the benefit of the doubt, and they received him at once and for all the trip to all the privileges of one of the crew. One who had spent a large share of his life in Eastern latitudes took the stranger under his wing, and chose for him a seat beside him at table, selecting with thoughtful attention a set of men whom he felt sure would be, as they proved to be, pleasantest of companions for the outward journey.

The first care was to secure as orderly one who could serve as sacristan and clerk. With the best of intentions our burly Sergeant-Major of Marines failed hopelessly in his first endeavour, and though the day dawned brightly on the morrow, it was sadly dimmed by the disappointment of no Mass, or no apparent chance of any. But before the morning was passed further acquaintance revealed my character to the Catholics on board, and to my great delight a thoroughly willing and intelligent young Catholic soldier from London was found. The brilliant spring day, as we sped by the coast of Cornwall and past Land's End, gave flattering promise of a pleasant voyage, and all hearts were light and forgot the partings of yesterday.

Off the Irish coast on the morrow we soon passed the strongly fortified entrance of Queenstown Harbour, and the town with the elaborate Catholic Cathedral rose before us. Genuine Irish greetings come from Celtic friends on the quay. A gathering of white helmets showed that large bodies of troops were there awaiting embarkation, and prominent in all the glory of their newly-donned uniform were a group of young Vets, come to join us. When on shore flower girls of a certain age offered their wares, and an enthusiastic countrywoman of St. Bridget would have forced a big bunch of shamrock on the Father, because sure he was an Irishman. I somewhat regretted when the 17th of March came round that truth had forced me to disown the proud designation.

The good Sisters at the Convent of Mercy, at the request of his lordship the Bishop, made up some slight deficiencies in my chapel outfit, and their impromptu antependium added much to the decency, if not to the splendour, of my little altar.

The splendid position of the Cathedral, looking over the land-locked harbour, the wealth of carving and sculpture on the prominent south transept made it a subject of great interest to the officers, and many came up to visit it during the day. If its glory is now nearly all from without, a wonderful work has been done by the poor Catholics of Erin at home and

abroad, and it may well be left to another generation to complete what has been begun. Late in the evening I made my way down from the hospitable house of the Bishop to find the good ship brilliantly lit up, and crowded with its full complement of some sixteen hundred souls.

As, early on the following day, which was hazy and dull, we steamed out into the ocean still more dull and dreary, one had time to look about and study the little world around. Its first great feature was that out of the hundred or more in the saloon, there were nine brides and their nine bridegrooms. And rumour told that not only the marriages came off very shortly before embarkation, but that one happy pair had been forced to travel at all speed from the altar to catch the boat. There were some younger, some older, some more shy, some less so. But as from the very nature of things, life on a trooper is like a monster picnic, or rather something more public still, the whole of that delicate and highly romantic period, in which the happy pair generally try to shun critical and unenthusiastic gaze, had to be passed in the full view of the public, of cynical subalterns, of plain-spoken navy men, and observant matrons. And another bitter in the cup of joy was the ruthless conduct of the Bay of Biscay. The ship's officers had assured us that steam and science had put down that nuisance, it was a thing of the past like travelling by coach, or the use of flint and tinder. But alas! though the wind was fair, and these competent authorities assured us the weather was fine, faces grew pale, and spite of wraps and champagne and every assuagement that devotedness could suggest, one by one the victims went down only to experience greater woes in the crowded berths. It was a honeymoon spent *moult tristement*. Of doctors we had many, and of these more than one whose duties were of the mournful Nine. And of babies, poor little things! not a few; and hard times had their mothers. But if others' sorrows are our comfort, they could gather consolation from the deeper woes of the soldiers' wives and children, who littered the narrow gangway midships, exposed to the chill sharp March air, or to the heat and smell of the monster boilers and engines hard by. One poor young woman was going to join her husband in India, and had with her, besides a child of four years old, twins born but a few weeks, and she herself was as sick as could be all the way. Then we had officers of every branch of the service, from our gallant Commanding Officer, every

inch a soldier, to the young men who had just come fresh from Sandhurst, its romps and its cram. There were dashing Cavalry officers, and staid and highly educated Engineers with tastes for art and other lines not purely military. There were men of the Royal Artillery and Royal Horse Artillery, and many of the Rifle Brigade, and the 60th Rifles, and of various line regiments in abundance. Some, even among the younger, had made the voyage before, all were more or less travellers. We had our artist, who sketched hard, and never let rock or coast or island pass without making a note of it, and who amongst sketches of Gibraltar, of Malta, and Port Said, reaped an artistic harvest nearer at hand, for one by one all the notables or notorious in the saloon were gathered into his garner. "Pray let me look at that sketch of Zambra." "How nicely you have got in your foreground," said the art patron, as rather unwillingly the artist stopped his work and handed over the book for inspection. But the connoisseur gave it back with a slight tremor, when he found his own likeness just a little bit caricatured a page or two further back.

We had our musician from the land of heather, who with the best of good natures was ready at any moment to bring up his pipes and groan out the martial and inspiring strains for dance or for evening promenade. When "tied up" at a *Gare* in the Canal—bluejackets thought the French officials took delight in tying us up—and a long procession of P. and O. steamers and merchantmen filed past us, a lively boy sitting on the wheel-house of one of the line of steamers played popular airs on a silver cornet, to the wild delight of our Tommies. In vain was the Highlander and his pipes called for by all to answer to the music, and mute and inglorious—but for that once only—they did not do their duty. His rival, during the earlier part of the trip, was a brilliant pianist and as pleasant a companion, who left us at Suez.

Nor must I forget a genial Celt, though of Irish there were many on both ends of the ship, whose good humour and rich brogue and stories, smacking of the old country, made him a universal favourite. It was said that, just as Hungarians in '48 stuffed their aged legs into Magyar tights, and twisted their tongues into still more uncomfortable Magyar accents, so for love of the land that bore him he had assumed, to the horror of his friends, as pure a brogue as could be heard in Kildare. Still less should I leave unmentioned our active, courteous, and

amiable Adjutant who, spite of the woes of his fair bride, whom Neptune treated with exceptional rudeness, made himself all things to all men, and was the very soul of the merry sing-songs which, when we got into calm waters, cheered up the drooping Tommy Atkins, and made a monotonous life much the brighter.

And talking of music, besides what I have mentioned, we were favoured with two bandmasters and a large stock of musical talent both among sailors and soldiers. Every night when the warm waves of the Red Sea lazily lapped our ship's sides, or as we went through the enchanted beauty of the Indian Ocean, song after song and chorus after chorus followed in quick succession from the packed soldiers on deck, while below on the waist-deck, going their own way and indifferent to the higher spheres, Jack had organized an impromptu band of primitive and scanty materials, and to the sounds of triangle and bones, and accordion and Jew's harp, danced and danced to his heart's content.

And full right had they to their recreation, for a hard life is Jack's, and short time for rest, and much work and strict rule. But their life is pleasanter far than that of poor Tommy when aboard. Their quarters on deck are on the breezy forecastle, breezy whenever there is the least air astir; their berths are immediately below, catching the wind the vessel makes as it speeds along. Sea-sickness is well-nigh unknown to them. But for the first half of the journey at least that grim monster has pretty well its own way with prostrate Tommy. Whatever may be said for or against short service—and one never hears a word in its favour among the officers—the lad from the factory, or from the street corners of our big cities, or from the poverty-stricken Irish home, makes a very sorry fight against the hardships of the crowded ship. And when the sea is rough and port-holes are closed and ventilation becomes apparently impossible, and, unwashed as are the men both in body and in clothes, the atmosphere grows unbearable, when there is nothing for them to lie upon but the floors or the mess-tables, and nothing to eat but the tinned meats and stern ship-biscuit, and nothing to drink but the tea, which is carried about in uninviting buckets, and one ration of rum, even the hardiest of them ask whether such a life is worth living. Steam draughts and other ingenious contrivances do their best to promote ventilation, but even in the colder weather with but little success, and oh, what in the heat! Well may the soldier reckon among his bitterest

experiences the horrors of this middle passage. Yet, if report be true, no transports of any other nation give so much comfort to the troops on board.

But even to the officers, with all the pains that are bestowed to make their journey agreeable, with the well appointed mess and spacious saloon and ample deck, there are times when *ennui* becomes very pronounced, even for those who are not ailing. Each day is so like the other, save when welcome land comes in sight, and when a still more welcome stay enables one to stretch his legs on *terra firma*, and recreate himself with sights most new and strange.

Very, very early bugles blow, and rough serjeants force Tommy to turn out of hammock or blanket. And not in the choicest of language, I hear it all for I am in the midst of it, he mourns the loss of a boot, his belt, or perhaps his breeches. Or a loud chorus of jeers and curses mingles together when, to the great delight of his mates, his hammock is cut down, or a wave comes in unawares and drenches him, hammock and clothes and all, to the skin. Then overhead the stewards are busy scrubbing the saloon floors, so it is the wisest thing to get up and enjoy the luxury of a dip in the salt water in the bath hard by. The only drawback is that every now and then the steam which you turn on to raise its temperature, will not be turned off, and with a howl like the fog signals, fairly drives you out of the bath-room before the increasing volume of steam. In southern latitudes, if up before the late sunrise, the water pours in alight with the dazzling balls of phosphorescence, which sparkle even in the towel that you are using. On deck you find already saunterers in dressing-gown, or lighter costume, smoking their early cigar, and the sailors giving the last touch to the well-swabbed deck on which they have been at work since half-past three. How constant the sweeping, how thorough the scouring, and yet when the wind is against us, thicker than smuts in the Potteries or in Wigan fall the half-consumed ashes from the roaring funnel. Meanwhile in the cabin, alas! not in silence, a small group is gathered for the Holy Sacrifice. The gangway outside is the place, not appointed, but chosen by the orderlies for their boot-cleaning and chat, and as the waist-deck, the *appointed* place, is being then swept by a deluge of water from the donkey-engine and by the brooms and swabs of the sailors, this quiet corner is practically their only refuge. And so, only when the noise grows unbearable, or subjects are started

which are still more unbearable, a worshipper has to leave the extemporized chapel to report to the sentry or to try by his own authority to drive away the very concrete distraction outside. This trouble, and the lesser inconveniences of absence of air and light, well-nigh vanished, when, on our return voyage, thanks to the kindness of our paymaster, I moved into the paradise of a dove-cot.

Breakfast came at last. How welcome every sound of the gong, telling that so many more hours of the voyage had gone, and that we were again to meet in social chat around our well-spread board. No doubt the sea air gave to the healthy ones a finely-flavoured appetite, yet I am sure it was no mere *gourmandise* that made that sound so grateful, but far more the break in the wearisome tedium of the do-nothing day. Virtuous resolutions no doubt were made, and a fair amount of work cut out for the journey. At least one language was to be acquired, or the matter of the coming examination got up. I myself saw a book of tactics once produced, but it was left in my cabin after the first reading, and I feel morally sure neither grammar was begun, nor was the book of tactics ever again opened. Cards, which were poison to Tommy—*gambling strictly forbidden*—were the chief kill-time in the saloon. Smoking came next, but it hardly fulfilled so well its purpose. Or you could walk about the deck, but one part was railed off for the children and their nurses; captains and subalterns played at quoits in another portion, and sick ladies and long-legged cavalry men were stretched out, or stretched themselves out, in every direction over the remainder. The cosiest corners were the two seats on the waist-deck where the naval officers sat, and where, on the other side, the warrant officers smoked and read and chatted. Lunch, translated into "tiffin" on the southern side of the Canal, and then saunter and smoke, and smoke and saunter, till the dress bell sent the world below to dress as best they could and where they could. For the small cabins would hardly hold more than one at a time, and the darkness of the horse-boxes, and the heat and stuffiness of still lower depths, the subalterns' Inferno below, well known to them as Pandemonium, forced them to make their toilettes abroad.

The drawback to comfort at dinner was the inexperience and bashfulness of the orderlies, most of whom were unused to the work, and perhaps the sight of Tantalus' feast was too much for their feelings. But what with sea-sickness and abstention,

and a way they had of all going together in search of something wanted, and not reappearing for some time, threw the burden of our wants chiefly upon our hard-worked but very willing steward. The chaplain said a rather inaudible grace, and the Queen's health was proposed, and coffee was served, and out again into the old treadmill of saunter and smoke, and smoke and saunter. Still they were pleasant, very pleasant gatherings in the naval officers' bunk, where much of their day's work was done, though it never seemed done, and always was beginning *da capo*. We had, however, a quiet half-hour or so before the first lieutenant was summoned for his rounds, for the officer on watch had to hurry off to the bridge. Amidst much genial fun there was much to be learnt, for all were travelled men, and if not scholars as to book learning, they had studied the great book of life, and knew very much about many lands and many people. Our parson was an Oxford man, but prouder far of being from little Britain, proud of its language, which he could speak, and of his Welsh Fusiliers, of whom we had a large and rather noisy draft on board. His views, though not very definite, were not High Church, and any on board who were "advanced" did not approve the salvation smack of his discourses. Erin, in its merry humour, had its representative; Scotland, too, was in force; and even strong Jacobite views and a deep admiration for the much-abused sailor King, James the Second, had its staunch supporter in one who bore a truly Scottish name. Our first paymaster, a man of peace, had won his promotion by a gallant deed of arms on an African river, where, when the superior officers were killed, he cheered up the courage of the men and brought off his boat safe from a swarm of savages.

In terrible stress of weather an accident had happened to our ship in its last trip, and the captain had paid a bitter penalty for this freak of rude Boreas, by losing his command. His successor felt the responsibility of his new position and of the number of lives in his charge. And, good sailor as he was, as his rank and a breast full of decorations showed him, he prudently kept well out in the high seas, when many a passenger would have liked to have hugged the land and seen all he could see. His kindness and thoughtfulness to his men and to the passengers on both journeys will not easily be forgotten.

Sunday was for the sailors a busy day, like all other days. But to the military officers it was a day of rest, and decidedly

tedious rest. Like their men, the only resource left seems to have been sleep. The Establishment naturally had the precedence in choice of place for service, and we were relegated into the lower troop-deck, which, spite of windsail and open port-holes, was when we reached tropical climes a very furnace. A flag draped the end, and others covered the bulkheads around our altar. Not till we were coming home could we raise a choir, and then we had capital material, and only wanted music for the accompaniment to have made all go perfectly. The space at our disposal was crowded, though it was difficult at first, as the idea was a new one, to get the sentinel to allow Catholics to come down, or to allow Protestants to go away.

Our greatest disappointment was that on St. Patrick's Day, being then south of Crete, the sea was so unreasonable as to prevent our availing ourselves of the kind permission to have Mass. Though it was Easter time when going out, the perpetual round of duties, the total absence of privacy, the rather public position of my cabin—the only possible confessional—did not prevent a fair number coming to their duties, and it was very edifying to see how the men crowded on the last Sunday, before reaching Bombay, to receive the scapular.

Bombay, with its teeming population, with its brilliant costumes, its palm groves, and beautiful position, was a very pleasant interlude between the two journeys. As it is not my object to describe a place so often described, I will only mention the ceremony, to me so impressive, in the Cathedral on Good Friday evening. And first I must mention what took me so much by surprise—the numbers of native Catholics that one finds in that city. They crowd the churches, and are evidently deeply religious. One may fancy their delight when they saw, as they did lately, the Great Sahib, the Governor of India, approach Holy Communion in their midst. Though the men, with the exception of the fishermen caste, have adopted European dress and Portuguese names, the poorer women wear the graceful but scant red costume of the Hindoo woman, save that their arms are covered, and when they go to church they are completely enveloped in a large linen veil of spotless white. Maundy Thursday was interesting enough with the Hindoo Christians, and the perfume which was shed from silvered vials before the Blessed Sacrament. On Good Friday after dark we went to the Cathedral, which is situated in the

heart of the teeming Native Town. On our way, in shocking contrast with the thoughts of the day, the street was blocked by a hideous Pagan masquerade, apparently a wedding procession, the little bride and bridegroom, closely veiled, riding in front, and then on cars groups of men and women representing the Hindoo gods, escorted by *tum tums* and other native music, and a full band in European uniform. Crowds of half-frenzied Hindoos shouted and sung around them, and the whole was brilliantly lit up by a multitude of torches which they carried in their hands.

It was a relief to enter the compound or space around our church, lit by the soft light of a glorious moon and by a number of white oil lamps, arranged pyramidically at intervals. A German Father, the Vicar, was preaching with great emphasis in Portuguese to a packed congregation, and a large curtain shut off the sanctuary. When it was over all the clergy and confraternities went into the sacristy. Each put on a hood of some kind, the priests wearing amices as the Dominicans do over their heads, and the boys producing what looked very like a little child's night-cap. The confraternity men wore blue or scarlet capes and hoods over their native dress, and very striking was the contrast of their dark brilliant skin and their eyes full of fire, half veiled by the bright hood. When we re-entered the Cathedral the curtain had been drawn back. A high estrade reached by a broad flight of steps served as the platform, on which was reared a large cross bearing a life-size figure of our Lord, strikingly natural, even to the real hair, which fell in tangles over His scarred shoulders. The choir sang a weird Portuguese version of the plain chant *Stabat*, and the clergy—German and natives—standing below the platform, responded. At the foot of the cross knelt two native boys in cottas, with large red sashes across their breasts, and with hands reverently clasped, as they gazed upwards towards the Christ. Right and left of them were, in single file, some of the picturesque confraternity holding lofty lanterns, while in front on the ground was a bier. Two men dressed in turbans and long robes, much like the native dress, then reared a ladder against the cross and reverently lifted off the crown of thorns, disentangling it from the locks which followed it. When removed it was placed on a salver, and brought down the steps and given to one of the boys, who, in light muslin robes, something like the old French winged surplice, were standing to receive the various instruments

of the Passion. Then, amidst the wailing of the ever-repeated chant, the jaws and forehead were bound up with red-stained cloths, and the wrists were attached in the same way to the cross. The nails were now drawn out with pincers. Then a winding-sheet was passed round the breast and under the arms of the figure, and so over the two arms of the cross. The cloths were loosed which fastened the arms, and they fell at each side with a startling reality. Then gradually the body was lowered into the up-stretched arms of several below, the head falling forward, as reverently the figure was carried and laid upon the bier. Then the mournful procession started, each priest and assistant carrying a lighted candle. The bier was raised on the bearers' shoulders, while others carried a black canopy over it, confraternity men all. Right and left of them walked the little boys bearing the nails and hammer, the pincers, and crown of thorns. Then other confraternity men, some with their little boys with shaven head and the national pig-tail and little short white dress walking by their side. Last of all, under a second canopy, walked the Vicar in black cope, surrounded by his clergy, bearing a large cross with a relic of the Holy Wood within it. And so, with the same doleful chant repeated and re-echoed down the nave and out into the still night right round the building went the procession, till the bier was laid in an outer chapel, which served for the Maundy Thursday Sepulchre. The compound was crowded by Christians and by Pagans. Just before we re-entered, at the end of a short street, I saw the red glare of the torches, and I could hear the noisy music and shouts of the Hindoo procession that had passed us before. The crush to visit the image of the dead Lord had been heretofore so great that the Vicar had announced that the chapel doors would be closed until ten o'clock that night. One of the native priests now preached an animated sermon in Mahratta, and it was curious, from a tribune above, to study the crowd of native women seated on their heels, their white veils falling back as they turned to watch the preacher, and showing their rich dress and glittering bangles, and the jewels that sparkled in their ears and noses. An altar of Our Lady of Sorrows was brilliantly lit up, and picturesque-looking fishermen within the rails leant over to catch the impassioned words of the discourse. When we left, a group of women were waiting to recommence their devotions, as soon as the doors of the side chapel were opened.

The great Jesuit College of St. Xavier, in its commanding position, just on the borders of the native city, and looking out over the wide expanse of the park-like esplanade, presents a curious sight when the schools are open. A thousand boys and young men, of whom Hindoos, Parsees, and Mahomedans form by far the greater part, crowd the approaches, the stairs, and the class-rooms. The Christians, no doubt, profit vastly by the education there given, as it raises their status, and fits them for the numberless Government, municipal, or mercantile appointments, instead of the humble career of servants which alone have been hitherto open to them. Like that of the boys at the Bandora Orphanage outside Bombay, black every one. The education is on a strictly English basis, and it is curious to notice how accurate is their pronunciation and how correct their knowledge in purely English subjects.

The return to the ship—I was one of the last on—was curious. It was the same stage, the same officials, the same play, but the actors were all changed. Not an old face among them—all fresh acquaintances to be made. But the change was greatest among the soldiers. Instead of a noisy half-disciplined crowd, we had a body of old war-seasoned veterans, alas! with a very large percentage of invalids, many seemingly at death's door, the sweepings of the military hospitals of India. Then of women and children any quantity, and mothers enervated by a tropical climate, and accustomed to be waited upon by native servants, and very ill-able to see unaided to their numerous charges. But there was a sadder sight—some fourteen to twenty lunatics, who were quartered on the forecastle, and whose vacuous look told of imprudences under a tropical sky. Sadder still was a refined and fine-looking medical man, whose frantic outbursts, wild capers, and strange delusions, made him a laughing-stock to the thoughtless and a sorrow to graver folks. Certainly some one is to blame for this state of things, the annual condition of the last ship of the trooping season. The military hospital on board, quite big enough for ordinary circumstances, is far too small for the numbers of sick and dying that crowd the decks. As fast as a man died the body was removed and in a few hours consigned to the deep, and the berth as soon filled up. Nothing could exceed the attention of the numerous staff of the Army Medical Department, or the real charity, aided by trained skill, of the Army Hospital Corps. But what could be done in a tropical heat, sometimes with portholes closed

performer? How could a surgical operation be properly performed when every foot of room was occupied? And what would have happened if, to add to these difficulties, an epidemic had broken out among the delicate children, and among men already worn out with Indian fevers, or threatened with, if not far advanced in, consumption? Could not a sanatorium be erected at some hill station near Bombay, where the sick could be gathered, instead of the present trysting-place of Deolalee, with its merely temporary arrangements; and could not a vessel specially fitted out as a hospital ship be prepared to carry the lunatics and invalids whom the medical authorities think it worth while to transport to Great Britain? No doubt it is always the wish of a patient to make an effort to reach home, but, especially before Catholic chaplains were appointed, what sadder fate than to die unassisted and in such discomfort as on these overcrowded troop-ships? The naval and military authorities did all they could to soothe the hours of sickness, by letting the friends or relatives of the sick come to wait upon them. One poor mother there was who was thought to be dying, and yet had to watch the death-struggle of her own little one stretched out close beside her. Another man there was in the last stage of consumption. His wife was forced, in order to provide some means of support, to engage herself as nurse to an officer's wife, and thus had to leave her little sick daughter on her father's bed, with such sights and sorrows around her.

Every facility was given for my ministrations to the Catholic sick, but my heart yearned to say a word to the poor men who unassisted, unwarned, unconsolated, passed out from that place of suffering to meet their Judge after a long life amidst the corruptions of Indian camps. Two deaths by consumption there were of Catholic men, with the usual hoping against hope. Yet before the end the poor fellows fully realized the nearness of the danger and did their best to be ready when the summons came.

The presence of the ship's officers, of the military authorities, and of the soldiers of the regiment, the respectful silence as our long service was gone through, was a grateful sign of reverence for the dead.

But to turn to brighter subjects. If we had been full coming out we were still fuller on our return, and courteous naval officers had to give up their cabins for ladies for whom no other accommodation was to be found. The soldiers' wives had

temporary quarters knocked up on the main-deck, the second-class passengers overflowed to soldiers' quarters, and an Indian commanding officer dwelt in a rustic cabin extemporized on the lockers of the lower saloon.

Our party in the saloon was perhaps a trifle more serious than those whom we had left at Bombay, but the heat at first was very oppressive, and the illness on board, and the perpetual outburst of our poor mad doctor rather militated against high spirits. We had one amusing evening of theatricals, and some capital singing from the soldiers, but the old trial of the rough and tumble Mediterranean, cold and chill after the baking atmosphere of the Red Sea and the Canal, stopped all further revels. Hardly a dance could be got up on deck, and though the weather after Malta was simply glorious, all thoughts seemed to be turned homeward, and the one question was, "Shall we land at Portsmouth on the Friday evening of the 9th of May? Most of our party were old Indians, some of long standing, thoroughly acquainted with the respective merits and various climates of the different stations, knowing India from Cashmere to Ceylon, full of feats in the jungle, and familiar with the glories of Agra and other ancient cities of the Peninsula. Several officers belonged to the native regiments, and could chatter unknown languages with the group of little ones who knew Hindostanee better than their mother tongue, because it was the language of their native nurses. We had our artist who, poor fellow, was suffering bravely from an accidentally self-inflicted wound, and amused himself by sketches not always complimentary of people on board. We had our archæologist, deeply versed in earliest Indian art, fresh from the labours of restoration of a well known Tope, and enthusiastic about the revival or encouragement of real native art. An addition to our amusements was the menagerie of birds and beasts, some for consumption, others bound for England. There were Hindoo bullocks and Indian sheep, monkeys and parrots, grey and green, a pet hawk, a pet jackal, turtle-doves, not to speak of dogs of every degree. The strange Eastern vegetables shipped at Bombay, Mocha coffee and Levantine fruit at Suez and Port Said, gave us experiences novel to me.

Foremost of all recollections to be treasured up, was our stay at Kantara, on the Canal, where fortunately we chanced to be "tied up," the site—traditional, no doubt, but still with every likelihood on its side—of the road of the Holy

58 *Experiences of a Chaplain on an Indian Trooper.*

Family, and to this day the route from Cairo to Jerusalem. The waters of the salt and fresh water canals by the evaporation and moisture they produce are, it seems, making the desert more green round about, but still the long stretch of light sand seems weary and dreary enough.

And after that, the singular island of Malta, so barren yet so populated, British yet Catholic to the core. Unfortunately its splendid fortresses, its various towns, the Palaces of the Knights, the old Cathedral of Notabile, the Knights' Chapel of St. John, were silent to me. I did not then know the deeply interesting story they have to tell, save in some few scattered fragments, and I had no one to tell it to me.¹ The rich pavement of that chapel is a very roll-call of the best blood of Christendom, and what a Christian history could be woven out of those memories of the cross-bearing dead! But more than all this, it was my good fortune to be tossed about in St. Paul's Bay, and at the cost of a little wetting and some slight alarm to have encountered a breeze much like the one that drove the ship from Crete, and to have taken shelter under the disintegrated and crumbling rock against which the Egyptian vessel broke up. The island which now bears the colossal statue of the Apostle, the two seas, the coast on which he landed, were thus photographed clearly on my mind.

And when in the costly chapel of our Lady in the Cathedral you kneel before the Madonna di San Luca, how the tradition reminds one of that inspired pen which has left us so clear a description of the scene!

With severe regret I bade good-bye to the little island, the threshold of the East, and the neighbour of Italy. Certainly it is somewhat hard to be so near and yet not to catch a glimpse of that fair land and renew the old and deeply cherished memories.

Gibraltar came and went, with its grand crown of mountains of Europe and of Africa, which rose from a carpet of May verdure up to the regions of snow. And Tarifa, too, lay smiling in the evening sun, its Moorish walls, and old church, and its smooth bay, with hardly a sign of the sunken rocks that had nearly been the death of our good ship and all its crew.

And we passed the scene of the death struggle of Trafalgar, with its Cape in view, and early morning broke on the rock-

¹ I wish the accomplished authoress of *The Knights of St. John* would republish that brilliantly written story so well worthy to be remembered.

bound promontory of St. Vincent as we sailed some hundred yards from it. Then Espechel rose before us, and the long stretch of cliffs and afterwards low ground backed with fine hills up to the mouth of the Tagus, and, with a glass, Lisbon, its buildings and gardens, could be clearly seen, and the heights of romantic Cintra, crowned by the monastery of Penha, which looked like Heidelberg perched on the jagged heights of Alvernia. Then Marfa, the Portuguese Escorial, came in sight, and night fell as we passed the heights of Torres Vedras.

Next day we had long panoramas of the rocky and mountainous north west corner of Spain stretching from Finisterre to Coruña, and then farewell to land till on a glorious afternoon we sighted familiar landmarks, and Portland and St. Aldhelm's and the Isle of Wight led us on to *terra firma* in Portsmouth dock. It was a day the memory of which we may hope will not be forgotten, for at the straightened and humble altar in my cabin there had been a First Communion for some of the soldiers' boys. To them and to many kind friends, to the poor sick who were longing for the repose of Netley, we must say a painful good-bye.

FRANCIS GOLDIE.

Puritan New England and her Catholic Flowers.

THE barren "rock-bound coast" of New England, on which the Puritans landed on December 22, 1620, cannot be regarded as giving a fair type of New England scenery any more than of its productiveness. While the ocean surf warns the cautious navigator from her headlands, the interior of New England invites the traveller and wayfarer to scenes of beauty which may be rivalled but never surpassed in Old England. Along with this charm of hill and dale, of wide spreading meadows, of meandering streams and majestic rivers, of lakes and wooded mountains, of echoing glens and umbrageous forests, there is a *flora* which not only woos the botanist to study its varieties, but the artist to reproduce its beauties; and which, better still, has so won the hearts of the dwellers among her mountains and her valleys, beside her rivulets and her cascades, that the blossoms of spring, of summer, of autumn, are associated by them with everything dear in life and sacred in death. Moreover, these flowers not only record by their names New England customs, but explain processes of thought among a people whose unflinching logic and staunch natural virtues have become proverbial.

There is an experience which comes to almost every traveller, especially to one familiar with nature in early life. It is that of finding among the varieties of flowers in other lands many which he had supposed peculiar to his own, and even confined to certain districts of his own country. The English daisy is found besprinkling the greensward of Rome; the virgin's bower or traveller's-joy of certain districts in Old England, is equally at home among the hedges and fences of New England, and the same is true of the Scotch hare-bell; while both these flowers greet the eyes of the pilgrim to Monte Cassino. Even the shamrock is not altogether peculiar to Ireland. The small

trefoil runner of the soil of Erin can scarcely be distinguished by ordinary travellers from that which is culled from many a spot in Rome consecrated to the memory of some martyr. This makes, indeed, one of the joys of a traveller, for when none but strange faces meet his eye his heart may be consoled and gladdened by some little flower at his feet, which not only attracts his gaze but gives wings to his thoughts, reviving some memory which reassures him like the voice of a friend.

The flowers of New England have often thus attracted the attention of her children upon their own soil, not only by their beauty and the charm of an early association, but by their names, which prove sometimes unexpected links in a chain of evidence, little suspected it may be by those who first pronounced them, but to which after associations gave a wondrous meaning and undying significance.

There is a tinge of green among the willows that fringe the brooksides; not strong enough to mark any outlines, but enough to give a hue of spring to the scene which the artist in sketching the landscape would not fail to throw in with his brush. With this comes the music of sylvan pipes, the willow whistle of the schoolboy along the streams and across the meadows. The sunshine of these early spring days is bewitching. In vain is the hope of a prize or the fear of demerit marks put before the juniors of any school to the exclusion of the vernal ramble. This must be had; openly if wisely allowed, stealthily if unwisely denied. Unnumbered voices of birds, of insects, call to the fields, the streams, the hill-side. Under the dead leaves of a year for ever gone, young hands find treasures; mosses, with grey cups vermilion-edged, or the slenderest of all possible stems tipped with burnt sienna like a fairy lance rusted at the point; winter-green berries, hanging round and juicy from the last year's stalk, protected by the last year's leaves. The truant's steps hasten onward to the hill crowned with pines, where ice banks have not yet melted under the breath of spring. There, on the edge of lessening snow drifts, where the pine needles have fallen in showers, but the young leaves make a roof and a shelter, the keen eye of the schoolboy or the schoolgirl finds what has already revealed its presence by the delicious perfume it sheds around. With what care their hands, trembling with delight, raise the clusters of bloom hidden from the uninitiated! It is the earliest blossom of the cold New England spring, so wonderfully protected by its surroundings as to brave all the

rigours of the northern winter, fragrant and snowy clusters of virginal white, just tinged with a flush like that on an innocent cheek. Will anyone be surprised that it is called "Virgin's blush?"

Another name for this darling flower of New England is "May flower," for it always blooms in time for the May-day baskets left on the latches or knockers of the doors. To the Catholic child it comes in time to usher in the sweet May devotion, and is typical of her who is the "Queen of Virgins." Strange as it may appear to many a New Englander, who fancies the flower to be peculiarly his own, it blooms all over the whole northern section of the United States, from Maine to Wisconsin, and even in South Carolina, especially near Aiken, a spot surrounded by pines and noted as a health resort for invalids. The May-flower may be said to follow the pine; but, wherever found, is still charming the hearts of the people.

It is now a little later in the year. The willows have burst into leaf; the birch trees are hung with tassels. The grass is green over the hidden springs of the hill-side and meadow, and both are white in patches as if a snow drift lay upon them. But these patches are blooming out in a tiny, cruciform flower of the palest cerulean with a golden eye, which the children call "Innocence." The violets, white and yellow, as well as blue, grow beside it; so does an anemone, nodding on its slender stalk with a streak of rose on its fair petals, and so does a lily of the palest gold, bending on its stem between two long glaucous leaves strangely mottled with purple. In plucking this latter, one must draw it from the moist meadow turf, and so see the purple of the stem changing to a pale pink, which in its turn fades into white as it yields to the hand. The children call this "adder's tongue," growing as it does close beside the cruciform "Innocence." Is it because they have read about the Garden of Eden, the innocence of our first parents, the guile of the serpent, and the fall of Adam? There are indeed no fountains on the squares of those beautiful New England towns and villages upon which some *Jacopo della Fonte* has cut with his chisel, as in Siena, the story of man's innocence and his fall; but the blossoms of spring on her enamelled meadows give the story in their own mystical language by a singular juxtaposition of the flowers.

At this very time, also, just where hill-sides merge into the meadows, bloom other flowers, the names of which are calculated

to impress the minds of the young.¹ One bends on a stalk with three heavy pendant leaves, itself having three green sepals, and three white or pink or even deep red petals, within which rise the heads of three reflexed pistils with twice three-anthered stamens. "All in threes!" the little ones remarks; and when told that the name of the flower is *Trillium*, a swift thought, a lightning flash of intelligence, flits across his brain. He may never have heard of St. Patrick and his shamrock, for many a New England child is ignorant of both, and he may have heard of the Holy Trinity only by way of denial; but the denial has put the thought into his mind, and the three heavy pendant leaves, the three green sepals, the three white, pink, or red petals, the three pistils, and the twice three anthers, have taught him what the shamrock in the hand of St. Patrick taught the Irish. Ere long the child will call this the "Flower of the Holy Trinity"—he may indeed already have heard it so called—and will notice, year after year, that it heralds the closing feast of the Paschal season, Trinity Sunday.

In the same wet turf, in the shadow of a bridge thrown across some running streamlet, appears a stalk so slender, with leaves so small, and a spike of flowers so delicate, that the only wonder is that it has not escaped observation altogether. The flowers, not half so large as the lily of the valley, grow on a stalk in the same way, but the edge is exquisitely fringed, the whole precisely the shape of a very ancient mitre, as, for instance, the mitre still to be seen in the treasury of San Martino al Monte in Rome, and the little flower is actually called mitre-wort; I have never heard any other name given to it. The Puritans of New England would own "no bishop" as they would own "no king;" but memories are as difficult to root out as instincts, and the little flower benefited by some such memory and won a fitting name. When we consider how long it was after 1620 before a mitre was actually worn in New England, the little flower betrays by its appellation the traces of some ante-Puritan tradition. It is like finding the tracks of

¹ A flower which I have seen only on the prairies of Illinois and Wisconsin, and which does not come, therefore, within the strict limits of my subject, is too remarkable to be omitted. It resembles a crocus, but the texture is less delicate and the tint less pure than that of the purple crocus. The leaves form a circle around the flower on its stem reminding one of the Crown of Thorns. It is called the Paschal-flower, and never fails to put forth its blossoms by Easter. The Passion-vine over-runs the stubble of unploughed fields and the edge of thickets like a wild Morning-glory, all through the Southern States to Texas, and its mystical flowers can be read by every observer.

strange birds in the red sandstone of the hills. With these flowers comes another; not in the low-lying meadows, but in some nook among the hazel-bushes, where leaves have fallen and kept it warm throughout the winter, its pure white corolla breaks from a slight, scale-like calyx, and seven petals crown an erect, perfectly smooth stem, translucent, and slightly reddish. This stem is wrapped in a leaf which never spreads unless under strong sunlight. The beauty of this intricately veined leaf, on a stem precisely like that of the flower, is remarkable; but as we unwind it from the flower-stem to admire its seven strongly-marked lobes, each beautifully indented, by some carelessness the translucent stem, brittle as glass, breaks, and our hand is covered instantly with a juice resembling blood and water! Even the villagers name it "blood-root;" but what an awe crept over us when we heard it called "The flower of the Precious Blood!" This sufficed to render the seven mystical lobes of its leaf emblematic, to our mind, of the seven sacraments, and the flower was henceforth, in our eyes, one of the race sacerdotal, belonging to the altar, and commemorative of the mysteries of redemption!

I remember one flower which was a puzzle to me in my childhood. A strong stem throws out a triple leaf, and at the side of this rises a thick, juicy stalk, bearing a flower like the blossom of a *calla*, only instead of being turned back as it opens, the spathe binds over the upright club of minute blossoms which it surrounds. It is called "Jack in the pulpit." This word "Jack," corresponding to nothing in the experience of a New England child, is a meaningless name which suggests only ridicule. I have since believed the name to have been actually given in ridicule, and to be a corruption of a more significant and beautiful name, viz., "The monk in the pulpit." The green spathe, striped with reddish brown, curves over the club or figure within, like the sounding-board of a pulpit, and might well suggest the image of one of those eloquent preachers, members of some monastic Order, whose zealous exhortations stirred nations as well as individuals, and attracted scholars from their retirement, as well as the men of the world from their pleasures. When monks and their exhortations became the butt of popular ridicule, nothing was easier than the transition from monk to monkey and from monkey to Jack, and thus the flower, suggesting by its name thoughts of piety, was degraded to

convey a slur upon the great expounders of the spoken Word. The original name, as we believe it to have been itself, however involves, like the name of monks'-hood, still retained by a well-known flower, a familiarity with monastic traditions which came across the water in spite of Puritan vigilance, and which had a singular, and, as some may have considered, a perverse charm for their children.

Just before the feast of Pentecost comes round, a slender stem may be perceived rising from among numerous leaf-stalks, bearing pendulous flowers that move with every breath of wind. The air of the whole plant is that of exceeding gracefulness, and the humming-bird and the bee delight to seek its pendant nectaries. Its colours are Pentecostal, being the red and yellow of those "tongues of flame" which descended upon the Apostles and disciples assembled in that upper chamber with the Virgin Mother of the ascended Lord, "and sat upon each of them," while the name of this flower, "Columbine," recalls the dove (*columba*), which is a symbol of the Holy Ghost, sanctioned by the Gospel itself, and adhered to by artists with a docility born of faith.

Lying off from the meadows and brook-sides, yet near enough to feed their springs, is often a swampy ground where cranberries ripen in late autumn; throughout the summer, however, the slender vines, with their minute leaves and still more minute flowers, attract no attention, while we search for a wonderful plant which in July reigns over the swampy patch. The flower stands on a tall, smooth stalk, and while several deep Indian-red petals adorn the edge, the centre of the flower is protected by a sort of awning, very curiously fashioned, stretching over it. Still it is not the flower but the leaves which claim attention, a dozen of which often spring from the same root, and are almost recumbent as to position. Each of these leaves forms a cup with a broad lip, holding fully a gill of water, so armed at the mouth with a strong hirsute membrane that few insects find their way to the clear deposit. The leaf itself is of a bright green, beautifully rimmed with crimson, the form of it is most elegant, from the stem to the curves of the lip. It bears the appellation of *pilgrim's-cup*; a name rich in all the holy associations of the ages of faith, recalling the times when princes and peasants, saints and sinners, assumed the cowl and the staff of the pilgrim, and disdained not to drink of the brook by the way!

In this same swampy patch of ground, which in autumn will be covered with blithe children picking the cranberry crop, is also found the most beautiful and choice variety of a well-known flower. Early in May an almost minute member of this family is found in the meadows, and in the last days of May a still lovelier one rises on its stalk, sometimes of a deep, brilliant yellow, or of pink or light crimson. But this variety bears two, three, even five, of these royal flowers on a stalk. It is called, not merely "lady's slipper," like its inferior sisters, but the "gay lady's slipper," on account of its greater beauty, as if suggesting festal occasions. But the popular name at present is a clear misnomer. The flower is shaped precisely like a wooden shoe, not a slipper, and we are told by Digby, in his wonderful volumes, *The Ages of Faith*, that this flower was formerly called by our ancestors "the Virgin's shoe." Doubtless it was dedicated to her who lived so humbly in the Holy House of Nazareth, even after she had been declared *blessed* by an Archangel. As a companion to this, in July, as if suggested by the feast of the Visitation, the delicate vine with its white starry blossoms, covering the fences and hedges of pasture lands in New England, is still called "the Virgin's bower," or "traveller's joy," reminding us how Mary rose in haste to go over the hill-country of Judea to visit her cousin, St. Elizabeth.

In the last days of August, from the rich loam which forms the bank of meadow brooks, and sometimes, but less luxuriantly, beside a mountain riverlet, springs a spike of flowers of so dazzling a colour as to throw light into the shady places which they adorn. The flowers are numerous and of something the same shape as the blue lobelia, only the petals are long, slender, drooping, of a velvety texture, and perfectly cardinal red, in hue; it is actually called the "cardinal flower!" No other name is given to it, and many a New England child has caught its first distinct idea of the colour in which are robed these princes of the Church from this simple flower.

My list could be prolonged indefinitely, as new floral claimants for enumeration come to mind constantly as I write. I must not fail, however, to mention the Michaelmas daisy, which is always in full glory on the feast of St. Michael the Archangel. Of the beauty of this flower in all its varieties of white and purple, with its golden centre, clothing, as it does, hill-sides, ridges, nooks, and by-ways, it would be impossible to give an idea, especially when lighted by the clear sunshine

of September. The Prince of Archangels never spread fairer banners to the sun than in this flower of New England, so beloved as well as admired, associated with the glorious autumnal days often lingering into "St. Martin's summer." In parting, let us glance at one more flower, an October flower, whose beauty the painter has portrayed and the poet sung. Bryant mentions its natural beauties under the botanical name of the *Fringed Gurtian*, but Catholic poets give it the name of "our Lady's eye." Of a blue that mocks the skill of the colorist with his brightest tints, veined at its base as tenderly as the loveliest eyelid ever extolled in song, its four cruciform petals are fringed like the lashes of that eye so often dimmed with tears shed for the sorrows of her Divine Son, and we venture to hope also for those of her unworthy children? So beauteous is "our Lady's eye," in truth, that we will allow it to close our tribute to the Catholic flowers of Puritan New England, as it really closes the year of flowers in a land where nature itself leads the soul through ways so varied to the Source of all beauty and of all truth.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

A Modern Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

PART V.—JERUSALEM AND THE DEAD SEA.

February 20.—All Jerusalem is in a state of excitement about the expected arrival of Prince Frederic Charles of Prussia. Crowds are streaming outside the Jaffa Gate, where the troops are assembling to receive him with military honours. The almond trees are in bloom, and boys are carrying branches laden with the delicate white blossoms. Women, wrapped in their long white mantles, from which bright black eyes, and often very pretty faces, peep out, are seated on the low walls and line either side of the way. They will sit there contentedly for hours, but, not being gifted with Oriental patience, after looking at the pretty, animated scene, we returned to the city. An hour later, as we were going to the Basilica, we met the Prince, who had just left it, and was walking through the narrow, dirty, ill-paved streets to the Russian Hospice, where he puts up. A tall, fair, thoroughly soldierlike looking man he is.

The next day we went with Frère Liévin and a French gentleman, who, with his two sons, has come to increase our little party at the Casa Nova, to the Mosque of Omar, which occupies the site of the Temple of Solomon. This mosque, being, in the eyes of the Mussulmans, after Mecca and Medina, the most holy place on earth, the entrance was prohibited to Christians, under pain of death, till after the Crimean war. Now the foreign consuls and the Franciscans easily obtain permission to visit it on payment of a fixed tariff.

It stands on the summit of Mount Moriah, supposed to be the mountain "in the land of Vision," where Abraham prepared to sacrifice his son Isaac. It is also the place where David raised an altar on the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite, and offered sacrifices to God, and the plague that was destroying his people was stayed. In gratitude for this mercy he wished to build on the spot a temple to the Most High, but the execution of this plan was reserved for his son Solomon.

Solomon levelled the summit of the mount, and surrounded it with walls of immense strength, the lower portions of which, built against the rock, and composed of huge blocks of stone, even the destruction under Titus could not entirely overthrow. The upper part, rising above the level of the ground, has been more than once demolished and rebuilt.

We entered by the Western Gate and found ourselves in the outer court, or court of the Gentiles. It is of great extent, and was formerly surrounded by porticos, supported by massive columns, but of these, as of the other buildings of the Temple, no trace remains. In places the rock is visible, but, for the most part, it is covered with grass and planted here and there with olive and cypress trees. Crossing it and mounting a few steps, we reached the second court, that of the Jews. This was a large paved enclosure, surrounded by porticoes resting on columns of precious marble. Four doors of brass gave entrance to it. The children of Israel only, being purified and free from corporal defects, could enter this second court. It was divided into two parts, one for the men, the other for the women. Here it was that our Lord was found by His Parents, disputing with the doctors. Here He drove forth the money changers and merchants who ought not to have carried on their trade within it. Here He praised the mite given by the poor widow, and frequently preached to the people; and here, where the grass now grows, He predicted the destruction of the Temple, then in all the splendour of its strength and beauty.

Within this was the third, or inner court, into which our Divine Lord never entered, as it was reserved for the priests alone. It was situated to the east of the Temple, properly so called. Within it were the Sea of Brass, in which the priests purified themselves, and the altar of holocausts. The Moslems have erected here a cupola, supported by seventeen columns and paved with many coloured marbles. They call it the Tribunal of David, and say he established the seat of justice in this place, and that, to assist him in deciding difficult cases, a chain was let down from Heaven, which the witnesses were made to hold when taking an oath. If their testimony was false, a link of the chain broke off in their hands, and their perjury was discovered. Here we had to change our shoes for slippers before entering the mosque, which occupies the site of the Inner Temple.

Built by order of the Caliph Omar about 636, it still bears

his name. It has been restored at different times, but not materially altered. It is octagonal in form and the proportions are extremely beautiful. The double circle of columns supporting the cupola are of precious marbles; the arches and vaulting are covered with lovely mosaics on a gold ground, and the walls with painted tiles. The windows are filled with coloured glass, each little portion being of one colour and arranged so as to produce a brilliant and harmonious effect.

In the centre is a very large stone, or rather portion of flat rock, of a pink colour, the levelled summit of Mount Moriah. This in the Temple of Solomon, was the Holy of Holies, into which the High Priest entered only once a year. It was enclosed by a veil of purple, and paved with plates of gold. Within it stood the Ark of the Covenant, containing the Tables of the Law, the Rod of Aaron that budded, and the Pot of Manna. Upon it, overshadowed by the two Cherubim with outstretched wings, rested the Propitiatory. These sacred objects, with the Table of Incense, were removed by the Prophet Jeremias, just before the destruction of the Temple by Nebuchodonosor, and concealed by him on Mount Nebo. They therefore escaped the fate of the seven branched candlestick and the table of the loaves of Proposition, which were carried to Rome by Titus. Mysterious Mount Nebo! looking from afar, across the Dead Sea, at the Holy City, guarding, in its secret recesses, these sacred treasures and the body of Moses.

The rock, El-Sakra, once honoured as the place where God manifested Himself to His chosen people, is held in great veneration by the Mussulmans. It is surrounded by a balustrade of carved wood to prevent it from being touched or trodden on. Three indentations in the stone are pointed out as having been made by the fingers of the Archangel Gabriel on the following occasion. One day the great Prophet, mounted on El-Borak, a magnificent white mare, the gift of the Archangel, set out for Heaven, to treat of some very important business, but scarcely had he quitted the rock when it began to tremble on its base and to follow him in his ascent. The Supreme Ruler of the Universe, not wishing the world to be deprived of such a treasure, despatched in haste the Archangel Gabriel, who, seizing it with a vigorous grasp, arrested its further progress. From that time it has remained suspended between heaven and earth. In a tabernacle of open iron work may be seen a piece

of rock on which Mahomet left his footprint, and a box, in which is enclosed a silver casket, containing two hairs of his beard.

At the south-east angle is a staircase, where a portion of the rock is left exposed. It is called "the tongue," because in reply to the joyful salutation of Omar, *Esselam-Alaik*—"Hail to thee," the rock courteously answered: *Aleik-Esselame*. This staircase leads down to a cavern beneath El-Sakra, which, to the eyes of the unbeliever, appears to be supported by a wall, masking the solid rock where it joins Mount Moriah. This, however, is only out of consideration for the faithless, who might be alarmed if they saw the rock hanging in mid-air above their heads. Its real support, according to Mussulman tradition, being an invisible palm tree, upheld by the Mothers of the two great prophets, Issa (Jesus) and Mahomet.

In the cavern we were shown the places where Abraham, David, Solomon, Elias, and Mahomet used to pray. The latter having one day, in the fervour of his devotion, struck his head against the rock, it became soft as wax, and received, and retains, the impression of his turban. The floor is covered with carpets. Our guide struck his foot against it, and a hollow sound was heard, indicating a cavity beneath. This, he told us, is the pit of souls; the place where the faithful departed come every week, on the nights between Sunday and Monday, and Friday and Saturday, to adore God. Frère Liévin believes it to be the ancient cistern belonging to the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite, and that a circular hole, which pierces the rock above, is the aperture by which the water was drawn up.

In the circular nave of the mosque, opposite the Gate of Paradise, is a slab of jasper, in which Mahomet planted nineteen golden nails, to indicate the time the world is to endure. At the end of each century one nail disappears and goes to strengthen the throne of God. One day the evil spirit, slipping in by the Gate of Paradise, began to pull out and steal the nails, in order to hasten the end of the world. Caught in the act by the Archangel Gabriel, he was beaten and expelled for ever from the holy precincts. Three nails and a half still remain embedded in the jasper.

On the outer wall of the mosque, near the southern gate, is a slab of marble, the grey veins of which, on a white ground, have some fanciful resemblance to two magpies drinking from a vase. According to Mussulman tradition these birds were

petrified as a punishment for pride, and this is how it came to pass.

Solomon, having completed the Temple, commanded all living creatures to bring him tribute in token of submission. The animals hastened to obey. Admitted into the presence of the great King the lion offered the sacrifice of his mane, the elephant the ivory of his tusks; the unicorn presented his single horn; the bees brought a comb of the purest honey. The republic of ants sent a numerous deputation bearing the thigh of a gigantic grasshopper, a present the transport of which caused them no small fatigue and trouble. The birds alone, at the instigation of the spiteful and jealous magpie, refused obedience, "Why," said this feminine orator, "should we abdicate our dignity by submitting to the orders of this tyrannical man? Will all his wisdom enable him to catch us and punish us for our love of freedom? Let us remain independent and show him that there are beings who will not stoop to become his slaves." This harangue was approved of, and the audacious proposal unanimously adopted.

Now, as every one knows, King Solomon understood all languages, that of birds not excepted. Having therefore been informed of what had passed, he convoked an assembly of all the feathered race, and concealed himself in a convenient place, where he might listen to what went on. When representatives of every species of bird had met together, two magpies presented themselves to address the assembly. "Why," said the first, "should we take the trouble to come and honour a mass of stones heaped up by men? We are better architects than they. We can adore God on the mountain and in the forest without resigning our liberty." "No," exclaimed the second, "nothing shall ever induce us to submit to such a humiliation! What is this temple to us, and who shall prevent us from defiling it whenever we please? Solomon may be king on earth, but we are free in the air, there his power cannot reach us." The King, indignant at this insolent language, suddenly appeared from his hiding-place and cried, with a terrible voice: "The hand that God strengthens can control even the air. To prove it to you, rash birds, and to punish your audacity, I command you to remain, to the end of time, the slaves of this edifice you have dared to despise." Immediately the magpies became motionless, and were imprisoned in the stone, where they remain to this day. To prevent the possibility of such insults being

repeated, Solomon, as Josephus tells us, ordered the roof of the Temple to be covered with golden needles, so that it might be impossible for any bird, lighting upon it, to defile it.

Opposite the southern gate of the mosque is a portico composed of four arches. Here are supposed to be suspended the invisible scales, in which the merits and sins of souls will be weighed at the Day of Judgment, before they are sent to undergo their final trial at the Bridge of Sirat. Passing through it, and leaving on the right a very beautiful marble pulpit, where sermons are preached on Fridays during Ramadan, we descended a flight of marble steps, and reached a group of grand old cypress trees. Beneath their shade is a large circular basin, from a vase in the centre of which flows the water of the sealed fountain, brought hither from the neighbourhood of Bethlehem for the service of the Temple, by an aqueduct of the time of Solomon.

Another staircase led us down into subterranean vaults, constructed by Herod the Great. They consist of two lofty galleries with arched roofs, divided and supported by pillars. One huge monolith, the capital of which is ornamented with something between acanthus and palm-leaves, stands alone. At the extremity of the vaults are two doors, walled up, so we had to return by the way we entered.

We are now in front of the Mosque El-Aksa, which is the Church of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, built by the Emperor Justinian. Omar, after having given orders that the site of Solomon's Temple should be cleared out, came to pray in this church, and commanded that it should be dedicated to the worship of Allah. The eastern portion having been overthrown by an earthquake, it was rebuilt, and the proportions somewhat altered, by the Caliph El-Mahadi, in 755; but a great part of the original structure remains, and the style is rather that of a Christian church than of a temple of Islam; It consists of a nave with three aisles on either side, divided by pillars of various coloured marbles, with Corinthian and Byzantine capitals. The portico in front has seven arches, corresponding to the divisions of the interior. Under the Latin Kings it became a royal palace, and was called the Palace of Solomon. Baldwin gave a portion of it to the Knights who took from it the name of Templars. They built a convent adjoining, the guard-room of which, a spacious vaulted room, remains unaltered.

Towards the southern extremity of the nave, where the great cupola now rises, supported by columns of vert antique and covered with mosaics, tradition says the Blessed Virgin dwelt, under the care of the Prophetess Anna, during the years she spent in the Temple, this being the part assigned to women. Here too she came, to offer her Divine Infant to the Lord, and here holy Simeon sang his *Nunc dimittis*. How one regrets that the beautiful church, standing on a spot so honoured, should no longer be in Christian hands!

Beyond, at the southern extremity of the building, is the *mihrab*, towards which the Mussulmans turn to say their prayers, and near it is the *mimbar*, a pulpit most delicately sculptured in wood, and incrustured with ivory and mother-of-pearl. It was made at Aleppo in 1168, by order of Sultan Nouredin and placed here by Saladin, when the mosque was restored. Two other *mihrahs* are respectively dedicated to Issa and Moses. In the former is an impression which the Turks say is the second footprint left on the Mount of Olives by our Lord at His Ascension, and removed here, but this is very doubtful.

The two southernmost columns of the nave are called the Columns of Trial. They are placed so near together that a man can with difficulty squeeze himself between them. The Mussulmans say: "Blessed is he who can do so, because after his death he will go straight to Heaven." But alas! for those of stouter proportions—what is to become of them? A man did actually die from the injuries he received in forcing himself through, so now an iron grating is placed between the pillars, and people are no longer allowed to try their chances of Paradise.

On leaving El-Aksa we resumed our shoes, and descended by a staircase at the south-eastern corner of the Esplanade of the Temple to a room which the followers of the Prophet have made into a little mosque. They call it Said na Issa, Our Lord Jesus, and assert that a stone sculptured cradle in the form of a shell, and supported on four little columns of white marble, was the resting-place of the Holy Child. According to Christian tradition, this was the habitation of the aged Simeon, and, after the Presentation of our Lord in the Temple, His Blessed Mother accepted the invitation of the holy old man, and, with the Divine Infant, spent here some days with him.

From this room we descend into the vast subterranean

galleries known as the Stables of Solomon, and there is no doubt they are of his construction. They are excavated in the side of Mount Moriah. They were repaired by Herod the Great, and later by the Crusaders, who used them as stables for their horses and beasts of burden. The holes at the corners of the pillars through which the halters of the animals were passed, may still be seen. The lofty vaulted roof is supported by eighty-eight massive square pillars, many of them partially calcined by the fire that consumed the Temple above. The triple door at the extremity is walled up.

Returning to the Esplanade and following the eastern wall, we reach a little platform with a *mihrab*, from which we look down on a column, fixed horizontally in the wall below, and projecting from it. From this column is supposed to spring the invisible bridge, Sirat, which crosses the Valley of Josaphat, and reaches to the summit of the Mount of Olives. This famous bridge, finer than the edge of a razor, must be traversed by the souls that have already been weighed in the balance. The just, supported by their guardian angels, will pass in safety, but those whose sins have deprived them of this celestial aid, will fall into the fatal valley, and be swallowed up in Hell.

Still following the wall, we reach a little thicket of cactus that has grown up around the unopened Golden Gate. Walled up on the eastern side, it is divided within by great stone pillars into two portions, each surmounted by a cupola. The one is called the Gate of Penitence, the other the Gate of Pardon. A little farther on is an edifice called the Throne of Solomon. The Mussulmans say he died here, seated on his throne. We could see through an iron grating the green curtain that veils the sacred spot. The grating was covered with little bits of stuff of all colours, hung to it by the faithful. It is a favourite way of showing respect to the dead.

In the afternoon we walked to St. Pierre, an industrial home for boys beyond the Gate of Jaffa. This is another of Père Marie de Ratisbonne's good works, and was opened three years ago. It is a large, handsome edifice, finely situated on rising ground. The centre and one wing are as yet only completed. The second wing is intended to contain a church, which will be open to the Christian inhabitants of this rapidly increasing neighbourhood. At present there is only a temporary chapel for the inmates. Father Marie was absent in Jerusalem, but another Father, a native of Holland, tall and handsome, with a

flowing auburn beard, received us courteously, and conducted us all over the house. He showed us the workshops, in which the boys are taught various trades; tailoring, shoemaking, carpentry, modelling, sculpture, wood-carving, &c. The boys, mostly orphans, or children abandoned by their parents, are of various races, and from all parts of Syria and Palestine. Once admitted to the house they are never sent away from it, except for ill conduct; but remain as long as they desire it. They appeared to be extremely attached to the good Father, who has dedicated his life to them. It was pleasant to see the swarthy faces beam and the black eyes sparkle when he spoke to them. There is a large bakehouse where all the bread for the three houses of Père Marie is made. From the terraces on the roof there is a magnificent view of Jerusalem and the surrounding country. On leaving, the Father accompanied us to the gate, and two tame antelopes came bounding to meet him. They suffered him to caress and stroke them, but he told us they always fled at sight of the boys. Like the children, they were evidently under the control of the law of love.

The following day we visited the Convent of the Dames de Sion, which stands on ground immediately adjoining the Pretorium. We were received by the Mother Superior, a very handsome, charming young nun, with magnificent black eyes. She speaks French perfectly, but is not, I think, of European race. There is a school for girls of the superior class, an orphanage, and a day-school which is open to all gratuitously. The Sisters have also a dispensary, where the poor of all faiths and races come daily to receive medicine and to have their ailments and infirmities cared for. When the foundations were dug, in 1859, a portion of the original pavement was discovered, twelve feet below the level of the present Via Dolorosa, which appears, in the time of our Lord, to have been wider than it is now. It may be seen in the cellars of the convent; its unmistakeable flat, irregularly-shaped blocks of stone, like all Roman pavements everywhere; stones that the adorable feet of our Saviour trod on the day of His Passion. Part of the Arch of the Ecce Homo, crossing the Via Dolorosa, is built into the church. The upper portion of the triple Roman arch is posterior to the date of the Passion, perhaps as late as Constantine, having been rebuilt after its destruction by Titus, but the lower portion is considered to be of the time of Herod, and whether or no the tradition be true that from a gallery above it, our

Lord, crowned with thorns and wearing the scarlet robe, was presented to the people by Pilate, it is certain that He must have passed beneath it, on leaving the Pretorium, laden with His Cross.

On the roof of the convent, terrace rises above terrace, where air and sun and beautiful views may be enjoyed, for there is no garden, which is a great disadvantage for the children. Père Marie has tried in vain to purchase a slip of waste land that lies between the convent and the Austrian Hospice, but it belongs to Greeks, and though valueless, they will not sell it to Catholics, except at a fabulous price.

The next day being Friday, after the Stations of the Via Crucis we went to the Church of the Ecce Homo. There was an instruction for the children by Père Marie de Ratisbonne. The voice of the venerable Father is weakened by age, and I was sorry to be only able to hear it imperfectly.¹ It was followed by Benediction. After the Litany of our Blessed Lady had been sung, Père Marie prayed very earnestly for the conversion of his people, begging our Lord to remember that they are His brethren, that His Immaculate Mother was of the race of Abraham, and that the Apostles, who carried His Name to the ends of the earth, and laid down their lives for the faith, were Jews. When he had ended his petitions, one of the nuns in the choir sang the words uttered by our Lord on the Cross, *Pater, dimitte illis, non enim sciunt quid faciunt*. Thrice, with a pause of silence between, the pathetic, pleading voice arose. Considering the place, the spot where the Divine Victim, purple clad, thorn-crowned, bleeding from the scourges, heard from his own people the cruel cry, *Tolle, tolle, crucifige eum*, and the hour, that which their descendants devote to weeping and lamenting over the desolation of Jerusalem, it was inexpressibly touching and impressive.

February 24.—After a last Mass on Calvary, at the Altar of the Addolorata, the Abbé and the Comté de St. Phalle left for Jaffa, the former to proceed to the Jesuit Seminary at Beyrout, the latter to return to France, *via* Athens. I am sorry to lose the companion, whose invariable kind attention during our journeyings has made me feel as if I had one of my sons by my side, and whose bright, youthful

¹ Since these lines were written, Père Marie de Ratisbonne has left the earthly for the heavenly Jerusalem, having followed, at a short interval, his brother, Père Théodore.

vivacity shortened many a weary hour of the long, fatiguing days' rides from Beyrout. His place is already filled at the hospice by an English Catholic gentleman, who arrived a few days ago. It is a pleasure to meet a countryman united in the still stronger bond of the faith. We walked together to the Garden of Gethsemane, where the lay-brother gave us violets and pieces of wood from the venerable olive trees which have lately been pruned. Returning we were caught in a heavy shower, and the night set in cold and stormy.

The next morning, after hearing Mass in the Holy Sepulchre, we visited the establishment of the Christian Brothers. They also have a school for boys, but being Sunday the children were not there. The house occupies the site of the Tower Psephina, built by Herod the Great, which, in his time, stood outside the walls of Jerusalem. Some massive stone pilasters of the original structure were discovered in digging the foundations, and may be seen on the lower floor. This being the highest ground in the city, the view from the terraced roof is remarkably fine. We prolonged our walk beyond the Jaffa Gate, to try to get warmed in the sun, for the cold is severe, and few rays of sunlight penetrate into the narrow streets of Jerusalem in winter time.

The Father Director sat with us while we supped, and gave us many details about the great French pilgrimage last year. It was a real "pilgrimage of penance," the privations having been great. Next month another, four hundred strong, is expected. There will be much difficulty in finding accommodation for them at Easter. I cannot stay much longer at the Casa Nova, having already exceeded the fortnight allowed by the rule, and as neither of the convents have a room to spare, and I extremely dislike the idea of going to the hotel, which will be full of tourists, Father Philip will try and get me received at the Austrian Hospice.

Wind, rain, and hail prevailed throughout the two following days, ending in a violent snowstorm. The French Abbé reappeared, having returned from Jaffa, the sea being so rough and the wind so tempestuous that it was impossible to embark. The Count got off before the storm began, but will have a very bad passage.

February 29.—The snow lies six inches deep; it is extremely cold and impossible to go out. The servant came to tell me the fire was lighted in the divan, a drawing-room some eighty

feet long, and he begged me to go up. I went accordingly, and found the gentlemen trying to warm themselves at an iron stove, but it appeared only to succeed in drawing the cold out of the walls of a room that had not been used for months, and I preferred returning to my little fireless room and keeping myself warm as well as I could with wraps: dividing my time between writing letters and beating off the snow that accumulated against the window-panes. The big dining-room, where we take our meals, is icy.

March 1.—At noon the snow ceased and it began to thaw.

The thaw continued the following day, but it was very cold. I managed to get as far as San Salvatore to Mass. The streets were deep in melting snow and mud. They have swept the snow from the flat terraced roof, so I went up to get a little warmth by walking up and down in the sun. The view is very striking; the hills that encircle Jerusalem all white and gleaming in the sunshine. Father Philip came up, with cowed head and shivering; suffering from toothache, and chilblains on his bare, sandalled feet. He has seen the Father Rector of the Austrian Hospice, who consents to receive me.

March 3.—The streets are nearly clear of snow, deep mud taking its place. I went to the Austrian Hospice and found Father Francis, the Rector, very obliging. At the request of the Padre Custode he will give me a room: he also offers to receive Mr. W., whose time at the Casa Nova will soon expire. The house belongs to the Austrian Government, and only Austrian subjects go there as a right, but the Rector has a discretionary power to dispose of rooms that may be unoccupied. "Have you the same rule as at the Casa Nova," I inquired, "that pilgrims may only remain a fortnight?" "Yes," replied the good Father, "but I can shut one eye on occasion, and even two if necessary, so long as no Austrian Prince arrives, with a great retinue, who might require all the rooms, but we do not expect any this Easter." The Hospice is a handsome, modern building, bright and sunny, with a garden; it stands on the Via Dolorosa, opposite the third Station. There is a chapel in the house, a comfort which we have not at the Casa Nova.

Having thus secured lodgings, we made arrangements for an expedition to Jericho and the Jordan. Morcos, the dragoman of the Hospice is going to Jaffa to meet the yearly French

pilgrimage, so we engage his son, Issa, and a moucre, to accompany us.

March 6.—After hearing an early Mass at San Salvatore we set out. Passing through the Gate of Jaffa, we skirted the northern walls of Jerusalem, crossed the Valley of the Cedron, and rounded the shoulder of the Mount of Olives. We paused a moment where, it is said, stood the fig-tree that withered away so quickly at the word of our Lord, and then, reaching Bethany, we dismounted at the sepulchre which, from the earliest ages of Christianity, has been venerated as that of Lazarus: even the Mussulmans have a great respect for it. The tomb, like most ancient Jewish tombs, consists of two chambers, both cut out in the solid rock, but as, in the course of ages, the stone had a tendency to crumble and fall away, the Crusaders, when they built a church over it, found it necessary to support the roof by means of pointed arches in masonry. In the outer chamber is an altar at which the Franciscan Fathers occasionally say Mass. Here our Divine Lord stood when He cried with a loud voice: "Lazarus, come forth." And, at His command, the shrouded form came forth from the inner chamber, the entrance to which is, as usual, very low; one must stoop down and descend three steps to enter it. It is about nine feet square, and appears to have contained three funeral niches.

On leaving Bethany we were joined by our escort, in the person of a young Bedouin, mounted on a pretty little black horse, with a white sheepskin by way of saddle-cloth, and a multitude of tassels, black, orange, red, blue, and green, hanging from its neck and reaching almost to its feet. He carried a big sabre and a long gun, ornamented with circles of brass. He wore the brown Bedouin mantle, with hood, and, on his head, a coloured silk handkerchief, bound by a double black fillet, and falling on his shoulders. Furnishing escorts for the Dead Sea is the privilege of the Bedouin village of Abou-dis, near Bethany, and the presence of one of them is sufficient to secure respect from the rest.

We wound our way through valleys and among rocky mountains, till we reached Khan-el-Ahmar, where we stopped to lunch. As we advanced the scenery became wilder and grander, till at last, on emerging from a rocky defile, the Valley of the Jordan, the Dead Sea, and its surrounding mountains burst on the view, a scene of solemn, desolate majesty. A

steep, stony descent took us down into the plain, and half an hour later we reached Jericho. Not the Jericho whose walls fell at the sound of the trumpets of Joshua, and of which not a trace remains, but a miserable village, *Riha*, situated to the south of the ancient city. It is a collection of wretched mud cabins, sheltering a wild and scanty population.

The Russians have lately purchased ground and have planted an inclosure, where the vine, the banana, orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees are already flourishing, for the warmth of the climate is such that the well watered plain might easily be made to become what it once was, a fertile and luxuriant garden. They are building a large, handsome Hospice, only a small portion of which being finished there is little accommodation, and the Greek Archimandrite, with a party of friends, being expected, we were obliged to put up at the poor comfortless hotel, a mud-built house, containing a kitchen, a divan, and two bedrooms. In one of these a Turk, the collector of taxes, was lodging, to the great disgust of my companion, who was obliged to content himself with the second bed in the same room. In the other, destined for me, the landlord, his wife, and children had been sleeping. I peeped into it, and the sight was so little inviting that nothing short of absolute necessity would have induced me to think of occupying it. They promised, however, that it should be thoroughly cleaned and arranged, and while this was being done, we strolled to the Greek Hospice, and as we were returning met the Archimandrite and his party.

A very tolerable dinner had been prepared, the landlady priding herself on her skill in cookery, and the room intended for me looked quite tidy. One bed, by means of handsome Oriental stuffs, had been transformed into a divan, and the other, with white sheets and counterpane appeared almost inviting, but alas! the landlord and his family had left behind them a small, active army that made sleep impossible. I must add that this is the only occasion on which I have been so annoyed.

We were glad to rise early and to start at seven for the Dead Sea. It was a lovely morning and the air delightful, but as we rode across the long plain the heat increased, for the basin of the Dead Sea is over one thousand feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and it is enclosed by lofty mountain ranges. At first the ground was clothed with short grass, then

it only bore clumps of tamarisk and prickly shrubs; further on even these disappeared, and the bare, burning sand sparkled with crystals of salt. All around were sand hills of strange, weird shapes, a scene of utter desolation. The valley once so fertile, "the woodland vale, watered as the Paradise of the Lord," with its five cities flourishing where now lie the still, lonely waters; waters so salt and bitter that no living thing can exist in them, no vegetation grow near them. A witness to all generations of the judgment of God, turning the garden into a desert, the populous cities into an uninhabitable wilderness.

On the shore lie the bleached trunks and branches of trees brought down by the Jordan, and among them we found two or three dead fish. Carried down by the stream, they die as soon as they reach the salt, bituminous water, and are washed up on the shore. The water is blue and quite transparent, it leaves on our hands an unpleasant, greasy feeling. The bed at the northern extremity is pebbly. The five cities of the plain are supposed to have been situated at the southern end of the Dead Sea, where it spreads out into a great salt marsh, over which always hangs a haze in which the distant waters lose themselves. On the eastern shore the mountains of Ammon and Moab, and on the western shore those of Judea, rise rugged and precipitous from the water's edge.

We rode over the bare, hot sands for about an hour, in the direction of the Jordan, and it was a relief to reach the broad belt of verdure that extends on either side of the river. The trees were clothed in the fresh green of spring, and the grass beneath them was gemmed with flowers. The waters, which overflow their bed in the rainy season, had recently retreated, and the banks were so swampy that it was impossible to alight, or even to ride close to the river, as the horses would have sunk in the deep mud.

A spreading tree stands where our Lord was baptized and where the river is fordable. It is indeed the only place between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea where it would have been possible for multitudes to assemble as they did to be baptized by St. John. In early times a wooden cross was set up in the river and marble steps led down to it, by which pilgrims descended to bathe, each one clothed in his shroud, which was afterwards carefully preserved for his burial. Frescobaldi, who visited the Holy Land in 1384, tells us how, on reaching the

banks of the Jordan, he and all his party bathed in it for devotion; those who could swim striking across to the opposite shore, where, in a loud voice, they began to sing the *Te Deum*, which was taken up by their companions who remained at the other side. He also describes a church dedicated to St. John Baptist, which stood near the river, "handsome and strong; and it is necessary" he adds, "that it should be like a fortress, because the people of Jericho are the greatest robbers of all the country."

It was vain to think of approaching the tree, as it was surrounded by water, the swollen, turbid stream rushing and whirling round it impetuously. We were therefore obliged to content ourselves with lingering awhile near a place so sacred, and then seeking higher and dryer ground for our resting place. We accordingly crossed a tributary of the Jordan, and came to a halt beneath a spreading tree, the shade of which was pleasant, as the heat was now excessive. We tried, after lunch, to reach the river on foot a little higher up, but found the tangle of trees and brushwood, and the swampy nature of the ground insurmountable obstacles. The upper source of the Jordan, near Hashbeyra, in the Anti-Lebanon, is about eighteen hundred feet above the Mediterranean, and it enters the Dead Sea some twelve hundred feet below that level, its descent therefore, throughout its course, is very rapid, and it is only fordable in one or two places when the waters are low. Yet here, opposite Jericho, the people of Israel passed the river dry-foot, at a time when it was swollen; the Priests, with the Ark of the Lord, standing in the midst of the channel, the waters that came down from above "swelling up like a mountain" whilst "those that were beneath ran down into the sea of the wilderness, which is called the Dead Sea, until they wholly failed."

Through these impetuous waters Elias, striking the stream with his mantle, passed dryshod, with Eliseus, who performed the same miracle on his return after the disappearance of his Master.

It was hereabouts, on the opposite bank, that St. Mary the Egyptian, after thirty-five years of unbroken solitude and heroic penance, died and was buried in the desert by St. Zosimus, who was sent by God to give her absolution and assist her in her last moments. Here too St. Christopher, being of great strength and gigantic stature, devoted himself to the charitable office of carrying travellers across the ford. One day a child arrived

on the river-bank and Christopher placed him on his shoulder. When they reached the middle of the stream, where the current was very rapid, the child became so heavy that the Saint, notwithstanding his great strength, could not make way against it. "How is this," cried he, "and who art thou to weigh so heavily?" "Christopher," replied the Child, "thou carriest Him who upholds the world."

The Jordan pours into the Dead Sea seven millions of tons of water a day, which are entirely lost by evaporation and leakage. Indeed the Dead Sea is supposed to be steadily and slowly diminishing.

Two other parties came to rest at the same halting-place, English and American tourists, so on starting the cavalcade was considerable. The road from the Jordan to Jericho crosses a sandy plain, favourable for galloping, and the three Bedouins of the escorts amused themselves by going through various exercises, feigning to attack and pursue each other, wheeling round and pulling up their horses sharp on their haunches.

After a few minutes' rest at the hotel we rode through green meadows to the fountain of Eliseus—*Ain-es-Soultan*. The water springs abundantly from the hillside, flows into an ancient basin of the time of Herod the Great, and, issuing from it, forms a considerable stream, which fertilizes the valley before throwing itself into the Jordan. The water is clear as crystal and excellent to drink. In the time of Eliseus it was bitter and unwholesome, until the Prophet, casting salt into the spring, declared: "Thus saith the Lord: I have healed these waters, and there shall be in them no more death nor barrenness: and the waters were healed *unto this day*."

On again through green meadows, flower-bespangled, past the ruins of several sugar mills, for the sugar-cane was formerly extensively cultivated in this country, and might be again, the climate being quite hot enough for it. We crossed the stream which turned these mills and rode up the lower slopes of the Djebel-Karantel—the Mountain of Quarantaine, which towered above us in gloomy grandeur. When the ascent became impracticable for horses we left them in the care of the moucre, and climbed on foot the steep, narrow path, which zig-zags upwards to a considerable height, and then gives place to rock-hewn steps by which one scales the face of the almost perpendicular precipice. I grasped firmly the strong hand of Issa and followed in his footsteps, without daring to look at the abyss

yawning below us, until we reached the grottoes with which the face of the mountain is honeycombed, for, in early times, many hermits inhabited this almost inaccessible solitude, in memory of the Temptation of their Divine Master. In the first cavern we reached some Arabs were seated. Ascending another flight of steps we came to the abode of a venerable Greek priest, a gentle, benevolent old man, who conducted us to a grotto still higher up, and said to be the place where our Lord passed forty days in prayer and fasting. It has been transformed into a little Greek chapel, and, though a window piercing the rock has been modernized, traces of very ancient paintings seem to indicate that it was used as a church before the time of the Crusaders. On the summit of the mountain are the ruins of a church built where, tradition says, the devil showed our Lord all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, but the steps being in places broken and worn away, the ascent is very difficult and dangerous.

On returning to the lower grotto the priest said he would show us something curious, and stepping out on a wooden balcony that overhangs the abyss, he whistled. Immediately from the mountain above and from the cliffs around, flocked a multitude of birds, which settled on the railing, on his shoulders, on his arms, and fed from his hand. They were quite fearless, and allowed me to stand close to them. Most of them were about the size of a starling, with glossy black plumage, black heads and beaks, and bright orange wings. Some were of a mottled brown, like a mountain thrush, but with orange wing feathers. The old man fed them with dried figs, which he broke in pieces. He also offered me figs and a little glass of araki. I put it to my lips, in acknowledgment of his hospitality, and then handed it to Issa, who drank it with great relish, as well as one intended for him.

We walked down to the plain and then rode back to the little inn at Jericho. The Turk was gone, so we were more comfortable. We gathered, in the wild, untended garden, delicious ripe bananas, oranges, and sweet lemons. With moderate cultivation this plain would again become an earthly Paradise.

March 8.—We were on horseback at seven. It was a lovely, fresh morning. We forded the Nahr-el-Kelt and passed by the road where our Lord, "as He went out of Jericho," met blind Bartimeus, the son of Timeus, sitting by the way-side, begging.

"What wilt thou that I should do to thee?" "Lord, that I may see." "Go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole." "And immediately he saw, and followed Him in the way." It was our Divine Lord's last journey to Jerusalem. He was going there to suffer. He climbed this steep ascent, stopped perhaps, as we do, to look back once more on the Valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea lying, still and bright as a mirror, at the foot of the mountains of Moab and losing itself, far away, in the haze that ever hangs over its southern extremity like a silver veil. He trod this rugged path on the mountain side, where the precipice descends almost perpendicularly to the abyss, and one hears, rather than sees, the torrent rushing through the deep cleft chasm below. The Apostles were with Him, "astonished and afraid" at what He had told them of His approaching Passion. When we have climbed some more hills, and wound through some more defiles, we shall reach the fountain that bears their name. It is called the Fountain of the Apostles, because, following the Divine Master in His journeys to and fro between Jericho and Jerusalem, they must often have rested here, as we do to-day. Two other parties are stopping to lunch. The horses are tethered and graze contentedly. Bedouins and dragomans stand about in their picturesque costumes, wild looking moures sit or lie around. Issa, with four stones and a little brushwood, makes a fire at which he boils our coffee. It is a bright, animated scene, and the fountain springs and flows just as it did so long ago when the Eternal Son of God, wearied with the hot ascent, stopped to refresh His lips with its cool waters. One can take no step in this land, His country, without finding Him and following in His footsteps.

On another memorable occasion our Divine Lord travelled this way. He was "beyond the Jordan, in the place where John first baptized," when the message came to Him: "He whom Thou lovest is sick," Another steep, rocky ascent and we reach an elevated plateau and the stone where tradition tells us our Lord was seated when Martha, coming from Bethany to meet Him, exclaimed in her anguish: "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." We learn from St. John that "Jesus was still in the place where Martha had met Him," when Mary, hearing of His approach, hastened to cast herself at His feet, weeping, with the same touching appeal, and here, moved by her sorrow, "Jesus wept." There, on the opposite hill is Bethany, surrounded by a fringe of almond trees covered with

their delicate blossoms ; Bethany, beloved abode of Jesus. There He passed the four last nights before His Passion, going each morning to the Temple and returning in the evening to the house of Lazarus and Martha and Mary "whom He loved." There Mary poured the precious ointment on His head ; there she sat at His feet, and heard His word.

We round the Mount of Olives, enter Jerusalem by St. Stephen's Gate, and reach in a few minutes the Austrian Hospice, where we are hospitably received by Father Francis, and installed in our new quarters, bright, sunny rooms, looking across the Via Dolorosa towards the Mosque of Omar. There is still time, after resting a little, to reach the Holy Sepulchre in time for the procession.

Some Intrinsic Evidences of the Gospels' Genuineness.

PART THE FIRST.

IN treating of the genuineness and authenticity of the Gospels, the external or historical argument is more generally used, and greater stress is laid upon it than on any intrinsic tests. This is but reasonable, for such a proof, because of its ease and fitness in determining questions of fact, will commend itself to the intelligence of all. Although this be readily granted, still internal arguments, wherever they can be had, are always of immense value, if only for the reason that they confirm so strongly the testimony of antiquity. But in these days, when everything, however sacred, is unsparingly canvassed, not only in the discourses and writings of the learned, but by all classes, and on almost all occasions; and when many unbelievers are trying to weave round the bright bloom of the Gospels, a very spider-web of doubt and suspicion, there is a special necessity that Catholics generally should have placed before them, some of those evidences of truthfulness drawn from the Sacred Books themselves, before which not only the objections of modern criticism, but even the more apparent difficulties discussed by Scripture harmonists, gradually fade away. This paper proposes to present in a simple way and in a clear light some indications of the genuineness of the Gospels which may be readily handled and easily grasped, and which require neither very learned disquisitions nor an exquisite critical sense—

Truth in closest words shall fail,
When truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors,
Which they may read who bind the sheaf,
Or build the house, or dig the grave,
Or those wild eyes which watch the wave
In roamings round the coral reef.¹

¹ Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

The whole argument will go to show that the Evangelists wrote in the Apostolic age, and not a century later, which, if true, would be sufficient to warrant us in rejecting the Sacred Writings, as being the works of impostors, who represented themselves as eye-witnesses of events which they had never seen. It will be our business to compare the Gospels carefully in many points, with what we learn from the independent testimony of non-Christian writers, who for the most part may be called contemporary, so that the complete agreement of both, and in particular the accuracy of the Evangelists, may become apparent to the reader. Special attention must be given to instances of undesigned coincidence between the Gospels and these writers, especially on points which could hardly be known to persons who lived in the second century, and which are evidently not the result of contrivance, but of veracity. A number of the proofs we shall adduce are not the outcome of the most recent research, but they are not on that account less valuable, rather they are more important, as they have withstood the onset of criticism from every side. Comparatively speaking, there is no period in the whole range of antiquity, whereof we possess a more full and exact knowledge, than we do of the first century of our era. This is principally due to our having the works of the Jewish historian Josephus, and we are helped not a little in the matter by the writings of Philo, and of the Roman historians, as well as from the fact that the minute criticism bestowed upon the Gospels from the first ages of Christianity to the present time, has directed our attention to every casual phrase or word in contemporary writers, which can in any way illustrate the period in which our Saviour and His Apostles lived. It is allowed by most critics² that it is morally impossible for a writer not to betray his fraud, who would palm himself off as belonging to an age much anterior to his own. Peoples, places, customs, and language are ever subject to change, and if it be true that each author has his own peculiar talents and character, which his style discloses, and which he cannot shuffle off, how can he completely transfer himself to another time and put on the genius of another man, so as to describe long-distant events with all their surroundings, just as the person whom he feigns would have described them, as he witnessed them in his own age? To do this he must place himself in an atmosphere

² See on this point Hug's *Introduction to the Gospels*, vol. ii.; and Cardinal Wiseman's *Lectures on Science and Revealed Religion*, vol. ii. Lecture xi.

of thought and action entirely foreign to all his own experience, and then so accommodate himself to this change, as never to betray his own time. This would certainly seem to be above the power of any writer, however gifted he may be. Experience accords with this principle. Such frauds have been detected not so much by any trivial error, as by some gross mistake into which these authors were led by the very nature of their deceit. We may mention a few instances by way of example. The *Life of Apollonius of Tyana*, compiled by Philostratus the philosopher, is a good specimen. It was evidently written as a set-off, or rather as exhibiting something superior to that which Christ's chosen followers had narrated of their Master, and consequently caused no small trouble to Christian apologists. The author tells us that he put his work together from the commentaries of Damis, the friend and companion of Apollonius; but the pretended commentaries are evidently a forgery, for the writer describes Babylon and its greatness most graphically, and makes his hero travel there, at a time when it lay solitary and almost deserted, its splendour being absorbed by Seleucia. Philostratus also confounds the people of Sparta with the Lacedæmonians, as formerly when they constituted one state, and he represents Sparta as a free commonwealth when it was under the Roman dominion. Another instance is the *History of the Jewish War*, published under the name of Hegesippus, who lived in the time of Antoninus and Commodus; yet mention is made in the work of Constantinople, of Scotland, and of Saxony. Our readers will no doubt remember the celebrated disquisition of Bentley on the alleged "Epistle of Phalaris," in which the fraud is so ably exposed.³ Any such error as those we have mentioned is of course sufficient to destroy all faith in the works of a writer.

This principle acquires a higher certainty when applied to the subject in hand. The difficulty of succeeding in such imposition indefinitely increases, if, immediately after the time to which the writer represents himself as belonging, great catastrophes have passed over the land of which he treats, ruined its cities, dispersed its people, and left behind scarce a mark by which to judge of its former state. Now, this is exactly what did happen in Palestine subsequent to the time of

³ To these may be added the spurious letters of Plato and of Chion, which were soon discovered. In more modern times we have *The Sicilian Code of Vella*, *The History of Formosa*, &c.

which the Gospels treat. It began at once to be affected by the many political changes and seditions of the Jews, and the transformation was completed by that awful event, the destruction of the Holy City, which, according to an eye witness,⁴ made Jerusalem and its environs so difficult of recognition that "there was nothing left to make those that came thither believe that they had ever been inhabited." Under Adrian also fifty places of magnitude, and eighty-five villages and hamlets were totally destroyed.⁵ We may judge, then, of the pretensions of a writer in the second century who would describe the land, its people and its customs, as they were in the days of Tiberius. But the Evangelists do this in most exact detail, as we shall presently see, and not with a desire to obtrude such circumstances on our notice, but incidentally, as men would do who were part and parcel of the people then living, and who were perfectly certain of all they wrote.

It may be well to observe here that if slight inconsistencies could be shown to exist in the Gospels, such a fact, even if it should be fatal to their inspiration, would not tell against their genuineness. It would rather confirm it, looking upon the books as merely human works, for it is not in such minute details that men using natural means, are never expected to make a slip. Such severity in criticism would go far to destroy the credit of any writer. No one can doubt that modern histories contain such errors, and they are found amongst even the best works of antiquity.⁶ These minor inaccuracies tend rather to show that the writers were sure of their facts, and had no desire to deceive; for the impostor who has much patching to do, is, from the very fear of detection, most particular in avoiding these faults, whilst he signs his own death-warrant by unconsciously asserting something that is grossly untrue. So much for the groundwork of our reasoning. We shall proceed now to consider the subject in detail. And in the first place, what was the political state of the Jews in the time of Christ? Tacitus tells us that, after the death of Brutus and Cassius, Herod the Great received from Antony power over the Jews, and that later his authority was made regal by a decree of Cæsar

⁴ *Wars of the Jews*, Josephus, B. vii. c. i.

⁵ Dio Xiphilin, *Life of Adrian*.

⁶ There are geographical mistakes in Quintus Curtius, and even Livy adopts in one passage a more modern topography to ancient events, when he speaks of Sinuessa, Præneste, and Arpi, instead of Sinope, Argos-Hippium, and Stephane.

Augustus. *Regnum ab Antonio Herodi datum Cæsar Augustus auxit.*⁷

Although a King, Herod was never independent of Cæsar, but frequently asked leave from him to exercise his authority in special cases. We find him going to Rome himself, or sending his ambassadors to defend him before his lord and master. Thus Josephus⁸ narrates how Herod went with his sons Alexander and Aristobulus to lay a complaint before Cæsar touching their conduct, and how by his order they were reconciled to their father. Following the historian from this point, we collect several facts, all showing the authority which the Emperor exercised over the Jewish monarch. At this very time Augustus left it in Herod's power to appoint one of his sons as his successor, or to divide his kingdom among all his children (as he actually did later by his will); and when Herod was minded to make such a settlement at once, Cæsar declared that he would not allow him to deprive himself during life of the power over his kingdom and his sons.⁹ When afterwards troubles arose between Herod and his offspring, Augustus wrote that "he was grieved for him, and that in case his sons had been guilty of any profane or insolent crimes against him, it would be his duty to punish them as parricides, for which he gave him power." Again, after Herod's war with the Arabs, Augustus wrote to him sharply. The sum of his letter was that, "whereas of old he had used him as his friend, he would now treat him as his subject,"¹⁰ a threat which he carried out by changing the King's will after his death. Herod divided his kingdom among three of the four sons who survived him.¹¹ Herod Antipas, with the title of Tetrarch, was made ruler of the northern province of Galilee, and of Perea to the east of the Jordan. Philip the Second, with the same title, had the north-eastern portion of the kingdom, that is, the districts of Auranitis, Gaulonitis, Trachonitis, Batanea, and Iturea; Archelaus as King was to rule over Judea proper. This was at least one item in which the will was changed by the Emperor. "He appointed Archelaus not indeed to be King of the whole country, but ethnarch of one half of that which had been subject to Herod, and promised to give him the royal dignity if he governed his

⁷ Tacitus, *Hist.* B. v. ch. ix. ; see also Appian, *De Bell. Civ.* 5.

⁸ *Antiq.* B. xvi. ch. iv. sect. 5.

⁹ *Ibid.* B. xvi. ch. ii. sect. 1.

¹⁰ *Antiq.* B. xvi. ch. ix. sect. 3.

¹¹ *Wars of the Jews*, B. i. ch. xxxiii. sect. 8, and B. ii. ch. vi. sect. 3.

part virtuously."¹² This he did not do, for in the tenth year¹³ of his government, "his brethren and subjects not being able to bear his barbarous and tyrannical usage, accused him before Cæsar, who, being very angry, and disdaining to write to him, sent for him to come to Rome at once, where, his cause being heard, he was banished to Vienna in Gaul, all his property was confiscated, and his ethnarchate was reduced to a Roman province."¹⁴ The first governor sent to rule it was Caponius: Pilate was afterwards sent by Tiberius, and his procuratorship lasted from the twelfth to the twenty-second year of that Prince's reign (from A.D. 26 to A.D. 36).¹⁵

How do the incidental allusions to the rulers of Palestine which we find in the Gospels agree with this history? St. Matthew¹⁶ tells us that "Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Juda in the reign of King Herod," and St. Luke¹⁷ says that this Herod was King of Judea, and brings out the fact that he was not independent of the Roman Emperor. For "it came to pass in those days there went out a decree of Cæsar Augustus that the whole world should be enrolled. This enrolling was first made by Cyrenius, the Governor of Syria."¹⁸ Cæsar therefore exercises authority in Herod's kingdom, and his orders are executed by his own officials irrespective of any intervention on the part of the Jewish King. Again: "Herod being dead," says St. Matthew,¹⁹ "Archelaus reigned in Judea in the room of his father," but clearly not over the whole kingdom of his father, for, the Gospel²⁰ adds, Joseph returning from Egypt with the Child and His Mother, "was afraid on account of Archelaus to go into Judea, and being warned in sleep, retired into the parts of Galilee." Therefore Galilee must have had another ruler, hence Herod's kingdom had been divided. Who, then, ruled in Galilee and the other parts? St. Luke²¹ answers: "Herod (Antipas) being Tetrarch of Galilee, and Philip his brother Tetrarch of Iturea," which corresponds perfectly with what we learned from Josephus. According to the Evangelist, these sovereigns were reigning in the fifteenth year of Tiberius.²² This is also certain from the Jewish historian, who says of Herod Antipas that "he was removed by Caligula the successor

¹² *Antiq.* B. xvii. ch. ii. sect. 4, and *Wars*, B. ii. ch. vi. sect. 3.

¹³ *Antiq.* B. xvii. ch. xiii. sect. 2.

¹⁴ *Wars*, B. ii. ch. viii. ch. ix. ch. xii. ch. xiv.

¹⁵ *Antiq.* B. xviii. ch. iii. sect. 2, and ch. iv. sect. 2.

¹⁶ St. Matt. ii. 1.

¹⁷ St. Luke i. 5.

¹⁸ St. Luke ii. 1, 2.

¹⁹ St. Matt. ii. 19-23.

²⁰ *Ibid.*

²¹ St. Luke iii. 1.

²² *Ibid.*

of Tiberius,"²³ and of Philip that "he died in the twentieth year of Tiberius, having governed for thirty-seven years."²⁴ But at this time, as we have seen, Archelaus was in exile, and his ethnarchate was administered by a Roman Procurator; and so St. Luke²⁵ adds, "Pontius Pilate being Governor of Judea." Thus Archelaus is allowed to withdraw from the scene, which corresponds very well with his banishment. Here we see the Evangelist incidentally, and almost unconsciously, treading his way with perfect accuracy, through these complicated political changes. A year or two earlier, and it would have been an error to speak of Pilate as Procurator; a few years later, and it would have been inaccurate to say that Philip was Tetrarch of Iturea.

At the period of which we are treating, the political condition of the Jews was somewhat abnormal. Before the time of Christ, the Sanhedrim, Synedrium, or Great Council, had power to try the gravest causes and to inflict the severest punishments, and we find Herod, when Procurator of Galilee, summoned before it (B.C. 47) on the charge of usurping its authority by condemning people to death.²⁶ Later, the "*Jus Gladii*" was taken from it by the Romans. It was allowed only to try causes of lesser moment and to award minor punishments, such as scourging."²⁷ Josephus²⁸ expressly says that the execution of St. James, which took place during the absence of the Procurator, was an illegal assumption of power on the part of the Sanhedrim. To the Roman official alone belonged the right to judge in capital causes.²⁹ The Council could indeed apprehend such criminals and examine them before witnesses, but this was merely to prepare the case, which was brought at once before the Governor, who re-examined it,³⁰ and if there was sufficient

²³ *Antiq.* B. xvii. ch. viii. sect. 1.

²⁴ *Ibid.* ch. ix. sect. 6.

²⁵ St. Luke iii. 1.

²⁶ Josephus, *Antiq.* B. xiv. ch. ix. sect. 4.

²⁷ Ulpian, B. xii. *De Jurisdictione*; Josephus, *Wars*, B. vi. ch. v. and B. ii. ch. xiv.

²⁸ *Antiq.* B. xx. ch. ix. sect. 1; *Wars*, B. ii. ch. viii. sect. 1. &c.

²⁹ *Wars*, B. ii. ch. x. sect. v. Conf. Philo, *De Legatione ad Caium*. The powers of the Roman Governors generally may be gathered from Ulpian *De Officio Presidis*, B. vi. sect. viii. and B. xiii.; Homerginianus, B. x.; Marcianus, B. ii.; Proculus, B. xii. Compare Ulpian, B. iii. *De Jurisdictione*, and B. vi. *De Officio Proconsulis*, and Papianus, B. i. sect. 1.

³⁰ Marcianus, B. vi. *De Custodia*, cites a letter of the Emperor ordering cases to be re-heard before the Governor. See also Cicero, *Ad Att.* B. v. Ep. xiv. and Ep. *Ad Quintum Fratrem*, B. i. ch. ii. iii.

evidence for a conviction, generally gave judgment according to the Jewish laws.³¹ We can fix very definitely the time at which the power of the Sanhedrim was limited. The Jerusalem Gemara³² places it at forty years before the destruction of the city. This event was accomplished A.D. 70, consequently the former date will be a few years before the death of Christ. At this time also the high priest could be deposed by the Roman procurators or by the kings of Jews, and another put in his place. The first, however, often retained the title and honours of the Pontificate. Thus Valerius Gratus, Pilate's predecessor, made several high priests during the time of his government.³³ Herod the Great and Archelaus acted in the same way.³⁴ Here we have a civil organization of a most unusual kind and intricate in the extreme, embracing as it does the rights and procedure of two very different systems of government. The power and duties of each have to be nicely distinguished, a task so difficult that it seems almost impossible to suppose that a forger of a later age could be foolhardy enough to undertake it; for how could he succeed, when painstaking and intelligent historians like Tacitus and Dio Cassius have failed?³⁵

Let us see how the Evangelists fare in this matter. They tell us that, there were during the time of Christ, two high priests, Annas and Caiphas, the former retaining the title and dignity of the office no less than the latter,³⁶ that the Jews had their Council which planned the death of our Lord, seized Him in the Garden of Olives, and having examined Him before witnesses and thus prepared the case, took Him bound to the Roman Governor that sentence might be passed by him according to their law. There came "a great multitude with swords and clubs sent from the Chief Priests and the Ancients, and they led Him to the High Priest. Now the whole Council sought false witness against Jesus, and they led Him bound to the Governor," saying, "we have a law and according to that law He ought to die." They pronounce our Lord worthy of death, but they do not give the final judgment

³¹ Aulus Gellius, B. xiii. ch. xiii.; Ulpian, B. xii. *De Jurisdictione*.

³² Quoted by Selden, B. ii. ch. xv.

³³ Josephus, *Antiq.* B. xviii. ch. ii. and ch. v. sect. 3; and ch. vi. sect. 3.

³⁴ Josephus, *Antiq.* B. xx. ch. ix. Conf. B. xix. ch. vi. sect. 2; and B. xx. ch. i. sect. 3; also B. xvii. ch. xiii.

³⁵ For details see Rawlinson's *Bampton Lectures*, Lecture vii. note 21.

³⁶ St. Luke iii. 1. The same appears throughout the history of the Passion in the different Gospels.

or carry it into effect. "It is not lawful for us to put any one to death."³⁷ Pilate, who keeps Jewish prisoners in custody, among them Barabbas, appears to act according to the usages of the people. "You have a custom that I should release one unto you at the Pasch."³⁸ He does not, however, appeal to them as judges, but declares that he has the power of life and of death. "Knowest Thou not that I have power to crucify and I have power to release Thee?"³⁹ He gives the case a fresh hearing, asking the Jews what accusation they had against Him. "Pilate, therefore, went out to them and said, What accusation bring you against this man?"⁴⁰ He examines our Lord himself. "Pilate went into the hall again and called Jesus,"⁴¹ and then tells the accusers "I find no cause in Him."⁴² At last he pronounces the unjust sentence. "Then, therefore, he delivered Him . . . to be crucified."⁴³ His soldiers carry it out, as accountable to Pilate alone.⁴⁴ He writes the title, and refuses to change it at the request of the Jews. "Pilate answered: 'What I have written I have written.'"⁴⁵ The Jews ask a guard from the Governor to watch the Sepulchre,⁴⁶ and Joseph of Arimathea begs the Body, not from the Sanhedrim, but from Pilate.⁴⁷ Can we imagine a more exact distinction between the powers of the Jewish magistrates and the representative of the Emperor?

Let us take another point. If we consider the continued subjection of the people of Palestine to the Greeks and Romans, it is only reasonable to suspect that some of the customs and laws of these nations, found their way amongst those of the Jews. This would be especially the case with regard to the usages of Rome, because Palestine was not conquered in the ordinary way, but passed under its dominion with the consent, and by the assistance, of a large portion of the Jews, whence it maintained for a time a kind of half-independence—so much *a priori*. What was the fact? In the first place we find the Greek and Roman currencies in use in Judea. "We have no public money of our own," says Josephus, "but only what belongs to God."⁴⁸ Thereby intimating, that

³⁷ See St. Matt. xxvi. and xxvii.; St. Mark xiv. xv.; St. Luke xxii. xxiii.; St. John xviii. xix.

³⁸ St. John xviii. 39.

³⁹ St. John xix. 10.

⁴⁰ St. John xviii. 29.

⁴¹ St. John xviii. 33.

⁴² St. John xviii. 38; xix. 4; xix. 6.

⁴³ St. John xix. 16.

⁴⁴ St. Matt. xxvii. 27, 28.

⁴⁵ St. John xix. 22.

⁴⁶ St. Matt. xxvii. 64—66.

⁴⁷ St. John xix. 38; St. Matt. xxvii. 58.

⁴⁸ *Antiq.* B. xiv. ch. vii. sect. 2.

with the exception of the money in the treasury of the Temple, the ordinary coin was not of Jewish currency. Now the only occasion in which mention is made of the Jewish money in the Gospels, is in the selling of Christ by Judas, when a payment has to be made from the sacred treasury.⁴⁰ But the Greek money, such as the drachma, didrachma, and stater, and the Roman, the as, denarius, and quadrans, are not unfrequently spoken of. Their uses, too, are most exactly distinguished. The law required various money-dues to be paid to the Temple, more especially the tax imposed on every male Israelite, above the age of twenty, in the shape of the half-shekel annually. This was paid in Greek coin, as we gather from Josephus, who says that after the destruction of Jerusalem, "Cæsar laid a tribute upon the Jews . . . to bring two drachmas every year into the Capitol, as they used to pay the same to the Temple."⁵⁰ And elsewhere⁵¹ the historian tells us, "It is customary for each individual to pay to God the didrachma." And so, when our Saviour and His disciples "were come to Capharnaum," St. Matthew narrates,⁵² "They that received the didrachmas came to Peter and said to him, Doth not your Master pay the didrachma?" Christ knowing what was said, told Peter where he should find a stater, which he was to give for himself and his Master. Now this coin was equal to two didrachmas, or four drachmas, which equalled one shekel, the exact amount required for two persons. Here we have the most perfect accuracy in the smallest trifles. The Evangelist makes no mistake in the sum paid to the Temple, nor does he express himself in vague and general terms, such as would have concealed his ignorance or deceit, but he hits upon the very payment that was made, and the very name that was given to it. Various dues in kind were also exacted for the service of the Temple under particular circumstances, which, when Jews lived at a great distance, were to be changed into their value in money, and brought up in that shape. Now the Jews of the dispersion and the proselytes were liable to these tithes as much

⁴⁰ St. Matt. xxvi. 15.

⁵⁰ Wars, B. vii. ch. vi. sect. 6.

⁵¹ Antiq. B. xviii. ch. x. sect. 1.

⁵² St. Matt. xvii. 24. Notice how Josephus explains the use of the didrachma, while St. Matthew does not. Yet the argument of our Lord which follows, that "the children of Kings are free" (St. Matt. xvii. 24—26), would be quite unintelligible to those who did not know this. Had St. Matthew written after the destruction of Jerusalem, he must have given an explanation.

as those of Judæa, and they were living at this time in almost every city, and certainly in every country of the East.⁵³ Each of these places had its own currency, which could not be received into the sacred treasury. Hence the necessity of dealers in money, in or about the Temple, to break these several coinages into the current one of the sanctuary.⁵⁴ Thus occasion was given to our Saviour to turn these "changers" from the Temple, overthrowing their tables.⁵⁵ We perceive here, too, the consequences of the Roman power, and the influence of its manners, which allowed the "Argentarii" to establish usurious "mensas" by the statues of the gods, or even at the feet of Janus,⁵⁶ "In porticibus Basilicarum," "Pone ædem Castoris." We may observe, likewise, the Roman toleration which allowed no encroachment in the temples or religions of other nations, since Christ, who to them was but a private Jew, maintained unmolested the honour of "His Father's House," which He certainly could not have done in Rome itself. The Evangelists⁵⁷ mention among those driven from the Temple, "sellers of doves and oxen." The Talmud on this point narrates that about this time Bara-Ben-Bota, a person in great favour with the authorities, had established markets in the porticoes of the Temple, where sheep, oxen, and other animals used for sacrifice were sold,⁵⁸ so that the bleating and bellowing of these beasts resounded within the sanctuary itself. As the Jews had no currency of their own, except for sacred purposes, they invariably used for those of common life the coin of the nation under whose sway they lived, for they held, according to a principle quoted in the Talmud, that to be subject to a king and to use his coin, necessarily went together. It is, besides, a matter of history that when under the power of Greece they used the Greek money, a remnant of which appears in the payment of the didrachma, and when, during the time of Christ, they were under the Romans, they also made use of their currency. The Evangelists are most exact upon this point. When Christ asks for the coin in which ordinary tribute was paid, they give Him

⁵³ "Scarce any country of note can be mentioned in which there are not Jewish inhabitants" (Philo, *De Legatione ad Caium*). He is speaking not of the East only, but of the then known world.

⁵⁴ Talmud, *Shekalim*, l. 1, 3.

⁵⁵ St. John ii. 13—22; St. Matt. xxi. 12, 13; St. Mark xi. 15—17.

⁵⁶ Horace, B. i.; Epist. i.

⁵⁷ St. Mark xi. 15; St. John ii. 14, 15.

⁵⁸ "At one time three thousand sheep were gathered in the porticoes" (*Talmud*).

one with Cæsar's inscription, the "denarius" or "penny."⁵⁹ When it is a question of trade, such as the buying of birds, the "dupondius," equal to the sum of two "asses," is mentioned.⁶⁰ Again, in the case of a day's wage, as in the Parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard, the penny, or denarius, is spoken of,⁶¹ which, according to Tacitus,⁶² was the usual price of a day's service at Rome. And so in other instances.

⁵⁹ St. Matt. xxii. 19—21; St. Mark xii. 15, 16.

⁶⁰ St. Luke xii. 6. "Make an agreement with."

⁶¹ St. Matt. xx. 1, 2.

⁶² *Annals*, i. 17.

(To be continued.)

An Englishman's Impressions of America.

NO. VII.—AMERICAN CATHOLICS AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I THINK if I were asked to give an opinion respecting the future of any country, my first inquiry would be respecting the education of the young and the character of the schools in which they are taught. My second question would be about the nature of their popular literature, whether its tone is high or low, whether its tendencies are good or evil. From the teaching imparted at the schools I could arrive at a very probable judgment respecting the after career of those taught in them; from the literature most in demand I could gather the general standard of intelligence and morality prevalent among the young. If there are no special papers and magazines devoted to the instruction and amusement of boys and girls, I should conclude that education had not made much progress, and I should have to look elsewhere for a means of judging respecting the nation's future. If the juvenile literature was pure and healthy, I should have a good hope for generations to come. If, on the other hand, it were sensational and corrupt, I should be compelled to have the worst fears respecting the moral and religious tone to be expected in the future. In the same way, if there is an insufficient supply of schools in comparison to the population, I conclude that education has yet to be developed in the country; if the schools put religious teaching in the forefront, then I feel that the children will grow up faithful to the ancestral faith; if education is secular and religion is banished to Sundays and to home teaching, then I know that the younger generation is growing up to be godless men and women, whose attachment to their religion will be a very feeble one, even if it exists at all.

These principles I am going to apply to the United States. I do not profess to give any exact account of American education in general. I have not a sufficient knowledge of the subject to lay down the law respecting its excellencies and defects. I

am considering it only from one point of view. I am regarding it only so far as it affects religion and morality, and thus influences for good or for evil the history of the nation.

Every one has heard of the Public Schools of America, and Americans are proud of them and regard their system, and with some reason, as the best system of primary education in the world. Most readers of *THE MONTH* are aware that they are utterly different from those large Boarding Schools for the upper class which we call Public Schools in England. They correspond rather to the Board Schools in England, and to the National Schools in Ireland. They are supported out of the public funds. They give to all comers a thorough primary or elementary education. They are all free and there are no extras. The children are provided not only with gratuitous teaching, but with all the necessary *matériel*, with books, pens, ink, paper, compasses, &c. In the public schools rich and poor meet together, the son or daughter of banker, or lawyer, or physician, side by side with the child of labourers and of servants. There is no invidious distinction in free America between class and class, all are treated alike and fare alike. Rags and destitution are practically unknown in the States, and it is impossible not to admire the liberal spirit of equality which thus treats with equal consideration the children of rich and poor, of professional and business men, of those who are divided by a social gulf one from the other.

The teaching in these schools is, as far as I could judge, admirable so far as it goes. It differs considerably from the teaching given at board schools in England. There is more appeal to the senses, more education of eye and hand than in Great Britain. Drawing and modelling are very commonly if not universally taught; appreciation of beauty of form and colour enters more into the training of the children; the industrial and mechanical arts and the physical sciences play a more prominent part among the subjects of instruction. I must say that I think that in this respect American schools are very far in advance of our primary schools. With us the education of the masses is far too exclusively what its very name signifies, an *elementary* education—an education in the elements of literature and the elements of mathematics. It is the education of the higher classes stopping short at a certain point. When a boy or girl has learned what is absolutely essential to success in almost any employment or trade which may be adopted, the only advance

which a longer schooling implies is more literature and more mathematics, Latin, French, Algebra, and Euclid, and the result is that the child who is an advance of the average attainments, instead of being better suited for the work of an artisan or mechanic by a longer education, is filled with a foolish desire for a more genteel employment, and ambitious for the futile dignity of a clerkship, instead of the far more suitable and more remunerative work of a trade. Unfortunately, the occupation of a clerk leads to nothing, gives no opportunity for talent of a high order to develop itself, shuts off the hope of an independent position, does not give a fair chance to activity, energy, and the progressive faculties. But in America, where commerce has a more honourable position than in England, commercial success, and such success as a good workman is likely to attain, is far more the end and object of extra matter beyond the ordinary course than is the case in English schools.

There are, moreover, no Government examinations on which depends the amount of support given to the school. There is an inspector who comes round from time to time to see what the condition of the school is, and there is a leaving examination corresponding to the German *abiturienten-examen*, confined to the children of the first class. But of examinations which extend to the whole school, conducted by an inspector whose verdict determines whether each child shall receive the capitation grant allotted in England to the various Government standards, of these America knows nothing. I am not concerned in the present article with the respective advantages of the two systems, except so far as one or the other is successful in retaining the children at school until a more advanced age, and so more completely moulds their character and influences their future life. Now the school training of American children certainly lasts longer, on the average, than the school training of English children of the lower class, and is therefore a more important element in the life of the nation. For good or for evil the schools of America contribute a larger share than English schools in the formation of youth. I am not prepared with any exact statistics on the subject, but the results of the information I have gathered is that while the pupils of a board school or a national school rarely remain beyond the age of twelve or thirteen, the average is decidedly higher in America, and this in spite of the greater demand for labour and the greater precocity of youth in general intelligence and the capacity for independent action.

Very justly then is the American nation proud of its public school system. They reckon it the very best in the world, and I am not sure that they are wrong, looking at it merely from a material and worldly point of view. They do not attempt to claim the same superiority for their higher education. The work required of a graduate in honours at Harvard or Yale is not at all commensurate with that which is necessary for an equivalent distinction at Oxford or Cambridge. The best boys from Winchester or Rugby have a far better grasp of Greek and Latin than those educated at corresponding American Colleges. But in the training of the masses for practical every-day life, America is, I must confess, considerably in advance of most European nations. The system has been built up slowly and solidly. In some cities, indeed, it attempts too much. The acquirements of a clever girl of thirteen or fourteen, at one of the public schools of Boston, are enough to astonish the most zealous advocate of the higher education of women. It runs the danger of being showy rather than solid in its higher branches. It is accused of unfitting girls for household duties, and giving them a distaste for needlework and cookery and the drudgery required of a working man's wife. There may be some truth in the charge. I am not competent to express a decided opinion. But of this I have no doubt, that, as a system, it has a firm hold on the affections, sympathy, and convictions of the great mass of Americans. They regard it as approaching to an ideal excellence. It is sacred in the eyes of the people at large. No one can mix in the general society of intelligent men without recognizing the fact that it is turned around their hearts, and shares the affectionate devotion which the loyal American bears to the American Constitution and the American flag.

I am of course speaking of the non-Catholic portion of the community, of the various sects of Protestants, of the ever-increasing number of men who profess no dogmatic religion at all. The Catholic American, in spite of his veneration for American institutions and American ideas, must, in virtue of his Catholicity, put aside his love even for what is American, when it clashes with his supreme love for God, for Jesus Christ, for the Catholic Church; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he does not recognize a true but a false and an unreal patriotism in admiring any system, however essentially American, if it be opposed to the supreme law of Him whom to

disobey is to draw down upon the disobedient individual or community or nation a curse instead of a blessing. In the American school system he sees a system at variance with the Divine Law, and which therefore can never bring any solid or substantial benefit to the country, but, on the other hand, will introduce little by little elements of demoralization, decay, and death. Here it is that non-Catholics and Catholics are brought face to face in irreconcilable hostility. It is not that the Catholics object to the public school system for non-Catholics. It would be folly to do so. From a non-Catholic point of view it is perhaps the best thing possible, at all events for some generations to come. It is impossible that those who do not recognize the claims of the Church and the existence of the supernatural law should detect the mischief which must in the end be the necessary result of an education without God and without faith, without any of those safeguards for morality which are the exclusive property of the Christian and the Catholic. It would be unreasonable to expect that a Protestant, an Unitarian, or a Secularist should understand the paramount claim of religion to have a part in the education of the young. The Catholic must be content that non-Catholics should be brought up on that godless system which is the logical alternative of the Church's fostering care. But he is not content, he cannot be content, he must not be content, that his children too should be swept into the vortex, and exposed to what he regards as the ruinous influence of an education without God. Moreover, he is not content, and cannot be content, that he and his fellow-religionists should be taxed for the support of schools which they hate and detest, as inimical alike to religion and morality. He is not content and cannot be content that, while the public schools are supported with almost lavish generosity from the public purse, the denominational schools should be left to the precarious efforts of private charity, and thus placed at an incalculable disadvantage as compared with their secularist rivals. Here it is that there is a complete and an hopeless divergence of view, and despite the sincere desire of non-Catholic Americans to be fair and just to their Catholic fellow-citizens, the result of this divergence is, and seems likely to remain, that Catholic children are unjustly robbed of that Catholic training which is absolutely necessary if they are to grow up earnest and faithful children of Holy Church. It is not that Catholic children are forced into the public schools. They are perfectly free to attend Catholic

schools where such exist, and where the Government regulations are complied with. But the Catholic schools are at such a terrible disadvantage that, as a matter of fact, a large proportion of Catholic children are educated at public schools. I will briefly recite the reasons why this is necessarily the case.

There is a general principle from the influence of which no mortal man is free, and which makes an American citizen naturally and necessarily incline to the public schools as the place of education for his children. The fact that he is taxed for the support of these schools in order that his children may have a free education, gives him not only a right to make use of the gratuitous instruction afforded there, but a strong interest in doing so. He has paid for the schooling of his children when the tax-gatherer came round, and was compelled by law to do so. If he has the happiness of living in Boston, he knows that the average expenditure by the State Legislature for the education of each child at the public schools of Massachusetts is thirteen dollars twenty-one cents. If his place of residence is San Francisco, he knows that it is twenty-one dollars fifty-five cents., and in other States it is still more. A certain percentage of the millions of dollars expended on education comes out of his pocket, and he naturally desires to recoup himself for the money he has paid. The gratuitous instruction of his half-dozen children represents in Massachusetts some eighty dollars, in California some one hundred and thirty dollars annually. By sending his children to the public schools he has his money's worth for the compulsory taxation to which the liberal, if not the lavish, school expenditure has largely contributed.

These non-sectarian and secular State schools have an enormous advantage in many other ways over the private and denominational and Catholic schools. It is but human nature to be more generous in spending money which flows in of itself from the pockets of the public by legal enactment, than money which we ourselves have to collect year by year, often painfully and with difficulty, from the charity of individuals. Even supposing that the funds collected in each case are the same in any given year, yet the knowledge that an almost imperceptible addition to the State taxation will enable me to build a new school, or to provide the scholars with additional teachers, makes me very generous in introducing any improvement which my position enables me to suggest or to carry out. If a new classroom can be built by means of a representation to the education

department, I am not slow to represent the need. Those who have the control of the money know my laudable desire for the efficiency of the school in which I am interested, and make the grant without any hesitation, at my request. But if I am a priest and the new school means that I shall have to appeal to my congregation for funds, if I shall have to go round begging for more money, if I can only carry out the improvement required by an amount of personal exertion which is necessarily painful to myself, and which can attain its end only by an unfair strain on the generosity of those who have already been generous in the extreme, I am very slow in undertaking the work unless it be absolutely necessary.

In the daily expenditure it is just the same. At the public schools everything is gratuitous, and liberally gratuitous. Books are gratuitous, pens, ink, and paper are gratuitous, mathematical instruments are gratuitous. Not a cent has any parent to contribute to the various materials necessary for education. Everything is supplied from the State funds without stint or limit. But in a Catholic school the managers are often compelled, in these matters of personal expenditure, to require that books and pencils, pens, ink, and paper should be provided by the scholars themselves. The contrast between the liberal policy of the public school and the necessary economy of its denominational rival, tells very much in the eyes alike of children and of their parents, to the disadvantage of the latter.

I fear too that it cannot be denied that in many American cities the teaching of the public schools is better of its kind than that of any school founded by private charity. This is far from being always the case. I could mention Catholic schools in New York, Boston, Providence, Chicago, and other cities which are quite up to the average of the best public schools. But this cannot possibly be the case everywhere. A public school, with its magnificent building, its generous supply of public money, its teachers highly paid and chosen from the best pupils of normal schools and training colleges, starts with an enormous advantage. It has the superiority of numbers, of wealth, of social position. It has the certainty of never wanting for funds under any possible circumstances. It has the prestige of public authority at its back. The fact that it is a Government school gives its teachers a position that the teachers at a private school can never hope to attain. It numbers among its pupils the highest as well as the lowest, the sons or daughters of judges,

doctors, and lawyers, as well as of the mechanic and the artisan. It has everything in its favour as compared with the Catholic school. The numbers attending the latter are as a rule comparatively few, or at all events very much in a minority as compared with the flourishing public school hard by. The money for its support is collected only by the self-denying exertions of men who have their hands already full of other duties. The teachers cannot be paid at the same high rate as those at the public school, and lower pay means in general a lower degree of efficiency. The children all, or almost all, belong to the lower, not to say the lowest class, and though they are bright and intelligent, yet the absence of the refining element of those belonging to a higher social position is a decided disadvantage. Parents who are ambitious for their children's success in life, find out all this, and too often withdraw their children from the Catholic school in consequence. If the parents take no steps in the matter, the smart, precocious young American finds out for himself at a very early age where there is the highest standard of practical education, and one morning greets his mother with the remark that he does not "feel like" going to the Catholic school any longer; and those who are acquainted with the relations between parents and children in the States know too well that the mother has a poor chance of winning the day if the boy has set his mind on a change.¹

Another influence which tells in favour of the public schools is a general impression prevailing among the lower class of Government officials that they are expected, if not required, to send their children to the Government schools. In New York, for instance, a large number of the police are Irish, and I was told that nearly all of their children attend the public schools on account of the fear entertained by their parents that to send them elsewhere will act to their own disadvantage with the authorities. I believe the idea is a mistaken one, but it prevails nevertheless, and possibly here and there has some foundation

¹ A little boy of nine years old presented himself not long since at a large Catholic college in one of the American cities, and asked for the Prefect of Studies. When that official presented himself, the child informed him that he intended to study the Latin language, and would like to see the prospectus of the course of studies pursued at the college. It was handed to him with such explanations as were possible to such a youngster. He sat and read it for some time with a critical eye, and then quietly gave it back with the remark, "Don't feel like coming to your college. Good morning, sir," and off he went.

in fact. At all events, it adds to the prejudice against Catholic schools in many of the big cities.

All this tells against Catholic schools with almost fatal effect. But there is another point of disadvantage which I have not yet stated explicitly, and which is the centre of all the rest. Catholics are as a rule less wealthy than any other class in the States, and therefore need educational assistance for their children more than the rest. The average American could well afford to pay for the schooling of his children and to contribute towards the education of the poor besides. But the average American is a Protestant or Freethinker, and his children are well provided for in every respect according to his notions of sound education. But the Catholic American, if any, has need of State help for the training of his children. In the eastern cities, especially in New York and Boston and the other cities lying along the coast, the city arabs, the waifs and strays, are almost all the children of recent immigrants from Ireland or Germany. But instead of the Catholic population receiving any assistance for the Catholic education of their children, they are first of all compelled to pay the ordinary tax for providing secular and State education, which, however excellently suited to the wants of the population at large, is decidedly in advance of the requirements of the working class. After this they are taxed a second time for the support of Catholic schools, if their children are to receive a Catholic education. They are compelled to support the magnificent public school with its splendid buildings, well-paid teachers, attractive and ambitious programme, and its crowd of children belonging to the upper and middle as well as to the lower class, and then in addition to this they are asked to support out of their private purses the rival school which is set up to counteract its influence and neutralize its power of evil. This rival school has none of the external splendour and attractiveness of its secular competitor. It is a private, not a public school, and this very fact puts it at a disadvantage. In secular matters its standard of excellence is often quite inferior to that of its State-supported neighbour. It is not able to secure the services of the most efficient even of the Catholic teachers, on account of the higher salary that the public school is able to offer. The children are in many places comparatively few. They belong to a poorer class than those at the public school. The school is thus handicapped all round, and labours under a combined series of disadvantages against which the struggle seems almost hopeless one.

Yet there are Catholic schools, and those not a few, in the large cities of the States, which maintain a standard of high efficiency, and are not only formidable rivals of the public schools, but simply empty them of the Catholic children. In one of the parishes of Providence there is a splendid school for girls, which swept clear the public school, and if I remember right, led to its being closed altogether. The school in Fourteenth Street, New York, of which I spoke in a former article, has drawn into itself all the Catholic children of the neighbourhood except a dozen or so, and the zealous pastor of the parish has the happy consciousness that the souls of the children committed to his charge are almost without exception saved from the manifold dangers of godless education. A single parish in Chicago has over four thousand children in the parish schools. But these splendid results were attained only at the cost of an heroic energy and devotion, and imply, moreover, a power of organization and of raising large sums of money which can scarcely be expected of ordinary men. The question which we have to consider is whether, if we take the ordinary average of Catholic priests and Catholic laymen, we can fairly hope for the activity and zeal and wisdom necessary for placing the Catholic schools on so secure a footing that Catholics generally may be induced to desert for their secure shelter the manifold dangers of the public schools.

As a matter of fact, I believe that a majority of Catholic children in America at the present time attend public schools. There are many places where there are no Catholic schools within a convenient distance; there are others where the general opinion is in favour of the superiority of the teaching of the public schools. There are some where the poverty of the Catholic Church and the straitened means of its pastor make it impossible for him to incur the expense of building and supporting a Catholic school. Sometimes the pastor is himself, by some curious eccentricity of opinion, well inclined to the public school system, or at all events does not sufficiently appreciate its dangers to care to bestir himself very vigorously in opposition. In the public schools many of the teachers, especially the female teachers, are Catholics, and this affords a pretext to Catholic parents to send their children there. In some cities there is the prevalent impression that the social status of the children at the public schools is far higher than at the Catholic schools. These and other reasons mentioned above

have been so prejudicial to Catholic education in America, that one is inclined to ask whether there is any hope of the coming generation being trained in the principles of the Faith, or whether we must face the deteriorating influences which always accompany the resort of Catholic children to schools where no religion is taught, or where there is taught an "unsectarian religion," a mere feeble Deism, on the whole almost worse than no religion at all.

I need not remind my Catholic readers of the fatal effects on the interests of Catholicity which will infallibly result in the course of two or three generations, if the public schools swallow up our Catholic children in America. I tremble when I contemplate the unequal struggle, and when I remember that, in the natural course of things, the children educated at the public schools will grow up weak in faith, ignorant of their religion, unable to face the objections of the infidel, careless about the sacraments, unarmed against the manifold dangers that they must encounter in a Protestant country. It is a mere mockery to say that the parents ought to teach them their religion at their homes. What can be more absurd than to expect the mechanic or artisan to be the religious instructor of his little children when he comes home worn out by his day's labour? What can be more ridiculous than to expect their mother to undertake an office for which she has neither the time nor the talent? Even if the parents had the leisure, they would not have the necessary knowledge, and sometimes are on other grounds utterly incompetent for the task. At the Sunday school, even if the children can be persuaded to attend with regularity, comparatively little can be done. Faith is a delicate plant, and needs to be nourished day by day with unceasing care. You might as well expect a young child to be healthy and strong who was starved all the week through and had one hearty meal on Sundays.

But the poor children at the public schools are not merely starved all the week, but are unfortunately fed on poison or something very like it. There is no alternative in education between honouring God and dishonouring Him, between a religious and an irreligious education. A non-religious education is a contradiction in terms. Non-religious *instruction* is possible in many subjects, but instruction is not education. Education implies the training of the heart as well as of the head, of the will as well as of the intellect. Education can only proceed on a certain

definite basis—it must appeal either to mere natural or to supernatural motives—it must have a consistent theory if it is to be more than a jumble of truth and error, which is ineffectual because self-contradictory. It must either train the child with a view to this world or to the next—it must urge him to well-doing either on the inferior and baser motives of interest or necessity, or else on the nobler motives of love for God, of gratitude to Him, of reverential fear of His judgments, of all those sacred truths to which Christianity appeals with Divine persuasiveness. It cannot be indifferent to God, to the Divine law, to revealed religion, without teaching the child to despise that which ought to be the object of its intensest love and deepest reverence, and most absolute and lowly submission. In some subjects even instruction cannot be impartial. "He that is not with Me is against Me." In history it is impossible not to give a bias to the mind of a child one way or the other. Last autumn an order was sent to all the teachers in the schools of Rhode Island to say something about Martin Luther's tercentenary, about his greatness, his influence on the history of Europe, his work of enlightening mankind. It was impossible to do this consistently with a Catholic's conviction that Luther was a monster. A Catholic teacher indeed might, by a little ingenuity, paint Luther in his true light while nominally obeying the order given, but what must have been the effect on the Catholic children who heard the praises of Luther openly sung by their Protestant teacher? In imparting a knowledge of physical science, geology, &c., there are countless opportunities for shooting an arrow of scepticism into the childish mind if the teacher is inclined to do so. And if any moral teaching is to form part of the lessons taught, if any religion is to enter into the course of instruction given, how is this possible where neither teacher or taught are to admit any dogmatic religion or any ultimate basis of morality as exclusively true?

As a matter of fact no religious instruction worth the name is even attempted at the public schools. The superintendent of the New York schools has lately expressed his opinion that "the right of religious equality, guaranteed to all the people of the State, forbids the introduction of subjects on which the people of the State are divided," and consequently that there is no place for instruction in the system of which he has the administration. On this the Philadelphia *American* pertinently remarks that if the State is debarred from introducing the most

important of all topics and the most effective of all motives in the training of the young, then that training must devolve on some other body than the State.

The question at issue is whether there is any hope of the Church in America being sufficiently strong in the course of the next hundred years to take the education of her children out of the godless hands of the State. I have stated the difficulties which lie in the way, but I must not conclude without stating also the grounds of hope. But before doing so I must add one other source of danger over and above the public schools which threatens the faith of Catholic children in the United States.

Americans are proverbially generous, and scarcely a year passes without large sums of money being left for educational or other charitable purposes. A majority of the donors are men of wealth, who either have no religion at all, or that sort of religion which is called unsectarian. The result of this is the existence of a number of colleges and schools, refuges and homes, where religious teaching is practically non-existent. Thus in the magnificent and richly-endowed Girard College in Philadelphia there are the strictest enactments forbidding any definite religious instruction being given to the inmates. No minister of religion is even allowed to enter its precincts.² The poor boys educated there, twelve hundred in number, grow up in simple paganism. The morality of such a school can scarcely be anything but pagan or worse than pagan. The saddest part of it is that nearly half the inmates are the children of Catholic parents.

There is in New York a reformatory for poor children, the City Refuge, where a similar state of things exists. It is not so utterly godless as Girard College, but the practical results are the same. It is in the hands of a Board of Managers, receives a grant from the State, and is partly supported by voluntary contributions. More than half the children are Catholics. Yet no Catholic priest visits it and his ministrations are allowed only in the case of dangerous sickness. It does not profess to be absolutely secular. It boasts a Chaplain, who informs the public that he "endeavours to present to the children only the great

² A story is told of a visitor presenting himself at the gate whose dress led the porter to take him for some sort of clergyman or minister. "Very sorry, sir, but no gentlemen of your profession are admitted to this College." The stranger lost his temper. "What the — do you mean?" was his angry rejoinder. The gate was at once thrown open, and the porter respectfully touched his cap. "Oh, excuse me, sir, I quite thought you were a minister of religion."

cardinal truths which are held in common by all religious denominations," by Episcopalians, Methodists, Unitarians, Jews, Deists, Swedenborgians, everything. The official report states the general character of the religious teaching imparted—

On Sundays the children attend services at chapel. Clergymen, of all Christian denominations, are welcomed by the managers, and while every effort is used to render the services simple, attractive, and impressive, no preference among religious doctrines is permitted. The children, in sickness, are attended by such clergymen as they desire. The Board of Managers, containing representatives of every Christian denomination, follows the example set by its predecessors, in carefully excluding any sectarian bias from the influences prevailing in the house. Their conscientious practice in this respect follows their fixed conviction that only complete religious freedom expresses the spirit of the law which confides to them the control of this charitable trust.

I mention this because it is a sample of the injustice which even in a free country like America, Catholics have to suffer under the name of religious liberty. I mention it, too, as a sample of the perils which beset American Catholicity. Of the hundreds of young Catholics who pass through the New York refuge, how many will retain their faith, to say nothing of their morals? When they become fathers and mothers is it likely that they will hand on to their children even the remnants of the religion which they were taught to regard as of no account in the unsectarian atmosphere of that home of liberty of conscience falsely so called? If on the one side of the Atlantic and in Canada Protestant bigotry manifests itself under the form of an aggressive Protestantism, on the other it assumes the still more dangerous form of utter godlessness veiling itself under the form of unsectarian religion.

But are we to give up as hopeless the task of a Catholic school system rivalling with success the now dominant system of the public schools? I hope by the mercy of God that the danger may be averted, though I cannot help mingling my hopes and prayers with many trembling apprehensions and fears. There are several hopeful signs, and though God only knows whether they point to a final triumph, yet they afford good reason for confidence and increased endeavours on the part of those who are fighting the battle of God in the field of education.

The growth of the organization of the Church within the

last fifty years is so magnificent that if the same onward march continues for half a century more, we may look for Catholic schools in every town throughout the States.

Hitherto, or at all events until the last few years, the growth of Catholicity in America has been in the teeth of the most depressing influences. Churches have been quite insufficient to the numbers of the people, priests and bishops more insufficient still, convents few and far between. All this has told on the education of children more than on any other work of the Church. It was the delicate young plants whose moral and religious health and strength were nipped by the chilling influences of the dominant Protestantism. The Church naturally came first and the school afterwards. The zealous pastor had enough and more than enough to do to keep together his flock, and to give such instruction as he could to the children in the Sunday afternoon catechism. It is no easy task in a struggling mission to undertake the building of a parish school with the State school hard by and already in possession. It required no ordinary courage to face the difficulties which such an enterprise involved. Zeal had to be tempered with prudence; funds had to be provided and the future expenses to be looked forward to.

But now, although in many a parish there is still the same difficulty, yet the task is a comparatively easy one in the large cities. There are laymen who have attained to wealth and influence, who are able and ready to help. There are Christian Brothers and Nuns of every kind ready to give their pious services when the school is built. Catholicity is every day more flourishing in the States, and I think its prosperity will tell more on the work of education than in any other direction. Besides this, the various sects, frightened at the progress of scepticism, conscious in their secret hearts that the Catholic Church affords a security for religious training that cannot be had elsewhere, are beginning more and more to cry out in favour of denominational and religious schools. This is especially the case with the Presbyterians and Episcopalians, both of them flourishing religious bodies. The necessity of eliminating *all* religious teaching from the public schools is beginning to alarm them, and I doubt whether the manifesto of General Grant against denominational education would find the same general favour now as it did when it was issued. In the coming struggle for the Presidentship, in which the Catholic vote seems likely to play a more prominent part than it ever did before, the claims

of religious education will, I hope, be recognized as an element in the contest. I hope we may soon witness a repetition of the application made some years back, though unsuccessfully, to the Government of the State of New York, for a grant in aid of voluntary schools. The present system which excludes all voluntary schools from any share in the public money is a flagrant violation of justice which I can scarcely understand in the freest country in the world.

I can understand that a certain standard of efficiency and compliance with Government regulations would be required, and justly required, as the condition of Government aid, but the almost prodigal expenditure on the godless public schools, side by side with the absolute refusal to give a cent in aid of denominational schools, can only be accounted for by the absolute incapacity of those who have not the Faith to understand its value or its preciousness in the sight of those who have the happiness to possess it. There is no Protestant country in the world where there is so complete a religious equality as in America, save only in respect of this method of education.

The fact is that the Americans worship their Public Schools with a devotion approaching to idolatry. They will discover one day that the false deity is ruining the bodies and the souls of their children, by the corruption of morals and the decay of faith, which their educational Moloch actively promotes. It is impossible to fix any time when we may expect that Catholics will be strong enough to wrest from those in authority a juster and fairer treatment. But I believe that sooner or later they will succeed in doing so. Meantime the Catholic schools must struggle on in the teeth of opposition, and of the difficulties which beset them, and we can only hope and pray that little by little they will prevail against the godless foe.

Breakspere.

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE battle of Custoza had, as we have seen, influenced the plans of other personages in our story besides those who bore a part in the conflict itself. Not only was the Marchioness Pescara induced to leave the shores of Lake Garda, but Mr. Parr was decided to abandon the tour in Italy, which at its outset had proved so adventurous, and yielding to his wife's alarmed entreaties, to turn his steps northwards on taking leave of his courteous hosts at Villa Pescara. Whilst lingering in Paris he received letters containing certain financial news which disquieted him not a little, and obliged him to hasten the return of his party to England, where we shall find them again some time later, if we ascend the lofty flight of steps leading to the imposing portal of Premium House.

Mr. Parr is in the library waiting for Beatrice, whom he has just sent for. He looks grave and anxious, and when Beatrice comes in he motions her to sit down without a word. Poor girl, she augured no good from this summons to speak with her father, and entered with a downcast and almost timid air. Mr. Parr drew a chair near her and began. He was very fond and very proud of his daughter—perhaps more proud than fond—but his mind was too full of care and ambitious schemes to note her pallor and dejection.

"I want to speak to you, my dear, on very important business."

She knew too well its import.

"You are aware that our fortune is very large,"—this was uttered in a pompous tone—"and that money is a power, a great power."

She knew it was slavery sometimes, but she did not say so.

"It is a duty not only to accumulate it, but also to add to this power in every honourable way."

The bank oracle was silent to leave time for his words to produce effect.

"To this end, my love, I have always considered it right that you should be guided by prudential and honourable motives in forming a matrimonial alliance." Another pause. "You see, my love, it is our duty to build up our house into the highest walks. We may aspire to almost any position, to unbounded landed influence, to a seat in the Cabinet, to the peerage, for gold in our day unlocks everything, and now we have a chance of doubling our property and of attaining the highest position; you are the instrument that can effect all this. But you can do more," he laid his heavy hand on her's, "you can be of still greater use because just now there is a very severe strain upon me and this alliance with Sir Walter would give me time to recover, and thus avoid disaster and prevent any public exposure."

She sat motionless and speechless by his side. He did not seem to seek an answer and went on with his lecture.

"But you have no sacrifice to make, no cherished wish or whim to put aside—the reverse of all this—you can gratify a young lady's fondest hopes and pride, and can also save the honour of our name. You will have a handsome husband devoted to you, a man of wealth and position, and I what I have longed for, a son who will relieve me from cares almost too burdensome for me."

Her face was very pale as she said: "I never wished to marry."

"Pooh! pooh! I know all your little fancies," he said, attempting to pat her on the head, like a spoiled child; "you had a notion that all young men sought you for your money—a very good argument in its way—and Lady Mary stuffed your head with nonsense about romance and chivalry and unselfish love, and all that sort of thing. But take an experienced man's view of life, and believe me there is no such thing as chivalry and unselfish love. Self in some refined or grosser form, is at the bottom of all our actions, and Bentham's is the true philosophy. I verily believe our young friend, Sir Walter, is as unselfish as human nature can be. Why, didn't he save your life at the risk of his own? And now again his large means, which would command the hand of almost any girl in England, he still lays at your feet."

"O papa, you know I care not for fortune, and do not for my sake regret any loss you may have had."

"Now this is nonsense, Beatrice, the pettishness of a wayward child. It is my duty to insist upon this step. Why gratitude alone to him——"

"Would that have moved you papa, when he had not any fortune?"

"I have not time to argue, foolish child. I am a practical man, and I tell you it is a capital match and I insist."

"O papa! give me a little respite. Let me go down for a month to 'The Cottage.'"

"What, to Hinchinbrook! to be tutored into disobedience by that antiquated old spinster? That is likely. No, you must make up your mind to marry him, and that immediately. In short I want money."

"Oh, dear father! let me stay at home a little longer," she clasped her hands as she uttered this entreaty.

"My child, you know how dear you are to me, but would you have me ruined for your whims? Rather than have myself and you all disgraced I would blow my brains out."

"Then do as you will with me, Father," Beatrice almost gasped out. She looked so pale that he thought she was going to faint, and a pang shot across the proud man's heart, as he thought perhaps after all he was sacrificing his darling's whole future to the golden image he had worshipped with a lifelong devotion. But he speedily shook off such unpractical weakness, and kissing Beatrice, dismissed her for the present. Yes, it was evident that Bentham was right; in the humanity of his world there is no other motive beside self.

In the meanwhile two elderly ladies are sitting in Mrs. Parr's morning room, which is overloaded like the rest of the mansion with gilding and bad taste. One of these ladies is fat, ruddy, and self-complacent, the other thin, pale, and intelligent-looking. They are contrasts in appearance, and only marriage connections.

"Upon what do you ground your evident dislike to this young man?" asked Mrs. Parr, bluntly.

"Does she love him?" rejoined Lady Mary Hinchinbrook, who was sister to the first Mrs. Parr, keenly glancing at her interlocutor over her knitting.

"How could she not love him, when he saved her life at the risk of his own?"

"And you believe he did?" The old gentlewoman seemed very incredulous.

"There is no possibility to doubt it. Besides is it not ungenerous to dislike this young man without reason, and I must say you have none? I think *you* ought to feel the value of a wealthy connection."

A flush came over Lady Mary's face. "At least you will acknowledge, Mrs. Parr," she rejoined, "that if my own income is very small, I have never been a burden on those who are richer than myself, or sought to connect myself with them from mercenary motives."

"For my part," continued Mrs. Parr, without heeding the remark, "I think Beatrice is a most lucky girl. Here she is sole heiress of the house of Parr, and instead of her money being thrown away to patch up some broken fortune, as is so often the case now-a-days, she is going to double the property by marrying the most rising young man of the day, who has just inherited a colossal fortune from his uncle, Mr. Samuel Breakspere, himself received the honour of knighthood, and is now about to enter Parliament. In fact with his talent and wealth he may aspire to anything."

The aristocratic lady drew herself up, and there was a slight curl of scorn on her lip as she replied:

"The privilege and honour is certainly great, to be wedded to this very knightly gentleman."

"Why you are always extolling those times of knighthood," retorted Mrs. Parr, nettled by the tone of superiority the other assumed.

"Yes, indeed, I do stand up for real knighthood, but not the cheap titles so liberally bestowed in the present time. The knights I value were men, not shams, their treasure was their honour and not their money bags, they esteemed women for what they were in themselves, and not from sordid and interested motives; they strove to shine and win their way by valour and by virtue, not by tricks of trade and strokes of smartness, and those, too, not always of the most creditable kind."

"Well, madam," said Mrs. Parr, "rising and speaking in a ruffled tone, "we all know you can be very rude."

Lady Mary gave her head a sorrowful shake. "I am old and old-fashioned," she said, "and shall soon return to my country home. It is of my poor niece I think, of whom you will make a victim—she is doomed to be unhappy."

"I have no such anticipation, and I must request you will not do so very wrong as to put these ideas into her head. It is by her father's wish this marriage is concluded."

"Well, as all these arrangements have been made without consulting me, her mother's sister, I hope it will be for her happiness; but if I had been allowed a voice in the matter, I should have wished the engagement to be deferred till Beatrice was quite assured that it would be for her happiness, and had become rather better acquainted with the character of this Sir Walter Cummins. You know there is an old saying: Marry in haste and repent at your leisure."

"This cannot be termed a hasty marriage, Lady Mary," retorted Mrs. Parr, with all the dignity she was capable of assuming; "it is advantageous in every respect, in *every* respect, though I am aware you have had no part in bringing it about."

Here Beatrice entered, and Mrs. Parr bustled out of the room in what she herself would have termed a "huff."

Lady Mary pressed Beatrice in her arms. "My sweet child, you don't look well, London air and London hours kill the roses in your cheeks."

A sigh was the girl's only answer.

"Would you like to come to me for a little quiet and change?"

"Like it? I should indeed, dear aunt, above all things. You know how fond I am of the country, and how I hate all the artifice and pretension of everything here. What a miserable thing it is to be an heiress!"

"You are your mother's child, after all, dear Beatrice, and I daresay the friends you met with abroad taught you that there are distinctions more to be coveted than those of mere wealth. But now tell me about your present prospects, and this marriage upon which your parents seem to have set their heart."

"You know, aunt, that Walter preserved my life, so that I owe him a debt of gratitude to begin with. Then my father has always encouraged him very much . . . and I really have no definite reason for refusing to marry him."

"Except that you feel no possible affection for the man to whom you are going to entrust the happiness of your life, is not that it, Beatrice?"

"He has always seemed very fond of me, and anxious to secure my hand—and I know nothing against him."

"Is he quite in earnest?" pursued her aunt; "I always

thought there was something false about him, so different to that other son of Mr. Breakspere, though people did say he broke his poor father's heart by his disgraceful doings."

Beatrice turned scarlet, and looked out of the window. But she controlled her voice as she replied :

"I am young, dear aunt, and my penetration may be at fault, but he is apparently thoroughly sincere and attached to me."

"Is it not perhaps to your fortune or prospects?"

"I too, thought so once, and classed him with the multitude of mercenary men, who play with the holiest affections and ties as they play with stocks and funds. He was then poor, but since he has risen to fortune and position the case is changed ; I think, yes, I think, I can trust him."

"You only *think*? Does this promise the confidence and affection there ought to be between husband and wife?"

"No, it is not enough, but there is something more. I love my father." . . .

"And he loves you, child, fondly, and would never let you throw yourself away."

"Never! Nor would I let him sink into disgrace, if my life would save him. I must tell you my father is in a measure compromised, and his name and credit depend upon my marriage not being deferred."

Some minutes elapsed before either spoke. At length the elder lady, opening her arms, said, fondly: "Beatrice, you did not tell me this before."

The poor child threw herself into her aunt's arms and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. Presently she looked up, and smiled through her tears: "I cannot tell you more," she said, "many motives compel me to yield to my father's wish. Besides, have not you yourself taught me that there are higher and better things than earthly prosperity and mere enjoyment; that true happiness is found in self-sacrifice, and real peace in the path of duty?"

Lady Mary was very much astonished at what she heard. Could this be Beatrice, over whom she had often wept as being heartless and worldly, as having imbibed the arrogance of her father, the vulgar pride of her step-mother? Where had she learnt sentiments so superior, views so virtuous? And was it possible that the fortunes of the city magnate, whose wealth seemed unbounded, were really in so precarious a position?

Ere she could speak again, Mr. Parr entered the room. His expression was careworn, she thought, but he assumed an air of joviality as he advanced to shake hands. "Well, aunt, you have heard all the news, eh?" he asked. "You must come and help this young lady to choose her trousseau. Everything of the very best money can purchase, you know. Beatrice, Sir Walter is coming to take you out riding, the horses will be round directly, so run and put on your habit."

Lady Mary had risen to take leave, and Mr. Parr followed her to the door, speaking in a semi-whisper, intended to be confidential: "Very excellent match this," he said, "most satisfactory in every way. Capital thing for my girl, Sir Walter has just come into a fine fortune. Quite the gentleman he is too, and a most respectable, well-principled young man, not like that half-brother of his, the young scamp we saw tricked out in Austrian togger, worse luck to him. He got me out of a sorry fix, so I was bound to hold my tongue, else I could have asked him a few questions he might have found it awkward to answer. But he got his deserts, I hear, in the battle of Custozza. You won't stay to lunch? Well, good-bye."

Beatrice was going upstairs, and she caught the last words. Her heart seemed to stand still, as she thought of the handsome, gallant, young soldier, who had looked at her with such pleading eyes, and borne her repulses with such generous patience, laid low amongst the dead and dying. Was it, could it be true? She would write to Gertrude von Stahremberg, and learn if it were really so. And as she rode in the Park her thoughts wandered back to that evening at the Villa, when Christopher and Max had ridden away to the battle, and she had been so cold and unkind. Bitterly she regretted her foolish pride. "Is it possible," she asked herself, "that one so frank, so manly, so affectionate, could have been so wicked, could have robbed his own father?" Then, as she turned to the accepted lover at her side, she noticed a look of sinister cunning in his dark eyes that she had never observed before, and involuntarily she drew a mental contrast between him and his half-brother, not wholly, we fear, to the advantage of her affianced husband.

Although that affianced husband enjoyed the favour of fortune to the full, the success of his schemes did not seem to sweeten his temper. When he went home to dinner that evening, he was in no very pleasant mood, and though he laughed and joked with some city gentlemen who of late had

been frequent and willing guests at his well-spread table, yet when they were gone, and he went upstairs to his drawing-room where his mother, Mrs. Breakspere, was sitting, his countenance wore an ominous frown.

Mrs. Breakspere now occupied a grand house in one of the most fashionable squares in London, having left the suburban villa which Mr. Breakspere had purchased, immediately upon the accession of wealth which had come to her son through Mr. Samuel Breakspere's death. This fortune, as she continually reminded Walter, would never have been his had not she married the brother of the millionaire, and therefore she insisted on sharing the advantages that fortune procured. Besides, had not she suggested to Walter how he might supplant Christopher, and craftily obtain the inheritance destined for him? Had she not consented—for Walter's sake—that her husband should be temporarily immured within the gloomy walls of Crazybank? Had she not endured a martyrdom of alarm and anxiety when she heard that asylum was burnt down? Had she not, solely to please her son, abandoned her favourite preachers at the Tabernacle, in order to attend Matins and Evensong at a Ritualistic church? Could maternal love do more? And was this devotion to be rewarded with cross looks and disdainful words?

"You are flushed to-night, Walter," she said, "how hot you look!"

"Oh, do I? I suppose I am a blushing bridegroom, flushed with success."

"Is all settled at Premium House, then? I am so glad. Beatrice is a sweet girl."

"I have had sweet news to-day. That villain Fuggles has been at the office, threatening me with exposure. He says Mr. Breakspere was not at Crazybank at the time of the fire; I believe he got him out himself, and has him in hiding somewhere in Clapham. Devilish unpleasant for me! It all comes of your obstinacy in not letting me send Mr. Breakspere out of the country."

"Why, Walter, you said Crazybank was such a safe place. But what did you say to Fuggles?"

"Say? I had to do more than *say*, I had to *pay*, and pay largely, to make him hold his accursed tongue, and keep the old man out of the way till after my marriage. You can have him all to yourself then, for I shall not want your company any more."

Mrs. Breakspere was accustomed to ungenerous taunts and did not retort. Not the least disgusted with her son's utter selfishness, she busied herself with making plans for his future comfort.

"You will make a wedding tour after your marriage, Walter?"

"Yes, hang it."

"And you will want servants, I suppose?"

"Probably."

"I have such a good thought. You might take with you the people who were at Crazybank; Churchyard, I mean, he is a most trusty servant, silent as the grave; and Mrs. Brainerd too. She was once a lady's maid."

Walter stared in blank astonishment. "Whatever put such an idea into your head, Mother?" he asked.

"Why, you see, you might grow tired of your wife after a time, and want some one trustworthy to look after her, and they understand the business of keepers very well."

Walter Cummins was forced to own within himself that his mother's talents in roguery far surpassed his own. Bad as he was, he felt that but for her he would not have gone such lengths, and for a moment he almost revolted from the Mephistopheles at his side, always suggesting some evil. But he only replied, "Well, you can see about that. There's no great hurry, and I have been bothered quite enough for one day."

So saying, he walked out of the room, leaving Mrs. Breakspere to weave in solitude her discreditable, if not criminal schemes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BEATRICE wrote to Gertrude, but she received no answer, for the country was in an unsettled state, the Villa Pescara was deserted, and the letter never reached its destination. Moreover, the delay consequent on the accident at the Splugen Pass, had had the effect of materially altering the Marchioness' plans. Instead of proceeding at once to her Austrian estate, she determined to see what the waters of some German bath would do to restore her own shattered health, and expedite the cure of her sick guest.

In a basin watered by many sparkling streams, supplied

by the surrounding limestone ridges, clothed with dark Tannenwälder, and a lighter drapery of deciduous trees, lies the little town of Rehbrunnen, which has surprised Europe by springing to life after the sleep of ages in the thickest shades of the Heidenwald.

It had indeed been obscurely hinted in past times that treasures were contained in its waters, and the primitive peasantry of the uplands round about had gone to drink and bathe in these waters to get rid of their rheumatism and skin diseases. But the real life of Rehbrunnen was evoked by the magic wand of a young German professor, who in the early half of the nineteenth century, roving about the Heidenwald, hammer and herborium in hand, found himself suddenly in this *terra incognita*. Charmed with the scenery and the simplicity of the people, our professor took up his abode in the place, and while exploring its precincts, ascertained that it had mineral springs of considerable virtue. The beauty of the site added to the attractions of the place, and eventually bright Anlagen were planted, a *kur-saal* opened, ball-rooms, and stately hotels erected; the place became fashionable and frivolous, though a corner of the old primitive life was still left in the village.

The waters had much renown for the cure of gun-shot wounds, and here, after the short but fierce campaign in which our hero had taken part, many wounded officers repaired, who were to be seen limping about with crutches and well-bandaged heads. There were also a few British visitors in the place, and among the number our old friends, Dr. and Miss Bogue, who had taken up their abode, not in a fashionable hotel, but at the quiet, clean, old-fashioned *Gasthaus zum Löwe*.

Dr. Bogue's long and mysterious illness in England had left him in a state of general debility, and since his arrival at Rehbrunnen, he had experienced considerable benefit from change of scene, from the fine upland air, from the use of the waters, and, above all, from the judicious advice of our excellent old acquaintance, Dr. Franck, who belonged to the place. Another distinguished arrival had recently taken place, and on a bright morning at the close of October, two gentlemen might be seen to issue from the stately Germanischer Hof, escorting a lady, and proceeding on foot at a slow pace through the Anlagen, to a gently rising path that led through a succession of plantations, presenting bright and

picturesque views over the valley. The *Philosophen-Gang*, as the path was called, was a charming walk, inviting to repose and reverie, presenting many rustic arbours and seats, within earshot of running waters, in view of vistas of fine scenery and vineyards still bright with fast-fading autumnal tints. Occasionally, on a conspicuous point, commanding a fine prospect, stood one of those quaint kiosks and pavilions that enliven the hill-sides, in chosen haunts, about the Rhine-land.

All was soothing and sweet in the scene and its surroundings. No poisonous carbon blackened the purity of the air, no discordant screech of machinery deafened the ear. Occasionally the distant tones of a well-appointed German band reached the listener from the gardens, and the murmur of the little river below kept up a monotonous but most harmonious accompaniment.

The lady and the two gentlemen, one of whom seemed weak and suffering, and leant for support on his friend, proceeded up the path by a slow ascent, broken by many halts, apparently to give breathing-time to the invalid, until they reached a point where the road widened to a kind of terrace, shaded by a fine group of aged Linden-trees, and overlooking the valley and the woodlands. The three stopped here by common consent, and sat down to rest upon one of the benches. Both the gentlemen had the look and carriage of military men, though they were in plain clothes, and the lady had that unmistakeable air and bearing which generally proclaims high breeding and noble birth. For a time all remained silent, but at length the lady, in sweet and plaintive accents, made some remarks on the beauty of the scene.

"Very different from Italy, yet very charming," the sufferer answered languidly; "I like these German woodlands, but nothing will ever in my mind equal Villa Pescara."

Gertrude looked at him with her deep thoughtful eyes, in which a tear seemed for a minute to glisten, but she said nothing. Max was looking away down the valley, but a quiver passed over his frame at the name of Pescara.

"I wish there were a modern Lethe to steep our past in oblivion." Poor Max! There was not the old merry ring in his voice, and his looks were dejected. "I will take a stroll through the woods while you rest," he added.

"It is best so; let him go," whispered Gertrude, as her brother bent his steps towards the higher ground; then after

a pause she added, "I wonder why he wants a Lethe's stream; there is some mystery, poor Max is so changed."

She looked at Breakspere, but he to whom the dreadful past was known, had to lock up the secrets of his memory in the closest keeping. He avoided meeting her eyes, and only sighed.

"Life is full of trouble," she went on to say, "except for the very young, to whom the mere act of living is in itself a pleasure. Every one has his own griefs, either secret or open; and if there are some who enjoy immunity from trouble, unless they are very indifferent and hard-hearted even they must confess—

The sorrow of others casts its shadow over me.

What sorrow my dear aunt has seen! She is not old, but her life will not be long. This grief about poor Lorenzo, and the uncertainty as to his fate, is eating out her heart. Then Max is so strange and unsettled now—any day he may leave us. You know I am an orphan: my parents died within three months of each other—that was my first trouble. I used to think I would go into religion, but my aunt wanted me to live with her, and for some years I was very happy. At one time I imagined Providence destined my lot to be linked with that of another——"

She stopped abruptly, her eyes full of tears. Christopher was pleased by this confidence on her part. "Poor Gaston!" he mentally ejaculated, "if you had lived, your love would not have been hopeless. What a prize would have been yours!" And as he gazed at his companion, a feeling of regret stole over him that his invalided condition and disparity of fortune precluded him from offering her the homage of his heart, and entreating her to allow him to take the place of the lover she had lost. But even had his circumstances been different, could he let his admiration for and sympathy with this noble Austrian render him unfaithful to his early love, to the English girl whose pride indeed repelled him, but whose beauty still held him spell-bound?

He was painfully divided between two powerfully contending emotions, for frequent intercourse with this privileged nature had awakened the strongest sympathy for her in his heart. She saw a struggle in his mind, and, referring it to his past disappointments, she added: "You have better things in store and much sunshine after recent darkness; while there is life there is hope. For me there is no comfort left."

"Cannot true, strong friendship supply some comfort?" he said, looking appealingly at her with his kind blue eyes.

She turned upon him a face pale but beautiful for its extreme tenderness and purity of thought and feeling. "Oh, yes! Friendship is a great and glorious thing, though so rare in our day. It may be even exalted into a noble passion, and then it becomes sublime, divine, for it is the only affection quite free from self. True friendship is certainly a lessener of sorrow."

"Ah," he exclaimed, touching her hand, "such friendship may still exist; try to make me worthy to be your friend, and feel that my poor sympathy is some mitigation to your distress."

She looked at him with gratitude, and a slight but most lovely smile lighted up her charming face. She said nothing, but he felt that she valued his sympathy, and this consciousness thrilled him with delight. He did not analyze his feelings, but the struggles we have mentioned before waxed fiercer within him.

Meanwhile Max, unconscious of all save his dreadful memories, wandered up the path, lost to the lovely scenery about him. He had reached a little dell overhung with a thick growth of trees and by the frowning walls of an old Burg, and was walking slowly on with his eyes bent on the ground, when a turn in the path brought him unexpectedly almost face to face with a lady, escorted by two or three gentlemen.

She too was walking alone, some distance in advance of her companions, and though attired in a plain walking costume, there was an air and look of command about her that almost challenged homage. She had well-cut features and a fine figure, and there was about her face and bearing that queenly air which, when combined with feminine grace, gives an unusual charm to the rare individuals possessing it. Her companions appeared to treat her with great respect, and it was evident that she was some lady of high position.

Max drew courteously aside to let her pass, lifting his hat as he did so. She inclined her head with a graceful salute, and as her eyes rested on him in passing, a gleam of half-recognition seemed to light them up. She appeared disposed to pause, but on second thoughts went on her way.

Max too seemed to recognize her, and in the confusion of his mind was trying painfully to recall scenes and persons who

came back on his memory like the unsubstantial figures of a distant dream, when a step was heard behind him, and a man of middle age, grave appearance, and Southern type, accosted him.

"Pardon, sir," he said in French, with an Italian accent, "her Majesty bids me demand your name, and if she is not mistaken, your presence."

Max was not one whom the notice of royalty could either abash or electrify. But his very nature was chivalry, and any noble lady's wish would have been law to him. So he turned courteously to the stranger, and replied :

"I am Max von Stahremberg, of the Austrian Lancers, and entirely at her Majesty's command," and as he turned back, he added : "May I ask the name and title of the royal lady, who has been good enough to notice me ?"

"The Queen of Calabria," replied the stranger. "She thinks you were once a distinguished champion of her rights."

At these words the past came back suddenly and fully to the memory of Max.

"Her Majesty does me too much honour. I only did my little part to save a cause and throne, most unjustly betrayed."

The Italian bowed, then adding : "Permit me to proceed and announce you," he conveyed the message to the Queen, who was waiting for them.

As Max approached all his chivalry and admiration were roused again, and if possible redoubled by seeing her in a reduced and dependant position. He bowed low and waited respectfully to hear her bidding. She, too, bowed, and then, holding out her hand, said : "Allow me to greet and once again to thank a faithful friend and true champion. I have not forgotten Otranto."

Max bent low over her hand, and raised it to his lips.

"It was poor service, Madam, and availed little. Would it had effected more !"

"Herr von Stahremberg, if all had done as you I should not be here. Treason had eaten deep into the heart of Italy. I have little hope for that country now that Germany abets it and Austria is silenced ; we must look to higher sources of hope."

She spoke calmly ; her resignation touched the heart of the young Austrian.

"Would that the time might come when my sword could once again be laid at your Majesty's feet."

"And so it will be; not yet, perhaps, but the enemies of right and legitimate rule have yet to suffer, and if some day Suabia strikes at them, you can join her hosts and follow her banner on the road to victory."

She spoke as one inspired, and her eye kindled with a noble enthusiasm as she looked into the future.

"It shall be so; I swear it." The words escaped him almost unconsciously as his mind was ruled and swayed by the imperial presence and grace of that heroic nature.

"I will tell you more another time and give you audience at my hotel. You will leave your address with my suite. I must know more of the war. I have heard you were a hero at Custozza."

He turned deadly pale, and she looked anxiously, almost fondly, upon him.

"You were not wounded?" she inquired.

"Not so, your Majesty," he faltered, "but war is very terrible."

She looked inquiringly at him, but seeing no signs of weakness in his manly face, she said: "More terrible is a weakly truckling to oppression and injustice."

"I am the last to do that," he spoke proudly, adding in a softer tone: "Your Majesty's commands are laws to me. I am at your bidding."

She passed on, Max bowed low, and as she went the sunshine seemed again to leave his life. But the impression made by this noble Queen had a most happy influence on his distracted mind, and helped to mitigate the pangs of his remorse, so that when he came back to Breakspere and Gertrude, they were surprised to notice the brighter look and more cheerful tone of one, for whom they had of late entertained serious apprehensions.

Yet when the gallant Austrian saw the languid drooping looks of his sister, and the lines of suffering on her face, and when the fact came back in all its force that he, her brother, was the cause of this change, through his reckless conduct on the field of Custozza, his enthusiasm for the cause of a wronged and persecuted Queen, seemed almost a dereliction of duty to his sorrowful and self-sacrificing sister.

Reviews.

I.—OCCASIONAL SERMONS.¹

THESE remains of Dr. Conroy form a worthy monument to a great Bishop, who, to speak in our human way, was too soon snatched away from his useful labours. As the title will suggest, the book presents a miscellaneous collection of subjects, which, however, bore the unity of a common religious purpose. Out of the number of topics we select, to illustrate the writer's manner, an Essay on Dangerous Reading.

The catch-word "Liberty" has been so taken up and uttered from mouth to mouth, that it is hard, in its worst abuses, to say anything against it that shall obtain a hearing. And of all liberties that of free printing and of free reading is most extolled by a certain class, who profess to see here the highest mark of an intelligent race; while, as a matter of fact, it is sad lack of intelligence not to perceive how few are fitted to go by their own lights in the matter of writing and reading. Licence, however, has won the victory and now prevails, as well in our own country as abroad.

An evil so crying as this, and fraught with such consequences to the religious and social condition of our country, imperatively demands a remedy. It is not in our power to propose a remedy which should meet all the exigencies of the case; but, at least, we can remind Catholic readers of what their duty requires from them in this matter. We say to them, therefore, that they are not free to roam at will through the world of books, reading whatever they please, no matter how pernicious to their faith or morals; but, on the contrary, they are bound to subject their reading to a wholesome discipline, steadfastly refusing to themselves and to those under their charge, not only such books as are positively hurtful, but even such as are dangerous (p. 339).

In support of some restraint being put upon the perusal of books the Bishop appeals to pagan practice, and to the Jewish rule of holding back certain portions of Scripture from

¹ *Occasional Sermons, Addresses, and Essays.* By the Right Rev. George Conroy, D.D. late Bishop of Ardagh. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1884.

the perusal of those who had not reached a sufficiently mature age.

The early Christians were still more remarkable for the caution with which they avoided dangerous books. Of this we have a notable example recorded in the Acts of the Apostles (xix. 19), how many of those who had followed curious things, brought all their books together, and burnt them before all ; and so many or so valuable were the bad books thus consumed that, the price of them being computed, the money was found to be fifty thousand pieces of silver. Nor did this spirit decay as time progressed. When heretics were converted to the faith they were not received into the Church except upon the condition of giving publicly to the flames suspected books of which they were in possession. The General Council (second) of Constantinople, and the General Council (second) of Nice, issued one common anathema against heretics and their books (p. 340).

The Church, continuing as she began, has consistently legislated throughout the centuries against the spread of free thought. Her principle will be admitted by some, who, however, so blinding is the force of self-love, will not see that in their own case any restriction is necessary. These persons, therefore, Dr. Conroy warns of their danger, which is all the greater because objections are proverbially so much more easily started than set at rest, and because the poison may be drunk in so gradually and so unconsciously from the mere reiteration of false maxims. The victim often does not know how completely he is severing his faith from its reasonable basis, till severe temptation comes, in the sensual often rather than in the intellectual order ; and then passion triumphs, and belief is gone. To run even the risk of such a misfortune is wrong.

Faith, no doubt, is a gift of God ; but God exacts from us for its preservation a faithful correspondence on our part. Who can tell how far he may go without endangering that precious gift ? Woe to us if by rash curiosity to know what may be urged against the doctrines of the Church, or by imprudent dallying with difficulties which we are not prepared to meet, we imperil our secure possession of that priceless blessing which ought to be dearer to us than life (p. 343).

An excellent answer is given to the excuse that one ought to read the irreligious books of the day in order to be a match for the enemy. The reply is that the mere reading of the false view will not teach the right. An adequate understanding of what is to be said on both sides of the question is, under a limitation presently to be stated, proper enough in some who

have the capacity, the time, and the patient industry to master the subject all round. But how small is this class? How much easier is it, for instance, to read a book like *Supernatural Religion*, and gather thence a vague suspicion that revelation is doubtful, than to follow the author into all his alleged facts and his inferences and to judge each point on its own merits? Not without justice does Dr. Conroy express a fear that "the desire to know both sides of the question in practice becomes little else than an excuse for reading remarkable works written to advocate what is false."

We must now put in the limitation which above we promised to supply. The faith of Catholics does not stand in the ordinary position of those subjects on which arguments for and against may be handled without danger to truth, provided the manipulator be simply a man of intelligence and candour.

Even if you were willing to carry out conscientiously this rule of reading books on both sides the danger attending it would forbid its use, save under exceptional circumstances. To be for ever receiving impressions unfavourable to the Church; to be constantly reading false statements of fact concerning her doctrines and her acts; to witness the incessant sneers and derision with which her holiest things are received; to bring one's self to listen to daily charges against her as being in opposition to all that is free and generous in the modern world, and yet not to bear away any injury, is altogether morally impossible. *Gutta cavat lapidem*. It is vain to quote your past experience; how the freshness of your faith has never faded; and how whilst, as you admit, thousands fell around you on the right hand and on the left, the evil came not near unto you. The soul is not always conscious of the wounds she receives in this struggle; it is only when trial and temptation come on, and when she has to exert her best strength to repel them, that she finds to her cost how, like Samson, she has been robbed of her vigour while she slept (p. 344).

So far as to dangers in respect of faith. But there are other dangers that directly affect morals, and these dangers, as coming from the literature of the day, are pointed out by Dr. Conroy. Even when the book is not positively vicious, it may have a demoralizing tendency by over-exciting or abnormally developing the imagination, and by weakening the power of serious thought. Understanding and will have to be fed like nerve and muscle, and the food should in both cases be substantial, though a subordinate portion may helpfully be of a less substantial character.

Another Essay bears on a subject closely allied to reading,

namely, The Right to Educate : to Whom does it Belong ? To parents, in the first place, replies the Bishop. But parents must remember, if Catholics, that by Baptism both they and their children are subject to a Church which is the divinely appointed guide in all religious truth, and in secular truth so far as this is bound up with the integrity of religious truth. But the Church looks to see whether the baptismal contract has been entered into, before she proceeds to act on the rights thence claimed by her.

In the thirteenth century, when the temporal power and influence of the Popes was at their highest, when the brightest diadems in Europe paled before the glory of the tiara, when Innocent the Third, and Gregory the Seventh, and Boniface the Eighth, ruled the world from the chair of St. Peter, it was proposed by some that the infant children of Mahometans and Jews should be forcibly separated from their parents, baptized and educated as Catholics, to the great increase of the Church and the salvation of souls. This proposal met with a determined opposition from St. Thomas of Aquin, who urged that such was not the usage of the Catholic Church. There had been, he argued, many most powerful Catholic sovereigns, such as Constantine and Theodosius, who had many saintly prelates like Sylvester and Ambrose to advise them, and such men as these would not have neglected to recommend the proposed plan had it been conformable to reason. But it is not conformable to reason. It is even repugnant to natural justice. For nature has made the child a thing belonging to the father, and has decreed that, until it attain to the use of reason, it should remain under the father's care. Hence it would be contrary to natural justice that the child, before he has the use of reason, should be withdrawn from the parents' care, or anything done in his regard against his parents' will. But when he begins to have the use of his free will he begins to be his own, and is able to consult for himself in whatever concerns the divine or natural law, and then he is led to the faith, not by violence, but by persuasion (p. 377).

Within the baptized family, then, the Church claims to exercise a guiding and a controlling power over the education of the children. But her position is now largely usurped by civil governments who, professing to act on principles purely naturalistic, really prove themselves positively and aggressively irreligious, and that in a high degree. To guard against such usurpations where they have not yet crept in, and to keep alive right principle where they have unfortunately established their tyranny, the words of such writers as Dr. Conroy are eminently in season.

2.—LIFE OF JEANNE DE LA NOUE.¹

It is impossible to read this little book, which is one of no ordinary interest, without acknowledging that the title given to it is eminently appropriate; the story it contains may indeed well be called a marvellous history, not only on account of the marvels which grace wrought in the soul of Jeanne de la Noue herself, but also with regard to the work she originated, the progress and maintenance of which may equally be said to be of a supernatural and marvellous character.

The subject of this short biography was not one of those persons who from their earliest infancy seem to be saints. She sustained a long struggle with strong passions, with avarice, pride, and self-will, and a mighty battle was fought ere grace conquered, and all things were made new. As a child she displayed a domineering character, and when at the age of twenty-four, her parents both being dead, she found herself mistress of the business by which they had gained their livelihood, although she was pious and devout, loved prayer and penance, and was frugal and industrious, she loved money, she loved dress, she loved her own way; and soon—

The passion of avarice, which had always been strong in her heart, took possession of her, so that any sort of almsgiving became perfectly abhorrent. No beggar could hope to find a crust at her door. Jeanne's piety was of the scrupulous kind. She was very anxious to be truthful, so she told the poor people she had no bread in the house; and she calculated exactly what was needed for each meal, bought it at the time, and had not a scrap over. Avarice led her to keep her shop open on Sundays and holidays. This was the general custom in France then, as now; but then, as now also, the practice was looked upon by devout Catholics with horror. Yet, with all her piety, Jeanne clung to her Sunday gains. In the winter of 1693, the distress in France amounted almost to a famine. On all sides were to be seen bands of unfortunate people, pale and wasted with hunger, begging for a morsel of bread. But not one of these could touch Jeanne's hard heart (p. 4).

The words of a poor woman, to whom she had refused a night's lodging, were the means of effecting a marvellous change in her heart. She spoke of the beauty of poverty, charity, almsgiving, and while she spoke, the scales fell from Jeanne's eyes. She entreated the pilgrim, as a favour, to remain under her

¹ *A Marvellous History, or the Life of Jeanne de la Noue, Foundress of the Sisters of St. Anne of the Providence at Saumur.* Burns and Oates.

roof; she instantly set out to succour a family in distress; she gave away with a lavish hand, and more eagerly than she formerly tried to amass gain did she now try to succour the miserable. For Jeanne was not one who could do things by halves. She appears to have combined the energetic, vigorous character of the northern nations with the ardent, impassioned nature of the south. Her will was good and her courage great; she gave over the care of her shop to a niece; her house, from which formerly all suppliants were roughly repulsed, now became a *hospice*, or as she called it, a *Providence*, where the poor, the sick, the desolate, might freely come and find a refuge.

Her whole life was now spent in the service of the poor, in her house and out of it, and at the same time her love of penance grew stronger than ever. Her food now consisted of the leavings of the poor, or of refuse picked up in the streets. She never went to bed, but took a brief repose on a hard wooden chair; and her fasts were long and frequent. Another mortification presented itself, and we can realize how strong was the pride of this heart, which God was so rapidly conquering for Himself, when we find that to go out in a plain, coarse dress was the bitterest trial that she could be asked to endure. She did it, and when she went to church, hid herself in corners that she might not be seen (p. 18).

It will readily be imagined that the poor came to her in crowds, and Jeanne de la Noue got into debt for the first time in her life. She met with a storm of adverse criticism, and great difficulties beset her path. But she was one of those persons, rare in every age, who undertake and succeed in doing great things with little means—we had almost said with no means at all. A rock fell and crushed the dwelling in which twelve little orphans were lodged, nothing was saved but their lives, and all, the kind with regret, the cruel with triumph, declared her work was at an end; the *Providence* had perished. But Jeanne would not abandon her little ones: some charitable souls, touched by her faith, gave her food for the day, and her work struggled on.

A Congregation was destined to grow up around this wonderful woman, which she was to train in devotion to our Blessed Lady and the poor. In forming the community she was greatly aided by Father Genneteau, her confessor, a man of experience and sanctity, who for twenty-five years was the devoted spiritual Father of the community. When it had been predicted to Jeanne that daughters would gather around her,

she had listened with an incredulous smile. Belief in so extraordinary a future was impossible to her, but the time came when it was to be accomplished. In 1703 the first aspirant presented herself. "I will accept you willingly," replied Jeanne, "if you will bring with you entire self-detachment and self-denial, and if you are ready to bear all sorts of humiliation and contempt." Others followed; permission to put on a religious habit was obtained, and rules were drawn up. The same coarse food was to be for the community as for the poor inmates of the house, but the Sisters were to be served last. Wine was never to be used, except for the sick. The Superior was to bear the title of head-servant. St. Anne was chosen as the patroness, and when community life began, a little oratory was arranged, to which a lady gave a pretty altar. But it was not until twelve years later, on removal to a new house, that the desire of their hearts was granted in having our Lord among them in His Sacramental Presence, and at a still later period, the privilege was obtained of having Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on four days in the year.

The protection of Providence was manifested to this work in a most wonderful manner. From day to day they lived upon charity, and miracles were their daily food. In the year 1709, when the richest persons complained of the high price of provisions, owing to the extreme scarcity in France, more than two hundred persons were supported in the *Providence*, without funds and without income. No single child was ever refused admittance, however over-crowded the house, and however great their embarrassments. It was a rule not to deny an alms to any one who came to the door, and if the Sisters ceased relieving all comers, the alms on which they depended ceased also, and the inhabitants of the hospice were on the brink of starvation.

One evening the Sister who was housekeeper came to her Superior to say that there was not enough food left in the house for the morrow's consumption, and no alms had been received during the day.

"Has any one who begged at the door been refused?" asked Jeanne.

The Sister had to confess that, seeing her provisions were running short, she had refused many beggars that day.

"Then this is your fault," said the Mother severely, "see how God has repaid your want of faith! . . . You should have waited till *nothing* was left, and then you could have said: Lord, we have nothing. We cannot help Thy children if Thou dost not help us" (p. 41).

One bitter winter's day, a number of poor women came crying to the door of the Providence. Their children, they said, were perishing with cold and they had no fuel. Jeanne stood a moment dismayed: her own store of wood was just out, and she had but one penny in the house. She went straight to a merchant and ordered a large quantity. "I will pay you," said she, "when our Lord sends me the money, do not fear, He always pays His debts."

The day following, in the ashes of the grate, in which some of the wood thus procured had been burnt, was found a piece of gold (p. 23).

Again and again both food and money multiplied under Jeanne de la Noue's own hands. "I have seen our Mother," says one of the Sisters, "feed two hundred poor with one loaf." She was also endowed with powers of healing. One of her religious had a tumour, for which an operation was declared necessary. Jeanne said: "Be patient, child, it will soon be cured." Next day all trace was gone.

Many are the instances recorded in this interesting biography wherein simple faith in God was rewarded in the most remarkable way, and supplies came from most unlooked-for quarters. On one occasion, when money was needed to defray the expenses of building, the director of the hospice took the office of beggar, and went about among the priests.

Only one refused, and he said: "You know I am going to leave a legacy to the Providence; it is down in my will, and you are the executor."

"What!" said Father de Tigné, laughing merrily, "you won't give us anything till after your death! Why it is a temptation to us to ask our good God to take you soon, because we want money so badly. You had better give us something at once."

The good old man was offended at the joke, and would not give anything.

By a singular coincidence he died within a week. He had left one thousand francs (£40) to the *Providence*—no inconsiderable sum in those days (p. 105).

The *Providence* was not too poor or too simple to be overlooked by the Jansenists. They endeavoured to get one of their adherents accepted as director, giving presents, and promising that the house under their support would become "a brilliant success," money and influence would not be wanting. At that time Jeanne had six hundred poor to maintain; she was living on alms and was not out of debt. The temptation was great, but she preferred anxiety, privation, calumny, she would rather have seen all her community perish than fail in

her obedience to the Ruler of the Church. She was always on her guard against spiritual pride, and loved to practise that obedience which is the safeguard of humility. She took upon herself the hardest charges, she chose the worst of everything, practising penances of which it is difficult to find a parallel. Towards the close of her life she had to pass through severe spiritual trials, as well as to endure acute bodily sufferings; darkness and desolation came upon her soul, temptations to despair assailed her. But at the time of the evening there was light and her end was full of peace.

Space fails us to give extracts from the excellent instructions she addressed to her Sisters; they will be found to display good sense and sound practical piety. After the foundress' death, the Congregation continued to flourish, though it suffered in the Revolution; and it now possesses five hundred Sisters, distributed into ninety houses; hospitals, orphanages, asylums, schools, exist under their care in many parts of France. So has the mustard seed grown into a mighty tree; such is the fruit which the faith and perseverance of one woman, once penniless and despised, have brought forth.

3.—LIGHT FROM THE LOWLY.¹

It is the glory of the Church of God, that she draws her saints from every class, from the ranks of the highest nobility and of the lowliest peasantry, from the regal palace as well as the humblest cottage. Every one is familiar with the Kings and Princes who have added to their earthly dignity the heavenly crown of exalted sanctity. St. Louis and St. Edmund and St. Elizabeth are known to all, but the saints of humble station, who have sanctified themselves amid their daily employments and labours, are often scarce known by name to the majority of Catholics. It is this that makes Father Butiña's volumes so interesting and also so encouraging. There is scarce a humble trade which has not its representatives in the list of those whose lives are narrated. It is no high-flown account of monastic or solitary life to which we are introduced, but to the story of lives such as ordinary men lead, as far as outward appearance goes. Some of the saints whose story is told began

¹ *Light from the Lowly*: or, Lives of Persons who sanctified themselves in humble positions. By the Rev. Francis Butiña, S.J. Translated from the Spanish by the Rev. W. McDonald, D.D. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1884. Two vols.

by being anything but saints, like St. Francis of Sienna, whose early life was a continuous series of crimes and debauchery of every kind. His youth was not only stained by the most abominable vices, but was utterly lawless and openly criminal. Thief, adulterer, gambler, blasphemer, murderer, he was converted by means of the fulfilment of a sacrilegious prayer to God to strike him blind. His corporal blindness seemed to open the eyes of his soul, and by a miracle of grace he became as holy as he had once been vicious and degraded. Of course he had temptations and struggles without number, but the grace of God brought him safely through, and after a long series of pilgrimages to various shrines all over Italy and Spain, he returned to his native place to make satisfaction by the most austere penance for the scandals of his youth. He was subsequently led to adopt a hermit's life, and having thus mounted step by step the ladder of sanctity, our Lady at length ordered him to enter the Order of Mount Carmel, in which he died at the age of eighty, and at his tomb innumerable miracles testified to his exalted holiness. What can be more consoling than such a story as this? Who need despair of being a saint, with such an example before him?

Many of the other lives in these most interesting volumes derive their charm from the very commonplace occupations and employments of the saints whose story is narrated. St. Nevolon was a shoemaker, whose sanctity was aided by the patience he displayed to his wrangling wife. The Blessed William of Brabant was a baker. Like St. Francis of Sienna, he led a wicked and dissolute life, and moreover, unlike St. Francis, he relapsed after his conversion into his former sins, and yet ended by being a great saint. St. Notburga was a cook, St. Guiborata a priest's housekeeper, St. Gualfard a harness-maker, St. Godrich a pedlar, Blessed Margaret of Louvain servant in an inn, St. Alexander a charcoal burner of Comana. When St. Gregory of Thaumaturgus desired to place a bishop on the episcopal see of Comana, he called together the chief inhabitants and instructed them not to look to worldly position in their choice, but simply to the humility and virtue of the candidates.

To this discourse of the Saint one of the principal men in the assembly answered, with a sardonic smile: "If you reject men illustrious for their birth and riches, and will select the dregs of the population to rule the Church of this diocese, there is no use in losing time or words ;

we will unanimously give our vote to Alexander the charcoal maker." We might here say with the Scripture, that he prophesied without knowing what he said; for, although a loud laugh followed his words, St. Gregory seeing the finger of God in it, asked: "And who is this Alexander whom you refer to?" One of the bystanders went in search of the charcoal maker, and brought him to the assembly, which received him with laughter. But the Saint, accustomed to bear other humiliations and insults for love of Jesus Christ, paid no attention. He was dirty and ragged, his begrimed skin in several places appearing through the rents in his clothes; his horny hands and black face told the electors the candidate's trade.

Despite all these appearances, St. Gregory, with the eye of a prophet, discovered beneath the charcoal crust a valuable diamond, worthy to be inserted in the Church's crown (pp. 69, 70).

He was accordingly ordained priest by St. Gregory, and then consecrated bishop, and was martyred during the persecutions of Decius. We cannot attempt even to enumerate all the Saints whose Lives are given in these beautiful little volumes. We hope that many a copy may find its way into all parish and guild libraries. Old and young will read the histories they contain with interest and edification. They seem especially intended for the consolation and encouragement of great sinners and of those whose lot in life is humble and commonplace and full of crosses and trials. Are there any of our readers who do not come under one or other of these categories?

4.—LA DÉMOCRATIE.¹

The earliest dawn of the history of the Teutonic people, to say nothing of the other branches of the great Aryan family of nations, reveals to us a rude form of government, largely democratic, wherein, to use the words of Tacitus, "the chiefs consulted together of minor matters, but of greater the whole multitude." In peace, the same author tells us, the business of a rudimentary and purely local administration was carried by means of moots or gatherings, greater or lesser, and an individual commander was chosen only in time of war. But with the growth and consequent pressure of population, and the growing complexity of social, civil, and political life, there arose the necessity for a

¹ *La Démocratie et ses conditions morales.* Par le Vicomte Philibert D'Ussel. Paris: Plon et Cie.

permanent ruler; the amalgamation of petty princedoms gave an increased preponderance to the king, and what remained by way of survival of the old democratic institutions owed its preservation to the conflicts of the king with his nobles, and the desire of one or other party in the struggle to secure the alliance of the people. But the ages which saw the gradual extinction of popular liberties have passed away, and after centuries, during which the tendency was sometimes one way and sometimes another, a steady inverse process has now definitively set in, and is advancing with rapid strides under our eyes. The spread of instruction, if not of education, among all classes of society, far more than keeps pace with such increase as may still be in progress in the complexity of civil and political life; and it naturally and necessarily follows that on every side the masses are pressing for an increased share in the conduct of affairs. For, government being intended for the benefit of all, and there being under all circumstances a certain measure of truth in the proposition that every class is the best judge of its own interests, the thousand and one circumstances which have led to and accompanied the ever wider diffusion of knowledge, have given to the humbler classes a not unreasonable claim, and a most unquestionable determination, to make their voices heard in the councils of nations.

Such, barring the illustration from Tacitus, is the view—very roughly sketched—of the Vicomte d'Ussel, who in his able and very thoughtful essay on *La Démocratie*, sets himself to study the moral conditions under which the democratic institutions of the future may be expected to conduce to true prosperity, or, on the other hand, to plunge the nations which live under them into well-nigh incurable disorders. M. d'Ussel's essay is perhaps rather too abstract in method and terminology to suit the taste of the average English reader, but we do not think any the worse of it on that account. The average English reader would generally be the better for a little exercise in abstract reasoning. But we do think that the author, while professedly making every allowance for the mutual clashing and consequent limitation of general principles, does not always make sufficient allowance, in the actual application of theory to concrete facts, for the historical elements of the problem before him. This is notably the case in the illustrations which he draws from England and America. Thus, with respect to England, while he greatly overrates the numerical proportion of the aristocratic element

in the House of Commons (which he says is more than half composed of members of noble families!), he does not seem to have appreciated the extent to which the electorate has been extended without materially affecting the average social standing of the English members of the Lower House. In America, on the other hand, he seems to be quite unaware of the existence of a strong reaction against that vulgar form of caucus government which has been epigrammatically described as "the government of the people by the people, for the benefit of senators," a reaction the strength of which has been unequivocally indicated by very recent events in America. Had M. d'Ussel studied Mr. Bagehot's very able comparative discussion of the English and American forms of polity as carefully as he has read his Thierry and his Michelet, he would have shown a firmer grasp of this branch of his subject. But if in a particular line of illustration the Vicomte d'Ussel falls short of so able a political writer (using the word *political* in its higher and Aristotelian sense) as Mr. Bagehot, on the other hand his sterling sense and sound principles have preserved him from the one-sided and somewhat sentimental theories of the historical school of which Mr. Freeman is the most distinguished representative. The author of the essay before us has fully grasped, and successfully aims at setting in the clearest light, the truth that the most perfect political system, safe-guarded though it may be by the most elaborate mechanism of checks and balances, is powerless to ensure true prosperity unless the moral qualities of the individual members of the body-politic are such as would of themselves ensure considerable prosperity under almost any form of government. However unexceptionable may be the architect's plans, you cannot build a durable edifice with rotten and crumbling stones.

In the earlier chapters of *La Démocratie* the author, with a touch of Aristophanic humour, depicts the homage of flattery which is daily paid to Demus; the fiction which (as in the case of constitutional monarchy) makes the sovereign people incapable of wrong-doing and throws all blame upon its Ministers; the necessity which this ruler imposes upon his servants of making large promises to gain his favour, and of breaking them to keep it—a necessity which loses half its mischievousness by becoming recognized; the assiduous efforts of historians to find an honourable ancestry for the *parvenu*—and their success; the failure of Demus, on the other hand, to enlist in his service the drama and the arts.

Then, after discussing the method to be adopted in dealing with the subject, and the fundamental characteristics which are common to all forms of democratic government, the author proceeds to exhibit some of the excesses and abuses to which an unreasoning worship of those ill-defined shibboleths Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality of necessity must lead. This is a theme which in England has been somewhat fully treated, from different points of view, by Sir J. F. Stephen, Mr. W. R. Greg, Mr. H. Sidgwick, and recently among Catholic writers by Mr. N. J. Synnott. But M. d'Ussel, dealing with the subject chiefly on its moral side, has something to add to the somewhat harder criticisms of the writers just named.

The oppression of minorities, the decay of mutual respect, accompanying and helping to bring about the destruction of the social hierarchy, and too apt to invade the sacred precincts of the family, exaggerated competition and the self-assertion of a mere plutocracy; such are some of the disorders, arising from an excess of the democratic spirit, which the author discusses. He next proceeds to the consideration of countervailing agencies, preventive rather than remedial, from which a mitigation of such disorders is alone to be hoped for. In some eloquent pages he shows how Christianity, while proclaiming the equality of men before the Creator, teaches them to think of their duties rather than of their rights; allays the fever of competition for this world's goods by putting forward the eternal rewards which await the poor in spirit; inculcates respect for authority as delegated by God; and affords a true basis of genuine fraternity. He next deals with the family as the firm prop and foundation (next after religion) of all national prosperity; and then, in a chapter of far less power, dwells upon the advantages, as a make-weight against socialistic influences, of an equable distribution of wealth. In the portion of this chapter in which he deals with the French system of *partage forcée*, we miss the earnest denunciations of the moral results of this system, the pitiless exposure of which is the distinguishing merit of M. Le Play. It is not that M. d'Ussel questions the existence of the abuses (Malthusian let us call them) which Le Play denounced, or that he fails to trace them to the same source; but we should like the condemnation to have been a little more vigorous and trenchant. The limits of our space preclude us from following the author through the later chapters of his interesting volume.

5.—GREY OF GREYBURY.¹

This is an exceptionally strong novel, yet at the same time, we must confess, somewhat disappointing. The author has, we are inclined to think, compressed his story too much, or rather he has not worked out the very difficult and complicated situations of which the novel is one long succession. He has not taken sufficient trouble to analyze and discuss the motives of the startling personages that appear upon his stage at sufficient length to persuade us that they are true to life. We believe they are so, and in this we entirely disagree with other reviews of *Grey of Greybury*. We believe, further, that the book is likely to have much more than the ephemeral life of most novels of the hour. It shows great power of observation of character in many different lands, no mean literary skill in point of style, and a keen if somewhat merciless insight into the darker recesses and hidden springs of human life and conduct. But the outlines of the characters presented require much more filling in, the incidents of the plot more elaboration. It is rather the skeleton of a very powerful novel than a complete story that we have under review, and in saying this we indicate how very far above the ordinary run of novels *Grey of Greybury* stands. And we are largely induced to make this remark by the fact that there is abundant evidence in the story, as it stands, to show that the defect we have noticed is owing neither to lack of power or of literary skill. Perhaps the author has taken from much reading of fiction a very wholesome fear of "book-padding." If so, it is a fault on the right side, but none the less a fault for that.

There is, however, another point on which a word of caution is necessary. In a Catholic, and to a large extent controversial novel, though it is by no means unpleasantly controversial, we think it ought to be taken as a canon that nothing should be found which could not safely be given *virginibus puerisque*; or, at least, if the plot for realistic purposes require the introduction of unpleasant incidents, that these incidents should be stated as plain matter of fact, and not left to be inferred from suggestive words and still more suggestive scenes and incidents. The real blot on a really fine picture of life and character is, from a Catholic standpoint, that to which we here refer. A

¹ *Grey of Greybury*. A Novel. By the Marquis Eddle-Cope, of Rome. Burns and Oates.

little care and correction would remove the blot we speak of and in no way mar the story, the interest of which does not centre in the frailty of individuals, but in the gradual revelation of Catholic truth in all its fulness, to heart as well as head. In revising for a second edition some pains might also be profitably taken in avoiding an unpleasant "cast-back" during the progress of the story to facts and incidents that should have been previously introduced. We can quote only one or two of the many passages which show the author's style and power of observation.

The following (vol. i. pp. 197—8) is very true, even though it might be more tenderly put.

English men and women are not happy in their manner with strangers. English *manners*, especially where it is an affair of eating and drinking, are magnificent; but, if we may be allowed a delicate verbal distinction, the English *manner* is unfortunate, most of all with foreigners. Englishmen talk to a stranger of what interests themselves, not of what interests him; they let him see that they thoroughly despise everything about him which does not correspond with their own insular ideal; and they show by their manner that they do not care at all whether he likes them or hates them, whether he stays among them or goes away. This is unkind and impolite; it may be candid, but it is not quite Christian. The "unenlightened foreigner" is apt to mistake it for mingled arrogance and stolidity. It is not so; but Englishmen dislike strange things and strange people, and let this aversion appear even when they try to put on "company manners" and conceal it.

Here is a picture of a worldly Catholic (vol. ii. pp. 167—8).

Sir Roland Bramble was not an atheist, he was not a "scientific materialist." If he had a little of the cant of Darwin and Huxley, he had picked it up for the most part from the racy articles of pernicious "monthlies"—a class of publication universally employed to-day to poison the minds of people who cannot plunge deep, who cannot appreciate the refinements of profounder sophistry. Sir Roland had led the life of a pleasure-hunter. He went to confession once a year; but we may fairly doubt if he ever sincerely repented the unlawful revels of his youth, or the selfishness of his riper manhood. All his life long his thoughts were busy with table and cellar, with horse and dog and gun; he had his yacht, his moor, his deer-forest, and his house in town. He had played at Baden, shot pigeons at Nice, and backed his favourites for the Grand Prix at Longchamps. He spent his life like that, and had little time left for churches or charities.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

FATHER O'CONNOR'S short, but most comprehensive and conclusive, exposition of the real teaching of Luther has, we are glad to observe, passed into a second English edition.¹ Its extended circulation and usefulness have been secured by the publication of a third and American edition, from the press of the well-known Benziger Brothers. The change of title is evidently intended to give greater effect to the point urged, that Luther's own words supply the only evidence which both friends and foes are bound to accept as thoroughly reliable. In his preface Father O'Connor proves how wide and detailed has been his selection of different works and editions, and how accurate and painstaking have been his quotations from them. That all this has been fully appreciated we may gather from the testimonies which he has received not only from our Bishops at home, but from Bishops in the United States, and from the American press.

There is a singular charm about every word that St. Bernard has written, and when he writes of the Love of God, he seems to rise even above himself. His *Opusculum*, or little work on *The Love of God*,² is not generally known to English Catholics, and we rejoice to see it in English dress, translated by Mrs. Coventry Patmore only a short time before her death. It is a most beautiful little book for spiritual reading, teaching us, as it does, in St. Bernard's touching words, the obligation, the advantage, the happiness of loving God, and then describing the steps by which the soul advances in that love from self to God. This little treatise is followed by a translation of the

¹ *Luther's own Statements concerning his Teaching and its Results.* Taken exclusively from the earliest and best editions of Luther's German and Latin works. By Henry O'Connor, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

² *St. Bernard on the Love of God.* Translated by Marianne Caroline and Coventry Patmore. Second Edition. London, 1884.

last that St. Bernard wrote, *Fragments from a Fragment*. It is an explanation of the mystical meaning of the Canticle of Canticles. We give just a few lines of extract which illustrates the practical beauty of St. Bernard's thoughts.

The bunch of myrrh between the breasts is the memory of the Passion of Jesus Christ. The breasts of the Spouse are congratulation and compassion: according to the doctrine of St. Paul, who bids us rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with them that weep: but in rejoicing and weeping there is danger of extremes, against which the bunch of myrrh, thus understood, will be the best safeguard (p. 112).

The translation was finished by Mr. Coventry Patmore after his wife's death. It is needless to say anything of its scholarlike character and exact rendering of the force of the original.

We have received from Messrs. Herder an useful and cheap edition of Cornelius Nepos,³ for the use of schools. It has the advantage of an English vocabulary of all except the most ordinary words, and its low price (1s.) greatly recommends it. It is one of the best school books we have seen, and we are glad to see that it is the first of a series. It is shortly to be followed by Plato's *Laches* and by Cæsar's *Gallie War*. It is beautifully printed and very carefully got up.

Every one who has visited Rome has admired the beautiful medallion mosaics in the Church of St. Paul, outside the walls. They are the official portraits⁴ of the Popes from the days of St. Peter to the present time, and are as accurate as was possible under the circumstances. They are now being reproduced in chromo-lithography, and published by Messrs. Plon, with a short biography of each Pope from the pen of the well-known Canon Pallard, who has already done so much for the cause of sacred art. The whole series will occupy thirty-three numbers, and will form a magnificent work of art which ought to be found in every Christian library. The first number contains the portraits of the first eight Popes. Subscribers will receive the work in monthly numbers, and the terms offered to them are far below the price at which the completed series will afterwards be sold. The execution and finish of the work seems as good as it can possibly be.

³ *Cornelii Nepotis Vite*. Recensuit et indicem addidit Dr. M. Gltlbauer. Fribourg: Herder.

⁴ *Portraits Officiels des Souverains Pontifes depuis Saint Pierre jusqu'à Leon XIII.* Réproduction par Chromo-lithographie des Médallions en Mosaïque de S. Paul hors-les-Murs à Rome. Paris: E. Plon, Rue Garancière 8.

Mr. James' little volume of *Poems*⁵ is the work of one whose strong poetic instinct seems unconsciously to express in verse the thoughts which suggest themselves amid the moving scenes of nature's beauty or life's tragedy. There is a gentle tone of melancholy, or perhaps we should say a tone of plaintive sensitiveness, which makes itself felt on almost every page. Not an unpleasant melancholy, but that soft, dreamy love of shadow which takes more kindly to the churchyard than to the village green, to the fading autumn rather than to the youthful spring. We half suspect that the author is telling his own story of his own life when he says :

Sorrow hath laid a heavy hand on me,
And with such weight of care hath pressed me down,
That all the circle of my mortal path
Is rounded to a dull and level grey.

As we read one poem after another, this sadness makes itself very distinctly felt. It adds, we think, to the merit and charm of those thoughtful and graceful *Poems and Fragments*. If we are right in thinking that they are a reflex of the author's experience, we can understand what it is that has inspired his pen and given it reality and interest.

The Granville Popular Library continues its good work of providing the young with wholesome, attractive literature. A collection of stories, founded on the French and entitled, *Lost, and other Tales*,⁶ has a freshness and reality about its tone which will make it a certain favourite with the little ones. The narrative is simple and the conversations natural. It is out of the common run of story books, and has a valuable practical bearing without "goodness."

II.—MAGAZINES.

Until the current number of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, no notice of the Papal Encyclical *Humanum genus* has appeared in its pages. Before speaking on the important subject it treats of, Father Meschler has waited until most other speakers have had their say, until reply and counter-reply have been elicited ; and now in an able article he points out that the utterances of

⁵ *Poems and Fragments*. By Charles James. London : Alex. Gardner, 12, Paternoster Row.

⁶ *Lost, and other Tales for Children*. Adapted from the French. London : Burns and Oates.

the Holy Father are directed less against Freemasonry than against all systems contrary to supernatural and revealed religion, principally against that widespread and fatal indifference which is the curse of the present day. If England is the cradle of the craft, Germany is its stronghold; and the principles of the Freemason, as lately defined by the Grand Lodge in Hamburg, are to profess no definite creed, only morality and humanitarianism; to acknowledge a Supreme Being, but one of so vague and indefinite a nature that each individual may form what notion of Him that he will. Father Meschler shows the disastrous consequences to which such principles must inevitably lead, and regrets that the harmless form under which Freemasonry disguises itself in a well-governed and orderly State should delude so many as to its real character. Father Langhorst, continuing the subject of the religion of agnosticism, gives a sketch of the Spencerian system of philosophy; the most striking characteristic of which he asserts to be the sharp distinction drawn between the knowable and the unknowable. The latter, according to the apostle of agnosticism, is a neutral ground where religion and science—which he insists are irreconcilable enemies—can meet in harmony. Father Baumgartner invites the reader to accompany him on another stage of his journey northwards, an invitation which, coming as it does from so agreeable and entertaining a companion, no one will be loath to accept. Father Baumgartner certainly possesses the happy art of describing the scenes he visits and his own personal experiences in a most attractive manner; he is, moreover, master alike of humour and pathos. Everyone will be deeply interested and touched by the account of his hurried visit to three faithful Catholics, alone amongst bitter Protestants, on one of the remote Faroe Islands, far from any means of grace; their joy and gratitude at the unhopd-for opportunity of approaching the sacraments may well put to shame many who know not what it is to be deprived of this privilege. Molière's play, *Le Tartuffe*, is certainly a *pièce de tendance*, a satire upon the religious sects of the day, but whether, as some opine, it was intended to be an attack upon religion in general, and the Jesuits—not as they are but as they are supposed to be—in particular, or merely upon an hypocritical profession of religion, is still matter of debate. The question is discussed at some length in the pages of the *Stimmen*.

Scholastic philosophy has already been the subject of several

excellent articles in the *Katholik*, which now undertakes to confute some Protestant misconceptions concerning Thomistic philosophy, which is often held to be a mere reproduction of that of Aristotle. The reader is shown where the teaching of Plato and of the Stagyrte respectively concerning the definition of ideas, and the creation of the universe, are erroneous and defective, and how St. Thomas corrects and amplifies both systems of philosophy. That the liturgy of the Church was committed to writing previous to the fifth century is no longer disputed, but the antiquity of the first MSS. of the Mass is still open to discussion. A passage in the writings of St. Basil is generally brought forward in support of the opinion that the prayers of the Mass did not exist in writing until the end of the fourth century, as well as the fact that no direct mention is made of such MSS. at a previous period. Dr. Probst, writing in the *Katholik*, considers the evidence of St. Basil to be rather of a contrary nature, since he does not assert that no copies of the liturgy are made, but that they are not made public; and the *argumentum ex silentio* may receive a similar construction, since the necessity of concealing such copies from heathen and persecutors was urgent in the early ages of Christianity. From the arguments and evidence adduced by Dr. Probst, it may be concluded that the precaution of committing the liturgy to writing—so essential to secure uniformity—was taken as early as the first century, though the codices were carefully concealed, "The Bible and the Bible only," is the sum total of the teaching of Wicklif and his followers, and this so-called Reformer found it necessary to publish a translation of the Scriptures which should tally with his doctrines. The *Katholik* proposes to answer three questions, viz.:

1. Was there no English translation of the Bible before the Wickliffite version?
2. Was the Bible really withheld from the people by the Catholic Church and her clergy?
3. What service did Wicklif render as a translator of the Bible, and what were the merits of his translation?

The first of these comes under consideration in the number before us. The pages of history bear undeniable testimony that in comparatively early times translations of the Scriptures, or parts of them, were made into the vulgar tongue, and every year in greater numbers; thus the eulogium given to Wicklif as the first translator is a modern fiction, at variance with historic

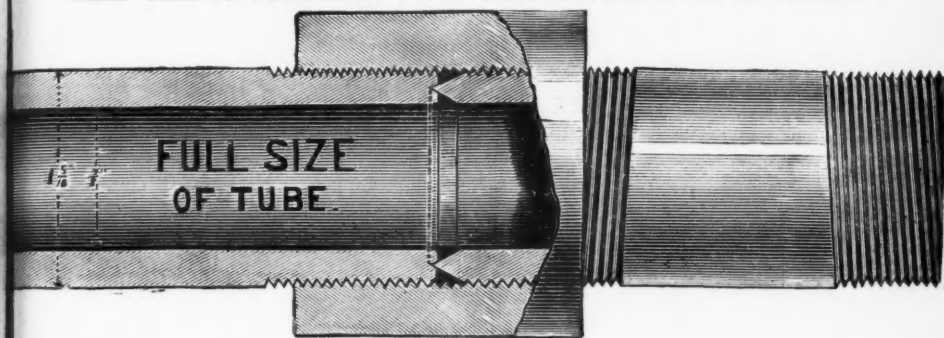
truth, and contradicted even by the Fathers of the English Reformation.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (819, 820) comments on the zeal shown by Freemasons for the abolition of capital punishment, their disapproval of which arises, it is asserted, not from motives of philanthropy, but from their desire to bring the laws into discredit and disuse, and bid defiance to the Divine right of disposing of life and death vested in the person of the king. Italian Liberals have begun to lift their voice against the system of parliamentary government, which they aver, tends to injustice and tyranny, the nation not being properly represented, and the welfare of the people sacrificed to the interests of the dominant party, to political utility. The *Civiltà* complains that the same statements, uttered by its voice long ago, met with indignant denial, since it had the courage to point out the principle which is at the root of the evil, viz., the desire of individual independence, which works the disintegration of society. After defining legislative power as the power of making a decree enjoining or prohibiting certain actions in accordance with reason and for the public good, and judiciary power as the power to apply those laws to the acts of individuals, and judge whether they are in conformity with them, the *Civiltà* proceeds to show that both these powers are possessed by the Church, that her power is of the supernatural order, that it extends to belief and practice, that it resides in the Episcopate, and is exercised externally in spiritual matters, without detriment to the civil authority. Poets are generally the precursors of civilization and culture, and their divine art tends to elevate and refine; Italy was, after ancient Greece, pre-eminently the land of song, but during the last seventy years her muse has been degraded into a weapon against the throne and the altar, it has been taught to adulate the sovereign people, to decry rulers as tyrants. In the two numbers of the *Civiltà* for August the principal modern Italian poets are passed in review, and quotations given from their works, most of which—with some laudable exceptions, the writings of Leopardi dal Pellico, for example—tend to inflame the popular passions and arouse the spirit of revolution. They would have the renovation of Italy depend upon a return to the past; not indeed to the principles of Christianity, but to the heathen maxims of Greece and Rome.

HEATING APPARATUS

The Most Economical and Effective.

THIS SIZE OF TUBE WAS FIRST INTRODUCED BY J. L. BACON.



REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

J. L. BACON AND CO.,

34, UPPER GLOUCESTER PLACE, LONDON, N.W.,

AND

8, COLLEGE STREET, DUBLIN,

27, CHICHESTER STREET, BELFAST,

& 157, BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW,

Will Furnish Estimates Free of Cost

FOR WARMING AND VENTILATING

Cathedrals, Churches, Convents, Colleges, Schools,

Institutions, and Private Houses,

WITH THEIR IMPROVED SYSTEM OF SMALL HOT WATER PIPES.

REFERENCE CAN BE MADE TO MANY OF THE

**Largest Catholic Institutions in
the Country.**

ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET POST FREE.

Charles Eason's

EDITIONS OF

CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS.

(Published under Episcopal approbation.)

The Garden of the Soul. A Manual of Spiritual Exercises and Instructions. Revised and improved. Containing all additional Devotions in general use. Five different editions, with and without Epistles and Gospels. From 6d. upwards.

The Key of Heaven. Or, a Manual of Prayer. By the late Rt. Rev. J. MURPHY, Catholic Bishop. Containing Indulged Prayers, Stations of the Cross, and other Devotions. With and without Epistles and Gospels. Six different editions. From 6d. upwards.

The Manual of Catholic Piety. By the late Rev. W. GAHAN, O.S.A. Revised and improved. Containing new Prayers and Devotions to the Sacred Heart, Hymns, &c. With and without Epistles and Gospels. Five different editions. From 6d. upwards.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart. A New Manual of Prayer. Containing new Litanies, Acts of Devotion, and Indulged Prayers in honour of the Sacred Heart. 18mo. 740 pages. From 2s. 6d. upwards.
The same, with Epistles and Gospels. Abridged. Royal 32mo. 1s. 6d. upwards.

The Manual of Catholic Devotion. For Private Use, and the Services of the Church. 48mo. With and without Epistles and Gospels. From 4d. upwards.

The Path to Paradise. New edition, revised and improved. With Illustrations of the Mass, Stations of the Cross, &c. Three different editions. From 2d., 4d., 6d.

Holy Childhood. A Book of Simple Prayers and Instructions for Little Children. Large type edition, with illustrations. Royal 32mo. From 1s. The same. Demy 32mo. 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d.

De Segur's Works for Little Children.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. The Child Jesus. | 4. On Prayer. |
| 2. On Temptation and Sin. | 5. On Confession. |
| 3. On Holy Communion. | 6. On Piety. |

In paper covers, each 3d. Cloth, 6d. Complete in one volume, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Child's Book of the Passion. A Simple Explanation of the Passion of our Lord. Paper covers, 3d.; cloth, 6d.

Several of the above are to be had on common paper for cheap distribution.

Lists to be had on application.

DUBLIN: CHARLES EASON, 85, MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY WILLIAMS AND BUTLAND, 13, DUKE STREET, WEST SMITHFIELD, LONDON; AND COCHRAN AND CO., 32, CABLE STREET, LIVERPOOL.

s
s
.
e
s
s.

,
e
e

of
rs
d.

d
ls.

d.
nt

ns
is.

he

EET,
EET,